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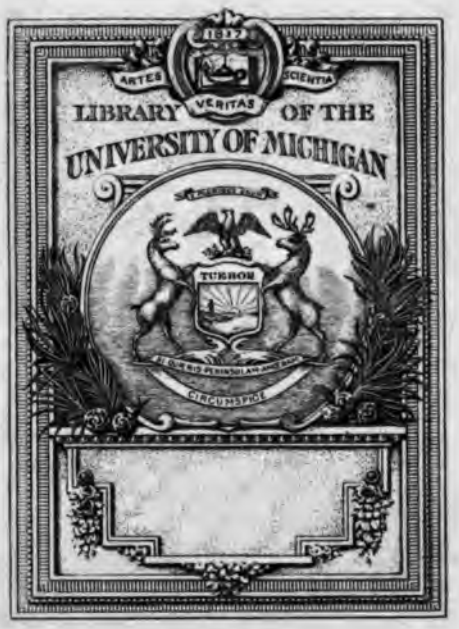
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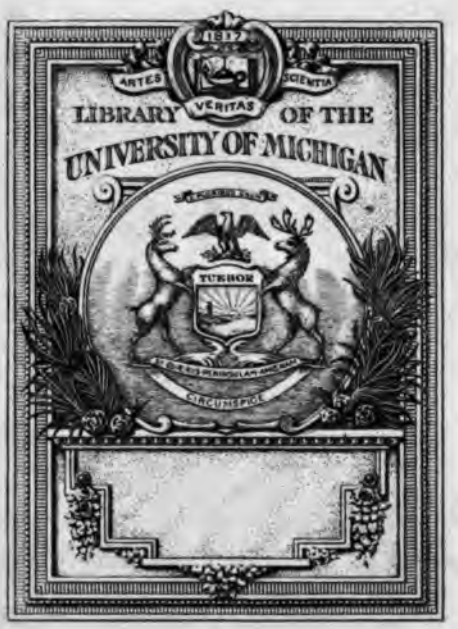
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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1819.

Art. I. *Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt to England,* in the latter End of the Year 1817, and the Beginning of 1818. By Lieutenant Colonel Fitzclarence. 4to. pp. 502. Price 2l. 18s. 1819.

TOWARD the end of the year 1817, when the military force of the Indian Government was in motion for the extermination of the Pindarries, and while an infatuation hardly paralleled in history, was betraying some of the Mahratta princes into one more defiance of the power which had hitherto trampled on every opponent in every conflict, Scindiah, the most martial of those princes, was intimidated by the approach of the Governor General, with some of the legions so often victorious, into what was denominated, with all proper courtesy, a treaty, of which the terms were humiliating to him in the same proportion in which they were indispensable to the tranquillity of the provinces on that side of the empire. This treaty, gained without an absolute war, and at a juncture when the state of the relations with some other of the native powers was so precarious and ominous, was deemed of consequence enough to be, without waiting for the important events which even a week at such a crisis might bring to pass, transmitted to England, in two sets of despatches, the one by the usual naval course, and the other, by a messenger, by the more direct route of the Red Sea and Egypt, to secure the advantage of two chances for both safety and expedition. The latter service was allotted to Col. Fitzclarence, who in consequence set off instantly, and worked and pushed his way, day and night, sick or well, through amicable territories, and hostile, over cultivated tracts, and through wood, jungle, fen, defile, burning sand, and every hazard of the sea lightly thrown into the account. More resolute to get on, more enterprising, enduring, or indefatigable,

he could not have been required to be, if the intelligence he conveyed had been that the English were in imminent danger of losing kingdoms in Asia, instead of being secure of gaining them.

This unremitting impetuosity, with an escort during the Indian part of the route, of many hundred soldiers, does really sometimes excite a slight feeling of the ludicrous, when the reader recollects that the matter of intelligence conveyed, is so very customary a thing as the forced consent of an Asiatic Sovereign to the establishment of an English camp, under the denomination of a 'subsidiary force,' within his dominions; in other words, his having sunk into the condition of a vassal, as is perfectly well understood by both the high contracting parties in the treaty, amid all the ceremony, and complaisance, and diplomatic farce, acted between them. This somewhat ludicrous effect is not diminished, if the reader happens to look by anticipation at the conclusion of the career, where he sees that the Author on his arrival found that the intelligence which it had cost him so much exertion and sufferance to expedite, had reached, many days before, by the speedier conveyance round the Cape of Good Hope. To him, however, this would be somewhat of a serious vexation, particularly in recollecting some of the sacrifices made to his professional duty of despatch.

It was inevitable that during this long race against time, a multitude of impressions would assail all the five senses. The gallant officer had a laudable practice of noting them into a journal, and hence this large quarto, so handsome in each of the points of getting up, in typography, and decorations, and composition. It is a publication which nobody would have thought of demanding, which describes few scenes of which we had not a variety of descriptions before, and which leaves us in much the same notions in which it found us of Indian princes and courts, of Hindoos, Arabs, Egyptians, and Turks. Yet it may be run through with considerable gratification. The Author is a lively elastic sort of a spirit, full of good humour, fire, and adventure; quite a soldier in the better characteristics of the profession; clever, we should think, in point of intellect; and alert in looking about him, without the benefit of which quality an ample narration of such a race as he ran would have been a notable hoax played off on the consumers of quartos.

As it always appears to us a very paltry spectacle when we see the *man*, with all his faculties, sentiments, and opinions, sunk in the soldier by profession, we are not altogether displeased to see our lieutenant-colonel sometimes taking upon him considerably in the way of statesman, as to Indian affairs. He may be somewhat rash and presumptuous in this extra-official character, and assuredly the politician has no little yet to learn,

who approves of almost every thing done by the English in India; but it does at any rate please one to see a military man really able to comprehend that the world was made for some other small purposes besides that of being a field to fight upon. At the same time, we think there is the most value in that portion of his facts and observations, which has been furnished to him and by him in his professional capacity. There is very considerable importance and interest in his descriptions, interspersed in different parts of the narrative, of the constitution, habits, efficiency, and progressive alteration of quality of the native troops in the English service. Some of the incidents of his journey are illustrative of this subject; and he makes no scruple of suspending his story for a good while, to illustrate from his previous knowledge any subject thrown in his way.

Perhaps the hands accustomed to wield the sword, are apt to be more daring than others in the exercise of the pen. We think we have noticed instances enough of this to warrant us in calling it a professional characteristic. Courage has been said to be a soldier's religion; and, analogously to that of a Christian, which is required to pervade every thing in life, it may be felt an obligation on military conscience, that writing should be executed in the same style as fighting. To be deliberate and slow in judging, to hesitate in opinion, to acknowledge there are doubts and difficulties on all sides, not to be ashamed that more daring men should pronounce more promptly and decisively, would be held to betray a defect of gallantry. Why, indeed, should a man who would readily brave whatever can be brought from camps and arsenals, be afraid of any thing in the forces and magazines of logic? What should there be in any possible array of opponent ideas, to appal him who would not hesitate, with a stout regiment of horse, to attack a whole Mahratta army? And what should he care for the width, and intricacy, and obscurities of a question, when he knows he should not have asked more than an hour's warning, to dash into the thickest forest or jungle in Asia, in pursuit of Pindarry murderers, and without caring what might be their number? How unreasonable it were to expect him to submit to shew, on any ground, of politics, morals, or even theology, an indecision which, if betrayed in giving orders, in camp, or march, or field, would expose him to contempt.

Whether, however, it be a fact, or not, that there is such a professional characteristic, our Lieutenant-Colonel, at least, possesses this endowment, of unhesitating opinion, in a very high degree. He fears not to pronounce with confidence at first sight; and the judgements which he has had a little more time to grow positive in, are laid down in terms as decided as the great geographical lines of the globe.

Fortunately, some of the principal subjects on which this martial quality of intellect is displayed, are nearly as little, as any great concerns ever were, within the range of controversy. The substantial justice of the recent war in India can admit of no denial, except from those who hold war altogether, under any possible circumstances, to be wrong. And really the persons maintaining that opinion would be put to their extreme resources of argument, on reading our Author's and other authentic descriptions of the character and operations of the Pindarries, whose irruptions into some of the provinces of the British empire kindled the war. We have the greatest respect for that Christian class of the community among whom it is an established principle, that a case justifying a recourse to arms is impossible; but we should really be curious to hear what they would have counselled the government to do, when many thousands of robbers and murderers, literally such, burst in suddenly and unprovoked, on the country, traversing to a vast extent the peaceful tracts of agriculture; perpetrating, not incidentally, but systematically and generally, every possible abomination compatible with the rapidity of their march; torturing and killing, with every wantonness of infernal barbarity, men, women, and children; with eager activity destroying every thing that could not be carried away as plunder; resolved to continue thus ravaging and desolating the provinces, till gorged to the utmost with slaughter and spoil, and then to retire to the territory of their dens, to digest amid their plunder, at their leisure, new schemes of similar destruction. Abhorring, as intensely as ever disciple of Robert Barclay did, the war-spirit with which almost all the nations and their governors have run mad, and believing a justifiable, that is, a purely defensive war, to be one of the rarest things in the history of the world, we should nevertheless feel it impossible to conceive a more desperate intellectual undertaking, than that of a man attempting to make out to the conscience of the Governor-General, a plain, sound, satisfactory proof that his duty was to remain perfectly still, while messengers from a province apprehending the horrible invasion, were in his presence, accompanied as we may be allowed to imagine the case, with a few persons escaped from a province already overspread with devastation and murder. We will suppose it to be directly in answer to the descriptions of these latter mournful heralds, and to the earnest representations and entreaties of the other messengers, appealing to these depositions, in pleading for instant powerful succour, that the advocate for non-resistance should make his remonstrance against any thought of a warlike movement against so infernal a visitation. It is possible there are many worthy persons whose judgement and conscience would, if they could have been placed in such a situa-

tion, at the moment that such a question was deliberated on, have impelled them to make this remonstrance; but we can hardly think there is any hazard in saying that there is not one, supposing him to have had his family and property in the province menaced, who would not have been secretly gratified to see the Governor-General actuated by a quite different, that is, a perverted and depraved, judgement and conscience. Let any person of the opinion in question, read the accounts of these miscreant bands, and deny that in such a case he would have been so gratified.

Our Author's appointment to Europe, prevented his being a sharer or witness of any thing more than the preparatory movements for the destruction of this rapidly augmenting power, essentially constituted of incorrigible ruffians, against whom it had been ridiculous to wage any other war than one of extermination. He begins his work with a short historical and descriptive sketch of them; followed by a comprehensive rapid view of the state of each of the chief native powers, relatively to one another and to the English, and relatively in particular to the somewhat critical juncture of the commencing operations against the Pindarries, in whose continued existence there could be no doubt that some of those powers took an interest, because, though sometimes suffering from their predatory violence, they could on occasions reinforce their armies from these lawless bands. It was worthy of the accustomed wisdom of these native despots and courts to meditate a quarrel, and to betray that they were meditating it, by unequivocal signs, in vain contradicted by worthless professions of amity, just at the time when the English were putting their whole immense military force, in readiness for action. It would seem as if they were desirous to take this intruding and detested power in its strongest attitude, from the consideration that if they could upset it then, they were likely to have no more trouble with it. This judicious proceeding cost Scindiah the degradation of admitting a "subsidiary "force," flung the Peishwah, the nominal head of the Mahratta confederacy, from his throne, reduced Holkar to a shadow, and the Rajah of Nagpoor and other of the legitimate holders of power to nothing. The fatuity manifested by most of these princes and their courts is perfectly astonishing. So many years of experience seem to have done nothing towards teaching them either diffidence or caution. It would be very curious if we could know in what language their consultations were carried on, and what could be the reasons on which they could found their confident presumptions of the sudden reversal of an order of events which had been steadily progressive during the whole length of the lives of the oldest of these prognosticators. This madness of presumption was just what was requisite to com-

plete their ruin, and within a very few weeks to carry on the course of events one grand stage further in the same direction. We must continue to think there is something more in all this than our merely military or political commentators can explain; and that a train of events without parallel, or at least without equal, in history, is passing on under the Divine superintendance, toward a result of which the moral glory will correspond to such a prodigy of the destruction and creation of power.

The most important events of the Mahratta war had taken place before our Author could reach the western shore of the Peninsula, on his way to carry intelligence of the compulsory pacific arrangement with Scindiah. He furnishes short notices, from the information which reached him on the road, and at Bombay, of transactions which, even during the course of this expeditious transit by horse or palanquin, added millions to the subjects of the British Government.

One of the remarkable circumstances of this war, as well as of the preceding wars, was the almost invariable fidelity of the native troops, in fighting against their own countrymen. It seems the Peishwah or his ministers had entertained a vague expectation of some possible failure of it in some of the native corps, contrary to all former experience. But this new occasion made no difference in either their allegiance or their bravery. They all did as they were ordered, and fired and hacked away with perfect good will at figures of their own complexion, language, and religion. The triumphant success with which they did this, will have put an additional security on their allegiance for the next trial, as, doubtless, their firm adherence to their foreign masters in the present instance, was fortified by their recollection of past victories gained under the same command. The prodigious disparity, in point of military efficiency, between these troops and the very same kind of men in the service of the native powers, is by our Author attributed chiefly to discipline, and a perfect army mechanism on the one side, and incurable irregularity, disarray, and defective manual exercise on the other. In this Mahratta war a great deal of valour was evinced by portions of the native armies, especially those composed of Arabs; but it was all in vain.

'It is discipline, together with a quick firing of the flint-lock and field-pieces, which has given us the striking superiority over the natives. It is the steady fire of these that the troops of the native princes cannot face: that regularity of movement, quickness of evolution, and strict and unerring obedience in action, giving union and combination, opposed by confusion, clamour, distraction, and insubordination, must ever secure a commanding ascendency. The natives have no idea of the value of time in military operations; the most frivolous excuses or causes preventing the movements of

their armies; which will always make an active and regular force superior to them. They express their astonishment and the utmost dread at the steady and continued fire of our Sepoys, which they liken to a wall vomiting forth fire and flames. The firm and regular pace, the first and most necessary part of a soldier's instructions, is quite incomprehensible to them: and in this we again see the almost total change requisite to complete a soldier, as he is not allowed even to use his legs but in a prescribed manner.

'Having myself witnessed the inferiority of the irregular infantry and cavalry of the native princes, and the difficulty of bringing them into any kind of order, and also their attachment to their ancient habits and prejudices, it seems almost incredible, that in the short space of sixty years, we should have been able to bring about the total alteration that has been made.'

In tracing the progress of the European military system in India, as the instrument of the progress of our dominion there, the Colonel thus marks the contrast between the situation of the English as at the period just preceding their beginning to form the natives into regular soldiers, and as in 1817.

'It is curious to take a retrospective view of an English factor at his desk in 1746, with a pen behind his ear, trembling at the nod of the meanest of the Mogul's officers, and treated with the greatest insolence and oppression; with no higher military character under his direction than a peon stationed near a bale of goods: with a jurisdiction not extending beyond a court-yard of a warehouse connected with it; and contrast this picture with the situation of the Company's army in 1817, when 150,000 men, disciplined by British officers, presented the spectacle of as fine an army as any in the world, receiving its impetus of action from a great statesman and general, who held the person of the Mogul as a pensioner on the bounty of his government, wielding the political and military resources of the empire over a theatre of operations in the present campaign, extending from Loudheanah to Guzurant, in a segment of a circle of nearly 1200 miles. Such are the minimum and maximum of our Eastern empire.'

It seems it is not purely and exclusively a military alteration that the native troops in the English service have undergone. In contempt of all the Anglo-Indian oracles that have pronounced the thing impossible, we have the Colonel here deposing that their punctiliousness in matters of superstition has considerably worn away. The numerous assertors that every thing of this kind was to be eternal, omitted to say,

'What time next week eternity should end.'

Our Author specifies various facts in evidence of this modification of their superstitious feelings. For instance: 'There 'is not at this day a man of the highest caste, who will 'not be grateful for European medical assistance, if the medicine 'be taken from his own vessel, and given him from the hand 'of one of his own caste; a compliance which would formerly

'have been considered as the highest pollution.' The native costume, which is not independent of the ordinances of their superstition, has been in a great measure relinquished for the European military dress. The horror of leather, lest it should be the skin of a cow, has given place to the use of boots, saddlery, and, in the Bengal cavalry, of leather breeches. It is an act of impurity 'to touch the feathers of our domestic fowl;' yet in one of the battalions many of the Brahmins, with the rest of the soldiers, wear them with pride, as having been conferred as a mark of honour for their military conduct. In the Bengal presidency there is no difficulty in getting rid of the mark of caste on the face, which is not permitted on parade.

'The very touch of a dead body, or any thing deprived of life, would be to a Bramin the greatest stain of impurity which could befal him. But in more than one instance, the native officers and soldiers, many of whom were Bramins, have insisted, from a sense of gratitude, on carrying an European officer to his grave. The lips of an European defile, beyond recovery, a vessel out of which he may drink; but the Bramins in action have allowed their European officers, and even requested them, to drink in this manner from their vessels.'

The Sepoys in the French service, about sixty years since, were attempted to be compelled, by M. Lally, to work in the trenches, and carry such burdens as belong to the koolies. If they could not have escaped from such dishonour to the dignity and sanctity of caste, by desertion, many of them would probably have rather suffered death. But, says our Author,

'So great a change has taken place by allowing time and forbearance to work their own way in the British service, that the highest caste man looks upon it to be as much his duty, and will fill a gabion with as much readiness, as a grenadier in a king's regiment.'

It is pleasing to hear of such instances of accommodation and forbearance on the part of the English soldiers as the following:

'The 76th regiment served under Lord Lake for so long a period with the Sepoys, that they had become attached to each other; and the former being aware of the prejudices of the latter, have been known, when they happened to arrive the first in camp, to wait till Jack Sepoy (as they call him) had drawn the water from the tank or well.'

From the above cited direct contradiction from facts, to a material extent, of the assertions which, not many years since, nearly the whole rank and file of British official men, military and civil, from India, would have vociferated in a volley, let it not be inferred, nor for a moment surmised, that the gallant person before us has been seduced into any such dissent from their creed, as to fancy a possibility of the conversion of these

pagans to Christianity. Indeed, if this were ever so easy, it would seem hardly worth while, 'as it is,' he says, 'not only 'liberal, but good policy, to shew a respect for all religious 'opinions, since they tend more or less to the good government 'of society.' From which we learn, in addition to several other remarkable and valuable instructions, that in the single matter of religion, by an exception to rules applicable in all other concerns, utter falsehood and imposture, (for that must at all events be the character of *some* of the opposed systems,) may claim our respect,—that the difference is unimportant between such moral effect,—and that the effect on man, in his present condition of a member of society, is the only use or object for which religion is of any consequence.

But in the next place, if, instead of being a matter of perfect indifference, it were ever so desirable, that Christianity might prevail in place of what are now the religions of India, this substitution could not be effected or attempted but at the hazard of our empire there.

'I do not see,' says the Lieutenant-Colonel, 'any cause which at present exists in India, from the Mahometans, or Hindoos, or any native power, to *shake our government* over this part of the world, that is to say, if we respect the prejudices of the natives, do not *attempt to subvert their religion by the introduction of our own*, and if our military force is kept up, &c. &c &c.'

An 'attempt' by violence is not here meant; it would have been pure impertinence to make the grave supposition of a thing which no one proposes or meditates; the danger here threattened must be from an endeavour to illuminate, convince, and persuade. And it is with exquisite propriety that this is threatened by a writer who has been telling us, in a statement of facts, how these most tenacious pagans may, by mild and patient management, be beguiled out of one prejudice after another, and all the while but become the better pleased with those who are thus pilfering away particles and pieces of their religion; and a writer who *might* know that within the last twenty years, there have been at the least ten thousand addresses of argument, expostulation, and censure, made to assemblages of these people, in innumerable diversities of circumstance and scene, without ever once exciting any such commotion or violence as would in many parts of England infallibly attend any similar attempt at the instruction and reproof of the populace.

But in the last place, whether the attempt at supplanting their religions by our own would be too hazardous, or not, the success is impossible. And we have here, for the five hundredth time, the whole veteran story, of no Brahmin having ever turned Christian; of its being only some of the miserable outcasts that

suffer themselves to be 'dubbed Christians,' for the sake of getting crammed with rice, &c. &c. We confess we have rather wondered at all this being at this time said or sung by a Lieutenant-Colonel. A time there was, indeed, when all this was the approved speech and song in very high places, in councils and senates, among statesmen, governors, and officers of elevated rank. But it has followed the customary laws and progress of the fashions, which, in growing obsolete in the uppermost rank, become in vogue in the next, and so downward in rapid succession; and vanishing from the west end of the town, and ultimately from the metropolis, circulate away through the provinces toward their last shew and their extinction in the hamlets of the fisherman. As to this strain of talk, so considerable a time, according to fashion's account of duration, has elapsed since it was the vogue or the rage among the most imposing class, that we really thought it had probably descended by this time somewhat below the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Possibly the circumstance of our gallant Author's having but very recently attained that rank, may account for his uttering a mode of cant not corresponding to the higher situation When he becomes aware that he has made a mistake in point of fashion, we have no doubt he will instantly accommodate himself to its proprieties, as a matter of much more importance to a gay young cavalier, than any question about the affair of christianizing India,—an affair concerning which, besides, whether regarded as to the practicability, or to the state of facts in the actually attempted process, it is evident he has no knowledge.

With respect to the benefits conferred on the people of India by the British dominion, independently of any attempts to impart Christianity, its effects may in some views deserve all that warmth of eulogy which he lavishes indiscriminately on the whole of its operations and influence. The single fact, of the annihilation of such a dreadful scourge as the Pindarries, is a prodigious and unspeakable advantage gained by the provinces most exposed; and other great improvements in their condition may be sincerely intended and attempted: but when the Colonel sees the efficient administration of justice extending over the immense territory, the almost entire extinction of that frightful system of robbery and murder called decoity, and in short, a general growing prosperity and advancing civilization in the state of the people, it is too evident, that the lively and sanguine tone of his spirits, while in the East, rendered his mental vision subject to an illusion, a kind of moral *mirage*.

In the capacity of messenger, our Author started from the camp, at Sajapoor in the Bundelcund, on the 5th of December, 1817, to make his way by Jubbulpoor, Nagpoor, Ellichpoor, Aurungabad, Ahmednuggur, and Poonah, to Bombay. To help him expeditiously and safely forward, every practicable

provisional arrangement was made, by orders sent before him to have bearers ready, and by a strong military force put at his command, varying however in number in the different stages. As some of the countries through which he was to pass, became avowedly hostile, subsequently to his setting off, some undefinable measure of danger hovered over some parts of the route, and in several instances threatened so heavily and so near as to put his military competence very considerably to the test. Rough adventures seemed to be on the very point of happening; but he still passed clear of them by some trifling distance of place or time In some stages of the march, he was encumbered by a huge caravan of people and beasts of burden not belonging to his appointment, but wisely smuggled into his train, in order to share the protection of his well-commanded escort.

The journal of this traverse of the Peninsula contains many lively illustrations of national character, many amusing incidents, details of military operations, which had recently taken place at some of the spots which he passed, and descriptions of striking scenes, or of monuments of antiquity. Beyond every other spectacle, the stupendous excavations at Ellora overpowered and amazed his mind. It is not a little strange that these, perhaps unequalled labours of superstition should, if the Author is not mistaken in his statement, fail now to excite any sentiments of reverence in the people, though they are probably the most magnificent, and among the most ancient temples of the deities they still adore. But we much doubt the accuracy of the assertion, that 'no pilgrim now visits them, nor are they in any 'manner, or to any one, (except a cursory traveller), an object 'of veneration' Indeed, it must be simply impossible for minds filled with the mythology, to behold it without emotion embodied in the sculptures throughout the immensity and solemnity of these caverns.

The account of the well-known excavated temple of Carli is rendered remarkable by the description of the effect of the discharge of a musquet, in a cavern-apartment contiguous and secondary to the great temple.

'The violent echo and long continued reverberation, now at a distance, now returning with increased violence, and thrilling through the enormous mass over head,—the noise surpassing thunder, but of a more hollow tone, was the most awful and overpowering sound I ever remember to have heard. I almost hoped, after the second return of the deep aggravated roar, that it was the last; but I was mistaken, and peal after peal followed in quick succession, and lasted several minutes, giving one the idea that the rock, indignant at its stillness being broken in upon, expressed its displeasure previous to closing the disturbers in its embrace for ever. So wonderful and

undescribable a noise would, I think, try the nerves of a very strong-minded woman; and I felt a chill creep through my frame which I never recollect having experienced in any former instance; so much so, that if it had been proposed to fire a second musquet, the impression made upon me would have caused me to object to it.'

Unless he was anxious to economize the strength of his nerves, in the anticipation of perhaps many unavoidable trials to come, we think he rather should have ordered the repetition, for the purpose, as a curious question of philosophy, of trying to ascertain, during the time, why he was afraid of what he clearly and soberly knew to involve no immediate cause for fear, or at least no danger.

The picture given by all the describers of India, of something dreary, and forlorn, and monumental, is repeated in our Author's descriptions, at not unfrequent intervals on the route, of fortresses, temples, and palaces, in various states of decay or ruin. Many of the Mahomedan structures are sinking fast under the doom which has gone so far in its fulfilment on the ancient splendid works of paganism. In neither class are there any means of replacing what is thus under 'the besom of 'destruction.' It is well known how much is contributed to this character of desolation, by the superstitious impression which forbids any further progress in a building after the projector's death.

'It is reckoned ominous for a person to continue any building, when the projector has died before it is completed. In consequence of this preposterous idea, many imperfect works are left, throughout the country, to fall to ruin; a son feels no pleasure, but on the contrary dread, in pursuing perhaps a favourite design of his father.'

There are one or two striking descriptions of the grand hill forts, so important in earlier wars, and impregnable, but by treachery, till the comparatively late efficient management of battering artillery. Dowlutabad makes an eminent figure in this class of positions. Very pretty, but rather overcoloured prints of this fortress and Hattrass are among the decorations of the volume. Col. F. says a very great addition has been made to our power over the minds of the people of India, by the proof given, in some recent instances, that nothing is inaccessible to the English artillery.

There are decoits, and tigers, and serpents, and many other things, to repress any tendency we might feel to envy the inhabitants of this magnificent climate; there is however one circumstance of no small account on the other side.

'In Bengal the necessaries of life are so cheap, from their abundance, that their value in small quantities cannot be estimated in metallic coin, and they make use of small white shells, brought from the Laccadive Islands, as the medium of exchange.' 'I have, from curi-

osity, sent this moment into the bazar to inquire the number of *cowries*, (the name of these shells), in a rupee in the country where we now are, (Aurungabad), and find that, being at a considerable distance from the sea, 3520 are the full change for that coin. In England it will hardly be conceived that any article of food can be so low priced as I have stated.'

It will be from no defect of dimension in the great productive field, if this plenty does not continue to an indefinite time to come; for by our Author's account there is ground yet waiting to furnish supplies to an immensely greater number of inhabitants.

'The astonishing extent of uncultivated though valuable ground, in all parts of India, is hardly conceivable; and though the population must at present consist of from one hundred and eighty to two hundred millions, I am convinced it could subsist three times that number.'

In a journey of such length there could not fail to be many noble views of natural scenery presented to the traveller. But it was near the end of it that the most romantic and sublime aspects awaited him, among the grand eminences and profound defiles of the great ridge of mountains running parallel to the western coast, and at no great distance from it, in strong resemblance to the Andes near the western side of South America.

His busy short stay at Bombay allowed time for a visit to the cavern-temple of Elephanta, to which the impression previously made by those of Ellora prevented his doing justice; and for becoming greatly delighted with the Parsees and their ship-building.

The last permitted moment being arrived of his sojourn on the Indian shore, he comes off blazing into the sea with an ardent and rapturous glorification of the virtues, and proclamation of the magnificent fortunes, past and prospective, of the British domination in the East. His exultation at the brilliant destiny disclosed to his prophetic gaze, suffers not the slightest repression from the idea that, according to his notion of the matter, the hundred millions (or if they become double that number) of the subjects of our government, are to continue from age to age, part of them the dupes of a vile impostor, and part of them worshippers of stocks and stones. Who could stop in the career of such splendid anticipations, to think of such a trifle as the condition of the *souls* of the immense community? What signifies it that with respect to the most momentous interest of their existence they remain in a state of ignorance and utter perversion? —So liberal, so enlarged, so sublime, is the view which mere politicians take of a mighty assemblage of human beings!

The animated felicitation of the conquering power and its subjects, concludes as follows:

'Thus the British government, at the commencement of the year 1818, possesses an empire little inferior to that of Alexander, of the Romans, the Kaliphat, Timourlung, or Ghingis Khan; an empire which is likely to be of longer duration than any of them, for its rise has not depended on the talents and fortunes of one man, but on the grand principles of our physical, moral, and intellectual superiority. We may thus, with the character worthy of our nation, continue to make our sovereign and uncontrolled sway, (which it must still remain, as the natives are unable to feel the happy effects of a free government), the most benign despotism that ever existed; and apply with the hand of a parental monarch, to those who are our subjects, the happy rules of equity and moderation which we are taught from our own constitution.

'By our commanding political situation, which gives us the most unlimited power over the native courts, we can insure permanent tranquillity, and induce them to look on us alone as the keystone of India. Thus it will be our policy to place ourselves at the head of a commonwealth of nations, and making ourselves the arbiter of all misunderstandings among them, eradicate the ruinous and fallacious policy of short-sighted imbecile princes and profligate ministers.'

One of the Company's cruisers conveyed our Author, with about the usual proportion of incidents by sea, to Cosseir, a delectable place, where good water may be had for bringing it on asses from a distance of forty-five miles. The narrative is very amusing from this landing-place, across the desert, to the Nile. The light sort of feeling which this epithet expresses might seem rather out of place for a story of very severe hardships, did not the bold, elastic, vivacious spirit of the narrator so decidedly exempt the reader from a grave sympathy with the sufferings inflicted by a dreadful heat, combined with deficiency of water and sustenance, protracted and almost unmitigated fatigue, and the extremely harrassing effect of the pace and movement peculiar to the camel. An oppressive degree of illness was the result of this combination of grievances. But the forced march was resolutely prosecuted to the Nile; and he came in contact at Khenné with a stream so delightful to the senses after such a journey, and rendered most imposing to the mind by so many interesting and solemn reminiscences. Here he was somewhat vexed to learn that only the day before, Mr. Salt had passed by on his return from Thebes, where, with Mr. Beechy, his secretary and assistant draughtsman, he had been spending five active months among the ruins. It was hoped that a messenger sent down the river might overtake him not very far below, to request him to wait for our Author; but the first sight of each other was to be at the consul's house at Cairo, where they arrived but few hours apart. The eager wish to visit Thebes, was repressed, almost as soon as it sprung in our Author's mind, by the imperious sense of duty, which forbade

him such a use of the three days which would have sufficed for going thither and returning to the spot where he was. This could not but be a severely mortifying restriction. He took time for a hasty examination of the temple of Dendera, of which we read with interest one description more.

Some unpleasant rencounters with Turkish rudeness occurred in the passage down the Nile; but these were of little account compared with the serious danger formerly threatened by Arab robbers and assassins. The strong and relentless hand of Ali Pacha has effectually cleared all Europe of these, as well as of the Mamelukes, and effected a state of safety and good order unknown in the country for ages before. There is to be no plundering or exaction in Egypt except his own; but his own is insatiable and remorseless. The Colonel repeats the description of Ali's despotism as given him by an Italian surgeon at Sciout.

'My visitor was only surprised how it was continued, since all ranks, soldiers and husbandmen, were equally in thraldom. He stated that the sums of money which the Pacha drew every year from the country and the sale of its produce, were inconceivable, and that he would never permit any one to grow rich but himself. He seizes the grain, tobacco, butter, cloth, and in short every production of the country, and pays for them what he thinks fit, only allowing the Arabs and Copts enough to exist on, thus rendering himself abhorred by the cultivator of the ground: while, by having taken into his hands the whole of the commerce of Egypt, he has made the merchant destitute. All the exports are derived from his granaries or warehouses.'

He still maintains a shew of respect and obedience to the head of the Turkish empire, but would instantly, it is believed, declare himself independent, if he had a sea force adequate to the protection of his commerce. It is anticipated that he will at all events do this after a while, if his life be continued. Our Author was introduced to him, at Cairo, by Mr. Salt, and we transcribe the first sentences of the account of the interview.

'His highness was plainly dressed. He is not above five feet nine inches high, but of a most pleasing and open countenance, without any indications whatever of age; on the contrary, he does not seem to be above thirty-nine or forty, though he is older. He sat down with his legs under him on a sofa, with a large pillow to support his back, and seemed particularly glad to see Mr. Salt, who, it appears, has established a feeling of repect for the British name and character throughout Egypt, so strong that individuals of a rival European nation when on the Nile, being challenged from the shore by the police, have been known to call out that they were *Inglaize*.' 'He smoked during the whole time; his pipe being splendidly ornamented with jewels. He had several rings on, one with a single diamond of very large size. His manner was delightful; soft, mild, and courtly,

such as would bear a comparison with the most polished European prince. All the while we were in his company, we reclined upon the sofas, with the utmost familiarity, which towards Europeans he rather encourages,—no doubt for the reason he assigned to Mr. Salt, that they were the only people from whom he got information."

He evinced much shrewdness in some of the various political inquiries by which he shewed that he is a man who, even in the common routine of ceremony, will not a moment forget to mind his business.—For the Christians, there have not, in point of protection and even favour, been such times in Egypt, for a thousand years.

The most interesting part of the volume is the chapter near the end, relating the Author's communications with Mr. Salt and Belzoni on Egyptian antiquities, and his adventures in company with the latter, into the most interior gloom of the two great Pyramids now open. The animated descriptive narrative is brief, and the admirable operations and discoveries of Belzoni and Caviglia, have already been, through several popular channels, made familiar to the reading public. One circumstance referred in passing, by our Author, we do not recollect to have been mentioned, namely, that Belzoni had commenced operations for opening the *third* great Pyramid. As the report of his death appears to be satisfactorily contradicted, we earnestly wish to hear that this grand undertaking has not been abandoned. It may be hoped that the solemn recesses of *that* structure, unlike the fate of the one recently opened, have not been violated by stupid barbarian ransackers for gold, and that the contents, found as originally entombed or enshrined, may decide finally, the question relative to the design of these mysterious and enormous monuments. Our Author, who had himself the fortune of putting theory and speculation suddenly to a stand, by bringing from the sarcophagus of the Pyramid opened by Belzoni, some bones of the *bos* species, will hardly allow there should now be any question that the Pyramids are tombs of Apis. Every person whose imagination has been fascinated by the dark wonders of Egypt, will be gratified to understand that a work is expected from Mr. Salt, on the subject of the recent and still prosecuted researches and discoveries, illustrated with the utmost accuracy of graphical representation.

The Lieutenant-Colonel's work contains a large and well engraved map of the seat of the Pindarry and Mahratta war, and a moderate number of plates, for the greater part coloured, representing costumes and several remarkable localities. Allowing for the slight and hasty mode in which this kind of decorations is got up, they are pretty well done.

Art. II. 1. *The Calvinistic Clergy defended, and the Doctrines of Calvin maintained;* in a Letter to the Rev. James Beresford, A M. Rector of Kibworth, occasioned by his Sermon, preached in St. Martin's Church, at the Bishop's late Visitation, and printed at the Request of the Bishop and Clergy. By Edward Thomas Vaughan, A.M. Vicar of St. Martin's and All Saints', and Rector of Foston, Leicestershire. Second Edition With a Preface, Omissions, Alterations, and large Additions. 8vo. pp 291. Leicester. 1818.

2. *Strictures on a Sermon entitled "An Examination of the Doctrines of Calvin,"* preached at a Visitation at Leicester, on Friday, July 2, 1818, by the Rev. J. Beresford, M.A and on "A Letter" to him; by the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, M.A. By Philos. 8vo. London.

A FULL oblivion should no doubt be accorded to an author, for all those improprieties of a first edition of a work, which he sees fit to retrench when he publishes a second. Repentance evidenced by amendment, satisfies the claims of offended decorum. We speak therefore only of Mr. Vaughan's second edition. But, in strictness, he barely deserves this indulgence, both because his Letter still abounds with the indications of a hostile temper, and contains many highly irreverent impertinences, and because he explicitly defends what he has not ventured to reprint. It appears that he has reviewed, at leisure, the inconsiderate effusions of his first vexation, without regret or conviction. We are not sure, indeed, that Mr. Vaughan might not be altogether more gratified by the haling forward of his first edition, than by a mere acquiescence in the corrections of the second. Men of much courage, and who have a high faith in the propriety of all they have once said, would, in most cases, choose rather to be roughly handled as culprits, than quietly dismissed as penitents.

The fiery lovers of contention may derive an exhilaration—an inspiration from the demonstration of kindred sentiments in an opponent; but a man of a reflecting and pious mind would often rather leave the solemn and affecting truths of religion under a momentary dishonour in the hands of the loud dogmatist, than attempt to rescue them from such keeping. Nevertheless, we must offer some remarks upon the volume before us.

Mr. Vaughan writes with a sort of force of manner, and he reasons, at times, with some ability; but altogether, in point of subject and treatment, his book is so much like to the troublesome mosquito-swarms of 'Letters,' and 'Replies,' and 'Appeals,' and 'Vindications,' and 'Inquiries,' that flit past us every day, that we should not have referred to it, had it not been in some other respects distinguished from the crowd. It is so, by the explicit avowal of controversial maxims in flagitious contrariety to apostolic precept and example, by a very un-

pleasing flippancy, and by an inappropriate arrogance on points of the highest difficulty and obscurity. We commend Mr. Vaughan's controversial frankness, and we use the same frankness in thus expressing, not the judgement of an individual, but, as we imagine, the offended feeling of every rightly tempered mind.

Early in his Letter, Mr. Vaughan complains of the hostility of his opponent: 'Sir,' he says, (p. 4.) 'we do not want 'pugilists at this time in the ministry.' This seems plainly to mean, that men whose violence of temper and dogmatism of spirit lead them into personal controversy, more from the love of warfare and the hope of individual triumph, than from a holy concern for religious truth, are, as Mr. Vaughan thinks, likely to do more harm than good in the present state of the Church. This is an excellent sentiment. It is, it should appear, Mr. Vaughan's opinion, and it is the opinion, we may add, of all men of sound judgement and of Christian feeling, that, as well the external credit of Christianity, as the healing and the purity of the Church, eminently call for those men *only* to stand forward in the controversy of the day, who have enough greatness of spirit to forget the littlenesses of personal attack, while they coolly, meekly, and laboriously strive to explain the mistakes of others who ignorantly oppose themselves to the truth.

But perhaps we should allow Mr. Vaughan to give his own comment upon the phrase we have quoted from him; for this, we must go back to his preface.

'The controversialist is a wrestler; and is at full liberty to do all he can, in the fair and honest exercise of his art, to supplant his antagonist. He must not only be dexterous to put in his blow forcibly, but must have a readiness to menace with scorn and to tease with derision, if haply he may by these means unnerve or unman his competitor. The controversialist must "strive lawfully:" never allowedly misstating his adversary, or adducing a false fact, or overcharging or mis-colouring a true one; but, with these dishonourable exceptions, I know not that he is under any obligation to withhold a particle of his skill and strength, whether offensive or defensive, in this truly Spartan conflict.'

If we should forget for a moment, that this heathenish bravado comes from the pen of a Christian minister, and hear it only under the impression of common principles, it surely would not lead us to anticipate the cool, effective force of a calm mind; still less so, when compared with the quick outcry extorted by the blows of his antagonist: "Sir, we do not want "pugilists." *Omne infirmum naturâ querulum.*

Where there is the most conscious strength, there shall we find the least irascibility; where the most true courage, there the least hostile parade; where the most argumentative truth-

quility, there the least impertinence, and affected sportiveness; where the most intimate conviction, there the least mouthing asseveration; where the most luminous apprehension, there the least declamatory logic; and, finally, where there is the widest intellectual comprehension and capacity for profound reflection, there the least disposition to intolerant, infallible dogmatism. These we are accustomed to consider as general maxims, the justness of which is sufficiently established by observation.

It is not difficult to trace to the same source all the various symptoms of the petty controversial spirit. The petulance, the impertinence, the stiff levity without grace or joyousness, the sour-tasted jests, that give the finishing touch of absurdity to the vexed ruefulness of the manner, the positiveness, the clarion-triumph of demonstration on subjects barely within range of the humblest surmise, the fierce defiances and large challenges, sported only in times and places of trusty shelter; all these things, we say, are easily traced to the same source. They are but the several expressions of the uneasiness and the anxieties of oppressed and labouring imbecility. We find them developed, more or less, in all temperaments which are characterized by their *vivacious feebleness*. Dogmatism or the unreasoning obtrusion of individual opinion, as the rule and termination of discussion, has, it must be acknowledged, distinguished some eminently powerful minds; but we venture the remark, that in such cases it has been the result and has served as the shelter of much constitutional indolence; or at least, that it has been resorted to *defensively*. By a ponderous and overwhelming dogmatism, men of such minds, wearied with the annoyance of inferior writers, have surrounded themselves with a sort of impregnable munition of arrogance on the field of argument. The names of Warburton, Horsley, and especially of Johnson, will occur to the reader in illustration of our meaning.

Though there is at present much controversy stirring, and though many publications are continually issuing from the press, which are full as unpleasing and as reprehensible as Mr. Beresford's 'Sermon,' and Mr. Vaughan's 'Letter,' yet these are not the dog-days of controversy; the public mind has mainly another direction; our atmosphere is not darkened, as in some former periods, with angry swarms that eat up every thing green and pleasant, and defile all the wholesome food that remains. This then is the time in which it may be hoped, that an extensively prevailing good sense, and a large proportion of unheated opinion, will prevail to reform the style of polemic writing and speaking. We would fain think it probable, that the mean, and yet grievous vices of religious discussion, will, ere long, be put to shame. Little irascible spirits, which are

become more noxious under the irritation of lacerated insignificance, will find that they must either slink away into their chinks and crevices, or learn kindlier manners if they come abroad. It needs not follow that Christians should become indifferent, either to the defence or the precision of religious truth, or that solid, sober controversy should be neglected. Men of calm and elevated minds will be much more likely to engage in the sedate defence of their principles, when they shall be less exposed to those annoyances and disgusts of personal attack to which they are the most peculiarly sensible. If *personal* controversy were to fall into general disesteem, being held, with rare exceptions, to originate mainly in impatient self-importance, the greater part of the occasions of the scandals we have referred to, would be cut off, and the contagion they have spread might almost become extinct.

But we must revert for a moment to Mr. Vaughan's Letter. It would not be reasonable to exact of every one who writes on religious subjects, that he be gifted with good taste, or a sense of the finer proprieties of style; but we think that in the absence of good taste and nicer feeling, a *right spirit*, and an affecting apprehension of Divine things, will suffice to preserve a writer, when touching upon the most solemn articles of the faith, from such frigid trifling as the following sentences exhibit. Mr. Vaughan is discussing the doctrines of Election and Reprobation.

'Why, Sir, I will fight with you upon this theme, as the Greeks did for the recovery of their dead Patroclus—as "Michael the Archangel, when contending with the Devil he disputed about the dead body of Moses"—as the famed Athenian who grasped his ship with his teeth, when he had no longer a hand to hold it by.—It shall be with a loss not less than life, that I resign this splendid attestation (Rom. viii. 28—30) to the triumphal origin, procession, and coronation of grace in the Redeemed!' p. 106.

Such turns as, 'You begin to squeak a little through the apprehension that your "calling" will not stand, and so you put in a botch to mend it,'—'Do look again, Mr. Rector of Kibworth, at your eleventh Article, and the three Homilies on Salvation,'—and many others like them which might be quoted, need we assure Mr. Vaughan, are in themselves as inane as they are ill-placed. If, as he says, (p. 161) the sarcastic language of his adversary has 'given a double portion of gall to the ink of his letter,' his vapid jestings, instead of disguising the bad savour, leave it on his pages in its state of simple nauseousness.

Mr. Vaughan occupies a large portion of his volume in defending the gratuitous dogma of Reprobation. Although we should feel very reluctant to enter upon that topic in the footsteps of such a writer, yet, had we observed in his treatment of

it any *argument* new or striking we should doubtless have referred to it. As for the callous arrogance of his manner, and the indecent dissonance of his language with the style of Scripture, we should be sorry, even by our reprehension, to retard the course of that hasty oblivion, which, happily, waits at hand to wipe out the scandal of such effusions.

The Author of the "Strictures" writes with commendable temper, modesty, and moderation. His pamphlet is, we think, in the main judicious. He thus concludes his remarks upon Mr. Vaughan's Letter. Speaking of the second edition, he says:

"The end of the *Letter* is considerably altered and enlarged; but not so as to affect the force of the foregoing Strictures. It was before *very* objectionable, containing a great deal even of vulgarity in its abuse; but even now, the levity, violence, and rancour which it breathes, are exceedingly unbecoming, and likely to prove injurious to the doctrines it defends While reading that part where Calvinism is exculpated from the charge of being immoral and pernicious in its effects, one cannot help thinking that the author himself gives more than an answer to all that he advances, by the spirit which he manifests. A bad spirit is equally as opposed to the Gospel as bad conduct: and whatever be the system that produces it, that system, if such a spirit be its *common* fruit, becomes very suspicious; it carries on its very face the strongest objection that can well be imagined. And *the* Calvinism maintained and defended by our author, as far as I know or have read or heard of the religious world, *generally* produces a spirit which is not very like that of the Gospel,—a spirit, whose essence is pride, whose ingredients are conceit, self sufficiency, contempt for others who entertain different views from themselves, and a haughty, dogmatical, and overbearing confidence in their own peculiar opinions. Surely these are "sour grapes;" these are "corrupt fruit," which cannot grow but on a "corrupt tree." But what are the peculiar graces of a Christian? Are they not love, humility and moderation, sympathy and tenderness, a genuine philanthropy and an unfeigned disposition to render good for evil and blessing for railing? Whilst brilliant talents, generosity, and all the heroic virtues are to be found in man even in his natural state, *these* belong exclusively to the Christian; there being no other soil but the renewed and sanctified heart where they can nourish and grow up to maturity. Mere "knowledge puffeth up," and is no distinctive mark; faith "to remove mountains" is of itself of no avail; and a firmness of mind to "give the body to be burned," may be possessed without true religion, and "profiteth nothing:" but the grand characteristic of a Christian is "charity," or love,—that love which "is kind," which "is not puffed up," and which "is not easily provoked." pp. 97—9.

Art. III. *Shakspeare's Genius Justified:* being Restorations and Illustrations of Seven Hundred Passages in Shakspeare's Plays, which have afforded abundant Scope for Critical Animadversion, and hitherto held at Defiance the Penetration of all Shakspeare's Commentators. By Z. Jackson. 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1819.

IT is not wholly without example in the modern history of letters, that territories which, time immemorial, have been enjoyed as the exclusive property of the *learned few*, and over which they have revelled and legislated with the true *esprit du corps* of 'the United Company of Merchants of Great Britain, 'trading to the East Indies,' have ultimately been thrown open or abandoned to the unlicensed traffic and schismatic zeal of plain sense and unlettered acuteness. It is, perhaps, not inconsistent with the largest estimate of the value of minute learning, to conceive very possible cases in which the public may be the gainers by such irruptions upon the domains of the aristocracy of letters. Without implying so absurd a proposition as that relative erudition is not necessarily available for the illustration of whatever is obscure or obsolete, it is impossible to be insensible to the great drawback to its value, occasioned by the ungovernable love of display, and the inconceivable fancifulness and puerility of hypotheses, into which the devotees of critical literature have been one and all beguiled. There is a trifling with learning, unfortunately but too habitual in this department of letters, which, to any man whose pursuits accustom him to be in earnest, is still less endurable than 'fools play,' because it assumes an importance and carries an air of gravity which fools play never pretends to.

In no one branch of critical literature has more cause for complaint of conventional infatuation arisen, than in that which modern times have given both birth and name to, and which has occupied the grave and the gay, the titled and the untitled, under the appellation of *Bibliography*. Although essentially subordinate in its scale of importance, to practical science, to speculative philosophy, and to every other branch of learning, the results of which more immediately concern the interests or the business of mankind, we are fully willing to admit that the study of Bibliography, cultivated as it has been with romantic ardour for the last half century, has not been unattended with numerous advantages. But while acknowledging the value of the assistance derived from that pursuit, by elegant literature of every description, and even the additions made by it to our general stores of intellectual treasure, every man whose concern with the actual business of life, or with the anxious realities of natural, political, or moral science, has been serious enough to

teach him the difference in value between enlarged understanding and literary accomplishment, must turn with pity, if with no severer feeling, from the *petit-maitre* importance and the solemn, self-deceiving trifling of the bulk of our writers on early English literature.

We know of few men who have exposed themselves to severer animadversion on this head, in the general tone of their productions, than the numerous commentators on the father of our English drama; and it will perhaps one day be the puzzle of a more philosophical and less literary generation, whether to be astonished most at the profoundness of their research, or the egregiousness of their folly.

Conventional immaculacy, the great doctrine which formed the link of society for so many generations past, has already received too many shocks, to extend its protection much longer to any class of men, whether guilty of the 'capital offence' of bad faith, or the 'minor charge' of infatuation. In the days of our fathers, the various divisions and subdivisions of men into which the great aggregate of society distributed itself, whether statesmen, churchmen, magistrates, or scholars, came to a kind of tacit *à priori* agreement among themselves, that, *as a body*, they were exactly the most perfect, the most unimpeachable, the most authoritative collection of persons possible; and having adopted this resolution *nem. con.* as to their own *coterie*, they made it a matter of courtesy to recognise a precise equiformity of irreproachableness, intelligence, and immaculacy, *after their sort*, in each and every other of the *accredited* classifications of society. By this finely contrived system of 'mutual credit,' the correspondence of life, the machinery of social existence, the disposition of the rights and the exercise of the capacities of mankind, were carried on with the least possible degree of disturbance either to individuals or bodies; animadversion had no other name than satire or scurrility; and the perfect self-complacency and security of all orders of men were exceeded by nothing but the dead stillness and the midnight slumber of the intellectual and moral world.

To the reign of *character* and *credit* has succeeded, by steps of which the period of our own lives furnishes the history, and of which we can all recognise the result, if we cannot accurately trace the progress,—a system of universal *inquisition*. The world having unfortunately discovered that it had been cheated in places where it reposed its most implicit faith, the magnitude of the disappointment has produced a universal determination *to give no more trust*. The affairs and the policy of no class of men are now exempted from the most unlicensed scrutiny; and to the ordeal of public opinion are submitted in shoals, the moral, the political, the literary, and the intellectual character,

not merely of parties and professions, but of princes, poets, and private gentlemen. So completely has the principle, 'Hear every one—let no unquestioned validity of character shut the door to the accuser,' gained possession of the public mind, that to keep pace with the currency of the day, it has even become the cant of the 'Treasury Benches,' to talk about the utility—yes, the *abstract* utility—of a vigorous and watchful opposition.

Far as the thing has gone, we are not quite sure if all classes of men are fully prepared for the possible, and even necessary result of this extending spirit of *useful opposition*. We are not quite sure that it has yet been much considered how far the minor interests of book-collectors, editors, and publishers, may be involved in the general work of purgation, which is going forward, and whether the public may not be in a state of preparation to think, before many more lustrums have passed, that it is time the quackery of literature should go the way of all other quackery; that the spirit of rational reform which has gone forth among all classes of society, should find its way even into the cells of the curious; and that Common Sense should re-assert its paramount rights, not only to regulate the policy of nations, but to govern all the departments of the commonwealth of letters. We are however inclined to believe, that the dawn of such reform has already broken, even in the regions of *black letter* literature. It is no small cause of complacency to find the laborious conceits of our Malones, our Ritsons, our Douces, and the still more insufferable bibliographical foppery of Mr. Frognall Dibdin, relieved by the writings of men such as Brydges and Whitaker; men who not only rest their fame on 'high place' in the courts of Antiquarianism, but appear with equal credit in the senates, the pulpits, the drawing rooms, the closets, and even—(we anticipate the smile of their literary compeers)—the Bible Societies, of actual life. From men of this description, the world had a right to expect that more chastised and philosophical estimate of the real objects and value of literary speculations, and of the relative situation which they hold in the circle of human pursuits, which we might look for in vain among the fopperies and the fooleries of mere book-worms. The expectation has not been disappointed, and the consequence has naturally been, to raise the character of the pursuit in the estimation of the sober and the rational, exactly in the proportion that it has descended from the imaginary height of pedantic conceit.

A confession somewhat more candid than ordinary, of the paramount interests of the moral over the literary world, has very recently been made to the public, by a veteran disciple of the school of 'Elizabethan lore,' who, although subordinate to the

writers we have just adverted to in the higher walks of intellect, at least equals them in the elegance which he has diffused over his literary productions, and the irreproachable amiableness of his private character.

'During too many years of my life, (says Mr. Park,) all 'that was literary seemed almost all that was estimable. With 'a kind of dotage, I became delighted by the mere autograph 'of any hand connected with authorship, and squandered time 'and attention on a wide circle of correspondence, which had 'vanity, perhaps, more than a thirst after knowledge, for its 'source. But I have been led to perceive the perilous frivolity 'of such whimsies in advancing years, and to fix my *higher* 'delight where the first of "Royal Authors" did—in those "who 'excel in virtue"'*

It is impossible not to contrast this entire and unreserved confession, with the dexterous, oblique, half-meant apologies which some of our reverend Bibliomaniacs have occasionally suffered *decorum* to extort from them, for their unceasing devotion to fanes of a different description from canonical ones. However graceful these incidental allusions to 'professional 'duties' may appear in the neighbourhood of St. James's, or with whatever propriety they may meet the eye of Right Reverend subscribers, we would venture to suggest, that with a large majority of the discerning and rational part of the public, (exclusive of the *Methodists*,)

'Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.'

Our recurrence to the language of Shakspeare reminds us that we have wandered already too far from his new commentator, and that it is time to return.

In the collection before us, of *seven hundred* new readings of the great Dramatist, Mr. Zachariah Jackson presents himself with qualifications of a very different description from those brought to the service by our Stevenses and Malones and Uptons, or even by the gentleman who has so recently made Shakspeare *himself again* without their aid. It was well remarked by the Female biographer of Dr. Johnson, that 'However taste begins, we almost always see that it ends in simplicity; the glutton finishes by losing his relish for any thing 'highly sauced, and calls for his boiled chicken, at the close of 'many years spent in the search of dainties; the connoisseurs 'are soon weary of Rubens, and the critics of Lucan; and the 'refinements of every kind heaped upon civil life, always sicken 'their possessors before the close of it.' Mr. Jackson seems to have thought, and perhaps not without some reason, that the readers of Shakspeare were equally sickened with the re-

* *Nugæ Modernæ*, 12mo. London, 1818. p. 29.

finements of black letter learning which have been heaped upon *him*; and he has furnished a dish of more simple ingredients for their relief. After all the labour and ingenuity which have been bestowed upon the text of Shakspeare, our readers will probably be surprised to hear that the seven hundred new readings of Mr. Jackson, many of which are at least plausible, and some deserving of a still higher character, have reference to no other source of illustration than patient ingenuity and an '*intimate acquaintance with the printing business in all its branches.*' That is to say, from an habitual and regularly initiated familiarity with the *modus operandi* of the blunders to which compositors are liable in composing, correcting, &c. Mr. J. has laboriously addressed himself to the application of that knowledge, to the obscure passages of Shakspeare; and by transpositions, substitutions, and deletions of letters and points, restored at least a semblance of sense to a number of those passages, which, if not amounting to demonstrative restoration, is at least equally satisfactory with some of the far fetched unexplanatory illustrations of the regular commentators, if indeed not more so. We wish very heartily that Mr. Jackson's suggestions had been distinguished from those of his predecessors, by the absence not only of erudite affectation, but also of that dogmatic spirit of self-confidence and unfounded positiveness, which he complains of with too much justice, in those who have gone before him, while, with the common oversight of humanity, he unconsciously multiplies offence in his own person. Mr. Jackson must remember that he has now set all the compositors and press readers in England upon *restoring* the text of Shakspeare; and when the time shall arrive, that the public shall be in plenary possession of the labours of these gentlemen, we are inclined to suspect that the maxim, *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, will be found to be applicable equally to the unlearned and the learned.

We proceed to extract a few of what strike us as favourable specimens of Mr. Jackson's ingenuity.

'Merry Wives of Windsor. Act II, Scene 2.

'PISTOL. I will retort the sum in *equipage*.

'*Equipage* is certainly a very familiar word; but, with Mr. Steevens, I must say, "That it ever meant *stolen goods*, I am yet to learn." The compositor mistook the word: our Author wrote,

'I will retort the sum in *equipoise*.

'*Retort*, (return,) *equipoise*, (equal weight.) I will return you equal weight in money. "No," says Falstaff, "not a penny." The *oi* was taken for an *a*, the *i* being closely joined to the *o*; and the *z* for a *g*, the word *equipoise* being formerly spelt *equipoize*.

'Much Ado about Nothing. Act V, Scene 1.

'LEONATO. Bring me a father who so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus; and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroak his beard,
And hollow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With *candle-wasters;* bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.'

This is part of the fine answer of Leonato to Antonio, when exhorted by him to lay aside the severity of his grief. Mr. Jackson's observations are too long for insertion, but we will leave his emendation to speak for itself.

'———— Make misfortune drunk
With *caudle-waters.*

'The word in the manuscript not being sufficiently intelligible, the compositor made the best he could of it:—the *u* and *n* are scarcely distinguishable one from the other; and having composed *candle* instead of *caudle*, concluded that as there was no such thing as *candle*-waters, it necessarily must be *candle-wasters.*'

'Merchant of Venice. Act II, Scene 8.

'SALARINO. And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not *enter in* your mind *of* love.

'Three errors appear in this passage, all owing to the loss of *ta*, which having dropped out of the page in its metal state, left two words remaining instead of one; and this error occasioned a second in the word *of*. The original unquestionably read,

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not *entertain* your mind *off* love.'

'All's Well that Ends Well. Act I, Scene 3.

'HELENA. I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this *captious* and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still.'

'This unintelligible passage, and which has been almost despairingly relinquished by my predecessors, may, I think, be made to recover its pristine beauty.

'Dr. Johnson observes: "The word *captious*, I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious*, for rotten." In what sense my predecessor understood the passage, I know not: but, from my conception of it, the word *carious* would prove the most impotent of any in his Dictionary. * * * * *

I read,

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this *copious* and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still.

Winter's Tale. Act III, Scene 3.

'CLOWN. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more'

'We should read,

Chamber your tongues, and not a word more.

From the old saying, "Keep your tongue within your teeth, and shut the *chamber door*."

'Macbeth. Act IV, Scene 1.

'MACBETH. ——— And thy *hair*,
Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first.'

Mr. Jackson remarks with some plausibility:

'The colour of the hair is an object of too little consideration to attract Macbeth's notice at such a juncture: nay, it is weak and frivolous: whereas a descendant, known, by his majestic form, to be *like* his great ancestor, whose *heir* he is, conveys a lofty sound, and is a striking picture of legitimate royalty.

'This reading, however, would seem to require another alteration.

——— And thy *heir*,
This other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

Particularly as the apparition of which Macbeth speaks is only the second.

'Coriolanus. Act I, Scene 3.

'VALERIA. What are you sewing here? a fine *spot*, in good faith.

'Valeria means amusement: We certainly should read,

'——— ——— A fine *sport*, in good faith.

'The *r* dropped out in placing the pages for *imposition*, and, as the letters formed a perfect word, the corrector overlooked the error.'

'Antony and Cleopatra. Act V, Scene 2.

'CLEOPATRA. My country's *high pyramides* my gibbet,

'A transposition has certainly been made in this passage: the *es* in *pyramides* belong to *high*, with which, and the addition of a *t*, a pure sense is obtained.

——— rather make
My country's *highest pyramid* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains.

'King Lear. Act IV, Scene 4.

'KENT. A sovereign shame *so elbows* him.

'How could my predecessors reconcile this reading?—*so elbows him*? This, contrasted with our Author's text, affords, I think, as ludicrous a

corruption as can be met with in these plays; but see what the change of a single letter effects; and what sublimity is obtained in place of nonsense. Our Author wrote,

> 'A sovereign shame *soul bows* him: his own unkindness
> That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
> To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
> To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
> His mind so venemously, that burning shame
> Detains him from Cordelia.'

'A sovereign shame so oppresses the soul of Lear, for his unnatural treatment of the virtuous Cordelia, that he cannot command sufficient resolution to behold her. Any reader who thinks this phrase requires an example, will find one almost *verbatim*, in Psalm lvii.'

'Cymbeline. Act I, Scene 5.

'IACHIMO. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.

'Neither Dr. Warburton's nor Dr. Johnson's explanation has correspondent force to illustrate this corrupt passage. Dr. Warburton reads,—You are *afraid:* but Posthumus is not afraid, for he has just offered to stake ten thousand ducats on Imogen's chastity. We should read,

'You are *affianc'd*, and therein the wiser.

'Iachimo is aware that the lady to whom Posthumus alludes, is his wife; and as he has said that the ring is a *part* of his finger, so his wife being a *part* of himself, the artful Italian tells him, that he is *affianced*, and therein the wiser, to retain both his wife and his ring.

'The word *affianced* was not sufficiently legible in the manuscript, and being a word not in common use, the compositor made out *a friend*.*

'Act III, Scene 6.

'IMOGEN. Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my *prize*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

'Though the meaning is understood, I believe the text corrupt. Imogen, as heiress of the king, is a weight in the national scales, that much more than equipoises any subject; but had the king not lost his sons, then must her weight, comparatively, have been but of little importance; and Posthumus would have approached nearer to a counterpoise. Is it not evident, then, that Shakspeare wrote,

'——— then had my *poize*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

'Thus, all obscurity is removed by substituting an *o* for an *r*.

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* Mr. Jackson's suggestion will appear the more conclusive to those who are aware that it was the practice in old MSS. to write the initial *f* double, as is still done in attorney's offices. *Affianced* might therefore be the more easily mistaken for *a friend*. REV.

'Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 3.

'MESSENGER. I met a courier, once mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And *made* us speak like friends:—

'The obscurity of this passage arises from the repetition of the word *made*. This error is certainly the compositor's, and arose from his having so recently composed a similar word in sound and characters, which also afforded a good sense to him; who, in the progress of his work, perceived not the tautology. We should read,

'Yet our old love made a particular force,
And *bade* us speak as friends.

'Othello. Act I, Scene 3.

'BRABANTIO. ———— I never yet did hear,
That the bruised heart was *pierced* through the ear.'

This is in the answer of Brabantio to the 'sentences' of the Duke of Venice, in mitigation of his grief for the loss of Desdemona. Mr. Jackson reads, as we think the sense requires,

'That the bruised heart was *pieced* through the ear.'

The sentiment is of the same nature with that so beautifully expressed by Milton in his Samson Agonistes:

'Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion fraught,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with the afflicted in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint.

'Othello. Act III, Scene 2.

'DESDEMONA. Either in *discourse* of thought, or actual deed.

'* * * I am strongly inclined to think, that in this instance we receive another example of the transcriber's having mistaken the sound of the word, and that our Author wrote,

'Either in *discursive* thought, or actual deed.

'Scene 3.

'DESDEMONA. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd *mad*,
And did forsake her.

'Dr. Johnson thinks that by the word *mad* is meant *wild, frantic, uncertain*: and Mr. Ritson, that it *ought* to mean *inconstant*. However,

I scarcely think, though the allusion is to *inconstancy*, that it can possibly be forced out of thepresent text.

'The *d* compartment, in the letter case, is exactly over that of the *n*, and frequently the *d*'s fall into the *n* box. In my opinion our Author wrote,

'She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd *man*
And did forsake her.'

'Romeo and Juliet. Act III, Scene 2.

'JULIET. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That *run-aways* eyes may wink.

'On the compound word *run-aways*, an infinity of learned comment has been expended, but all in vain: yet, according to the orthography of Shakspeare's time, the transposition of a single letter gives the original word; and produces so clear a meaning, that neither the Greek of Judge Blackstone, nor the laboured elucidations of the other commentators, are necessary. Our great poet wrote,

'Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That *unawares* eyes may wink, &c.

'* * * What can possibly be more simple? Now see how the error originated. The old mode of spelling *unawares* was *unawayrs:* the word had, what printers term, a literal error, that is, such as an *o* for an *r*, in the correcting of which, having taken out the *o*, the compositor placed the *r* at the beginning of the word, and thus turned *unawayrs* to *runaways.*'

Mr. Jackson has not quite done justice to his own suggestion. *Unawares* was seldom, *if ever*, spelt *unawayrs*, as he supposes; but a common mode of writing the *r* in old MSS. partly below the line, may easily have led to its being read *y*; thus Vnawayes might have been mistaken for *unawayes*, and the compositor having so read it, would take it for granted that an *r* had been omitted by mistake at the beginning.

'Comedy of Errors. Act II, Scene 1.

'ADRIANA. How if your husband *start* some other *where?*

'The commentators seem to have fixed their attention on the wrong word: the passage is evidently corrupt. I read, as I believe the Author wrote,

'How, if your husband's *heart's* some otherwhere?

'This is a natural question, and so familiar where jealousy operates, that I think it incontrovertible. *Other where* should read *otherwhere.* A subsequent passage justifies both corrections:

'I know his eye doth homage *otherwhere.*'

'When a wife says that *her husband's eye doth homage* otherwhere, she must be understood to mean that his *heart is elsewhere* engaged.'

After giving specimens adapted to convey so favourable an impression to the reader, of the ingenuity of Mr. Jackson's book,

as the above, we regret that we cannot promise equal satisfaction with the entire volume. The unfortunate necessity of *making a book*, has prevailed upon Mr. Jackson to sacrifice his estimation with persons of real judgement, by the accumulation of a mass of fanciful and paltry *substitutions*—certainly not *emendations*—in the text of Shakspeare, which we scruple not to assert Mr. J.'s conscience must have told him at the time he was putting them to paper, would rest their only chance of acceptance, even as suggestions, in the easiness or somnolency of the reader. What can be more adapted to throw ridicule upon all verbal criticism, than such specimens of it as the following:

'Love's Labour Lost. Act IV, Scene 3.

'BIRON. I am betray'd, by keeping company
With *moon-like* men, of strange inconstancy.

'The old copies read, "With *men-like* men." The present reading is supplied by Mr. M. Mason. The penetration of Mr. Mason is generally very acute; but in this instance, I cannot concur in opinion, that our Author wrote *moon like* men.

'The moon's changes being established by the order of nature, and governed by system, cannot be termed *inconstant*: [What is more common than the figure?] from month to month, and to eternity, the same system produces the same effects. What similarity, then, can be drawn between an *inconstant man*, who has no fixed principle to govern his actions, and the moon, which, since the creation of the world, has never varied from its established order?

'Now, in my opinion, the text in the old copies,—'men-like men,' is not so far removed from good sense as our commentators have imagined; and the native error is owing to a break rule, thus: (—) being taken by the compositor for a hyphen. See the error corrected:

'I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men,—like men of strange inconstancy.

'Surely, nothing can be clearer. Biron means, that he is ashamed to have associated with men, who, by deviating from their solemn vow, have acted *like men of strange inconstancy*, i. e. like men devoid of stability.'

And, we suppose, it is equally clear that the pronoun *who*, the verb *have*, and the participle *acted*, are *understood*, and that this is a usual and known form of ellipsis!

'Winter's Tale. Act II, Scene 1.

'LEONTES. He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a *pinch'd* thing.

'* * * I am strongly of opinion that our Author wrote,

'He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a *perch'd* thing.

'i. e. like a bird, roosted in its cage, on which its keepers may play

tricks at their will or pleasure. Leontes thought that he had Polixenes *caged*, but he finds himself to be the caged bird, and that Polixenes has escaped.

'It appears that the compositor mistook the *er* in the word *perch'd*, for *in*; the rest of the characters are perfect.

'Macbeth. Act I, Scene 3.

'MACBETH. Come what come may,
Time and the *hour* runs through the roughest day.

'This passage seems corrupt. An *hour* is a space *of time*, therefore tautology. I am persuaded our Author wrote:

'Time and the *honour* runs through the roughest day.

'Macbeth, somewhat overcome by scrupulous fears, seems inclined to leave the event of being king to chance. "Happen what will," says he, "even should the *honour* be mine; as time must run through the roughest day, so must time terminate my greatness."

'The compositor having composed *ho*, &c.

'Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 1.

'PAINTER. When the day serves, before *dark-corner'd* night.

'Various corrections have been proposed by my predecessors to free this passage from obscurity; but all appear too *dark* to admit a brilliant metaphor. I believe the poet wrote,

'When the day serves, before *dark-horned* night;

which alludes to the *horns* or crescent of the *moon*.

'Othello. Act II, Scene 3.

'IAGO. Three *Lads* of Cyprus.

'The folio has—Three *else* of Cyprus. From either of these readings we may derive a meaning, but both are insufficient in point of spirit. I am of opinion we should read—Three *elks* of Cyprus. Alluding to the wild principles of wanton youth.

We cannot afford time to trace Mr. Jackson through the equally luminous and convincing observations, by which he shews that—'We are the queen's *abjects*, and must obey:' (King Richard III. Act I, Scene 1,) has crept in by mistake, for, 'We are the queen's *objects*, and must obey.'

'——— Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing.
Timon of Athens. Act I, Scene 1.

for '——— How this grace
Speaks! *'tis one* standing! &c.

'If I may trust the flattering eye *of* sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
Romeo and Juliet. Act V, Scene 1.

for 'If I may trust the flattering eye *of* sleep, &c.

' ——— our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum: till my factor's death,
And *he* (great *care* of goods at random left)*
Drew me from the kind embracements of my spouse.
Comedy of Errors. Act I, Scene 1.

for ' And *heed* great *caves* of goods at random left, &c.

' Rather than I would be *so pil'd* esteem'd.
First Part King Henry VI. Act I, Scene 4.

for ' Rather than I would be *sop-oil'd* esteem'd.

' ——— The hearts
That *spaniel'd* me at heels.
Antony and Cleopatra. Act IV, Scene 10.

for ' ——— The hearts
That *pan-kneel'd* me at heels.'

' ——— So I leave you
To the protection of the *prosperous* gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 2.

for ' ——— So I leave you
To the protection of the *phosphorus* gods, &c.'

' Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And *aye-remaining* lamps, the belching whale,—
Pericles. Act III, Scene 1.

for ' And *area-maneting* lamps, &c.

'They're here with me already; whispering rounding
Sicilia is a *so-forth.*
Winter's Tale. Act I, Scene 2.

for ' Sicilia is a *sea-froth.*

and ' ——— I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on *the other.*
Macbeth. Act I, Scene 7.

for ' And falls on *theory.*'

Our readers will at least see that it is the misfortune of a large proportion of Mr. Jackson's emendations, that they are

* The obscurity may be in a great measure removed, by placing the parenthesis at the beginning of the line, instead of before *great.* Rev.

full as much in need of a paraphrase, as the present text. How he acquits himself of this task, they may form an idea from one specimen:

'Sicilia is a *sea-froth*,—

'i. e. a mere nothing; like the rejected froth which the ocean casts upon the beach of Sicily.

'But though the passage as restored, (and, I presume, to the original reading,) affords this elucidation; yet it is susceptible of another, more closely veiled.

'*Sea-froth* is the *scum* of the *deep*: so Leontes thinks himself the *dupe* of the *designing*.'

Much has been said about the knack of reviewers in turning a book into unmerited jest; but we defy all the reviewers in existence to add one iota of absurdity to passages of this sort, (of which Mr. Jackson has a very copious sprinkling,) by any dexterity of combination or omission.

Some few of Mr. J.'s readings, we would also suggest to him, are not entirely original. For instance:

'———— And from him,
Give you all greetings, that a king, *at* friend,
Can send his brother'—

Winter's Tale. Act V, Scene 1.

which Mr. Jackson reads, 'that a king, *as* friend,' &c. *is* so in Tonson's edition of 1709, 8vo.

So, his emendation of—

'———— You some permit
To second ills with ills, each *elder* worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.'

Cymbeline. Act V, Scene 1.

'To second ills with ills, each *ill the* worse,' might seem to have been suggested by the same edition, which reads,

'To second ills with ills, each *worse than other*.'

We lay little stress upon such observations as these, which may owe their existence to pure accidents; but we have been forcibly impressed, in several instances, with the radical want of *conception* which Mr. Jackson displays, for many of the real beauties of Shakspeare, and which induces us to look with a very distrustful eye at his qualifications for a commentator.

What can exhibit it more strongly than the following note on the

'Winter's Tale. Act V, Scene 3.

'Leontes. The *fixure* of her eye has motion in't
As we are mock'd with art.

'In Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, to illustrate the word *fixture*, this passage is given: and here we find, in what is termed the corrected text

by Johnson and Steevens), the word *fixure*, I would ask, how is this to be reconciled, but that I deem either *fixture* or *fixure* equally corrupt.

'The organ of sight has three prominent features: the pupil, the eye-lid, and the eye-lash; these are parts of the eye; but what part of the eye is "the *fixure*," and which "has motion in it?" We may say, the *fixing* of her eyes so sternly on him made him start;—for this speaks the action of the eyes: but it is the *open* of the eye—the *pupil*, and its movements, that strikes Leontes with astonishment; for we cannot suppose that Hermione could remain, as it were inanimate, and free from agitation, on so trying an occasion; and all must admit that with the least movement of the head, the eye moves also. From these premises, I am convinced the text is corrupt, and that our Author wrote:

'The *fissure* of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

'The *closing* of the eye, and the *opening* of the eye, are terms too familiar to require comment: a *fissure* is a cleft or *opening*: therefore Hermione's eyes being *open*, she could not prevent them from moving; and which was immediately observed by Leontes.

'I must again repeat that no *part of the eye* can be called either the *fixture* or *fixure*,' &c.

If we had not read these very puerile observations, it would never have occurred to us that the text of Shakspeare requiredany explanation. Every one who is in the slightest degree conversant with art, knows, that if a portrait is painted with the eyes of the sitter directed on the painter, the eyes in the picture will always appear fixed on the person who looks at it; and if he change his position by walking to and fro, the eyes will appear to follow him in every direction, even to the extreme corners, till the picture is lost in the obliquity of the point of view. The circumstance is often observed by children, who run backwards and forwards before a picture so painted, to see its eyes follow them from side to side. This *mockery of art* is very happily alluded to by Shakspeare in the above passage, and we might have sought the dictionary through for words more poetically or more accurately descriptive of it than those which he uses.

'The *fixure* of her eye has *motion* in't,
As we are mock'd by art.'

But how does Mr. Jackson's *restored* text negative all the beauty of the passage!

In several other instances his alterations are not only unnecessary, but destructive; the attempt to improve originates solely in an impotent conception of the real meaning.

Thus, when Iago says,

'Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very *stuff* o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder.'

Mr. Jackson cannot conceive that *stuff* can have any other signification than that in which we use it when we say, 'Pooh! "*stuff!*" and therefore he must have it,

'Yet do I hold it very *stuff* o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder.'

In Macbeth: Act II, Scene 1.

'———— Thus with stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.'

Mr. J. quarrels with the phrase, *ravishing strides*, as inconsistent with 'stealthy pace,' and moving 'like a ghost;' and having found that the old copy reads—'With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*,' he tells us, 'Take away the first *s* in *sides*, and place 'an *a* before the terminating *s*, and you have the Author's words:

'With Tarquin's ravishing *idea*.'

If Mr. J. had referred to Cymbeline, Act II, Scene 2, he would have found Shakspeare making a similar allusion to Tarquin's 'ravishing,' but still 'stealthy strides,' when Iachimo is stealing from the trunk to the couch of Imogen, to obtain her bracelet.

'———— Our Tarquin *thus*,
Did softly press the rushes, ere he wak'd
The chastity he wounded.'

Indeed, what is more natural than that a person endeavouring to avoid being heard, should take the longest steps possible, in order to diminish the number and the risk?

The contested passage,

'I have liv'd long enough: my way of life,' &c.
Macbeth. Act V, Scene 3.

was too tempting to be left untouched by Mr. Jackson, and his correction has at least the recommendation of being *entirely new*. 'A trifling error,' Mr. J. remarks, 'has vitiated the 'sense,' which he thus corrects:

'I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the scar, the yellow leaf,' &c.

Were this reading introduced on the stage, it would at least be certain of being adopted with acclamation by the audience.

Another instance of defective conception appears to us to display itself in the observations on the passage

'———— his lear'd arm
Crested the world.'
Ant. and Cleop. Act V, Scene 2.

Mr. J. thinks the passage corrupt. 'How ['That] his arm

'was to *crest* the world,' he remarks, 'is such an hyperbole, that 'it goes beyond figure:' he reads,

'———— his rear'd arm
Cleft the world.'

We apprehend the expression to be amply within the license of poetry, and it is, in our view, a beauty rather than a corruption. That the arm of Antony 'crested (o'ertopped) the 'world,' is no more hyperbolic, than that 'his legs bestrid the 'ocean.' The phrase carries on the idea with consistent grandeur.

Equally unnecessary appears to us the substitution of *ray* for *day*, in the passage

'———— O thou *day* of the world
Chain mine arm'd neck;' &c.

addressed by Antony to Cleopatra. (Act IV, Scene 8.) 'A day,' says Mr. Jackson, 'being a space of time, cannot be personified 'in Cleopatra, so as to produce any happy effect. To us it seems sufficiently clear that *day* is used as a figure of speech for *light*, as night is for darkness. Mr. Jackson tells us that Antony is 'comparing Cleopatra to the sun's rays that encircle the earth.' Be it so; but his reading—'*ray* of the world,' is very deficient in embracing that idea.

With some few of Mr. Jackson's proposed readings, he seems to have stopped short half way of the emendation of which they are capable, according to his own suggestions. In the Tempest, Act I, Scene 2, for, 'Come forth, thou tortoise! When?' as addressed by Prospero to Caliban, he proposes to read 'Come forth thou *tortoise wen!* i. e. *thou animated ex-* 'crescence,' as Mr. Jackson explains it, and an explanation is certainly very necessary, of the compound 'tortoise wen.' We are not, however, aware that *tortoise* is ever put adjectively, by way of figure, to signify *animated*, though *wen* is certainly an *excrescence*. Why not read, 'Come forth, thou *tortoise!* 'wen!'—Again; King Lear: Act IV, Scene 2.

'EDGAR. Ten masts at *each* make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.'

Mr. Jackson remarks,

'There is nothing more common with compositors, than to omit the first word, where two, immediately connected, begin with the same letter: such I believe has been the case in the present passage.—I am strongly of opinion that our author wrote

'Ten masts at *end* each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.'

Why not strike out *each* altogether? The sense and the metre are both perfect by the mere substitution of *end* for *each*.

words which in careless manuscript might easily be mistaken for each other.

On the other hand, he sometimes carries his love of typo-transformations beyond the bounds of necessity; as in

'Measure for Measure: Act II, Scene 4.

'ANGELO. Admit no other way to save his life
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss *of* question.'

Mr. Jackson says 'we should read,

Put in the loss *in* question.'

Why is it necessary to change the *but*?

We cannot compliment Mr. Jackson upon his style of thinking or writing. It is distinguished in an eminent degree by an indistinctness and irrelevancy of ideas, a vulgarity of taste, a flippancy of manner, and an unceasing arrogance of assertion, which, were it any thing but ludicrous, would be appalling. The language of Mr. J. in this particular, is not that of a person who, at the distance of upwards of two centuries, is offering suggestions for the possible *restoration* of a text obscured by the concurrence of the most extraordinary negligence and infidelity in the early copies, and the evanescent material of a temporized and often slang-woven language; but of one who, having by some wonderful accident of fortune, come into possession of an autograph copy of the 'plays,' corrected for the press by the author, was exulting over the laborious misceptions and futile controversies of former editors. We thank Mr. Jackson for his book, as furnishing several important and simple emendations (not to say restorations) of our *reading* Shakspeare, but we wish he had got any body to write it but himself.

ART. IV. *The Revival of Popery*; its Intolerant Character, Political Tendency, encroaching Demands, and unceasing Usurpations: detailed in a Series of Letters to William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. With an Appendix; containing copious Extracts from the Notes, inculcating Persecution, which are annexed to the authorized Roman Catholic Bible, and Remarks on the wilful Corruption of the Holy Scripture. By William Blair, Esq. A.M. 8vo. pp. 252. 1819.

"THE *Revival of Popery*" implies its previous decline. With what period of the past history of that pernicious superstition and destructive tyranny, is it intended to compare its present fortunes? Certainly not with its circumstances at any very distant date. A few centuries only are past, since it possessed a most commanding station, overlooking and overawing the population of Europe, whose senates and princes trembled under its rod, and crouched like slaves beneath

its fetters, when its thunders roared from the Vatican, and its lightning blazed and burned, and consumed in the direction of its fury. With the grandeur and the power of Popery in other times, we can compare its present condition, only to learn how much it has fallen: its glory is departed, its strength is become weakness. The light which at first revealed its deformities, has ever since been increasing in splendour, only to display them with greater effect, and the victories of its first successful opponents have been followed with fresh triumphs, the interests which it denounced as endangering its authority, have eluded its stratagems and become powerful, and, to a great extent, where Popery once enjoyed an undivided empire, truth and liberty, against which this tyranny would wage an exterminating warfare, are scattering their inestimable blessings. We would not forget what Popery once was; we would think of it as it now is, that we may be sensible of the goodness of that Being who has wrought so many deliverances for the humble and despised assertors of religion and freedom, and who has reserved us to these times, to witness the great results of their intrepid conflicts, in the knowledge and liberty which, beyond all precedent, are now prevailing.

In attempting to demonstrate the revival of Popery, the Author of these Letters refers the Honourable Gentleman to whom they are addressed, 'to the religious state of Papal 'Europe at present, compared with what it was twenty or 'thirty years ago; and to the numerous converts to Popery '(some thousands) obtained from the inhabitants of Great 'Britain during the same period.' Now it appears to us, that Mr. Blair has assigned too distant a date to one part of the comparison. 'Thirty years ago,' would point to a time when Europe was, it would seem, more truly Papal than she is at this moment. Ecclesiastical authority had not then received that stroke by which its very foundations have been shaken; and the superstitions of Popery were then protected by an enslaved spirit, which has since disengaged itself from its fetters, and has cast off the inveterate prejudice that had long attached it to Romish customs and external forms of ceremonious worship. Compared with what it was in Europe, at that period, the present state of Popery is scarcely to be reckoned a revival of it; for though in that country which has been so fearfully agitated by the political storms of the last twenty or thirty years, there has been an increase of the agents of Popery, the feelings and circumstances favourable to its support and stability have not been restored either to those who would rule, or to those who must be ruled when its authority is predominant. The spell of priestcraft, broken at the revolution, has not again bound up the people in France; and as nothing is more difficult to be revived

in an age of increasing knowledge, than systems of superstition; it may fairly be presumed, that whatever may be the longings of Popish abettors after their halcyon days, Popery is not likely to retrieve its degradations and its fall as that part of the Christian [illegible]

Extending our survey therefore through the last twenty or thirty years of events on the Continent, we would console ourselves with the conclusion that Popery has been diminishing, and we would fondly hope that the diffusion of light, clearer and more powerful than has yet been instrumental in dispelling the errors and correcting the practice of a people who were once so duped and oppressed by the ministers of Popery, will prevent the attempt again to enslave them; or, should it be made, will overcome opposition, and lead to results of a most desirable and felicitous kind.

But that within the above period Popery has revived in Great Britain, is, we think, incontrovertible; the proofs which Mr. Blair produces of this fact, are strong and convincing. The causes of this increase in the adherents and converts to Popery, are deserving, we apprehend, of an investigation which, it should seem, they have never yet received. We cannot now enter upon the consideration of them, but we would recommend the inquiry to our readers, and particularly would we advise the writer of these letters to direct his thoughts to it, as a subject pregnant with salutary instruction.

With the exception of this last particular, the change in our internal religious relations, Mr. Blair assigns as his proofs of the revival of Popery, the re-establishment in many places, of the dormant or suppressed institutions of the Church of Rome, particularly the restoration of the Jesuits, 'the Pope's best 'Bulwark,' as this Order has been emphatically named, and 'the re-opening of those horrible instruments of tyranny, the 'prison-doors of the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition,' profanely so called. But these are occurrences of very recent date: only five years ago, the 'Order of Jesus' was an abolished Order, and the doors of the Inquisition were unhinged and broken. With the events of the last five years, therefore, the revival of Popery is identified by Mr. Blair, and it is well worthy inquiry how such a connexion has been established, and how such results have been produced.

We certainly do not mean to represent Popery in any other light than that in which it is proper it should be placed. We entirely accord in sentiment with the Author of these letters, as to its character and tendency; and we shall willingly and cordially do him the justice to recommend to the attentive perusal and consideration of our readers, the statements and arguments which he has furnished. We feel it a most important duty to

guard the best liberties of mankind, and to secure their highest interests, and a fair full disclosure of the nature and history of Popery, we certainly think to be one of those means. We could wish that these letters had in some respects been different; but as they are, we find enough in them to induce us at once to thank the Author, and to do our best towards exciting the public attention towards them.

The spirit and object of these Letters may be ascertained from the following queries.

'Sir, allow me to ask you, Whether Popery be an evil? Whether it does not still exist? Whether it has undergone any radical change since the days of CRANMER and LUTHER? Whether the Papal religion be not in fact unchangeable, and every where the same, because deemed infallibly true? Whether or no we be indebted to those Martyrs, by whom the Reformation was introduced into Great Britain? Whether we ought not to feel grateful for the blessings of a subsequent Revolution in 1688, by a different class of heroes? Whether you be prepared to revoke all the legislative Acts of our pious forefathers, by which the full exercise of religious and civil liberty has so long been ensured? Whether you really think that a Protestant Church can long co-exist, and flourish with Popery, in Ireland, if a hundred Lay-Papists shall sit in Parliament; and if the bulwarks of our present Constitution be undermined, in order to admit them? Lastly, I ask, Whether you then would, or could consistently, refuse Popish Prelates and Apostolical Vicars a place (if it be demanded) in the House of Lords, or prevent their devoted friends from filling all the chief *judicial* offices in Ireland?

'Sir, these are most serious and weighty questions; which, if you cannot answer in an instant, should make you pause, and reflect before you again vote for legislative measures that may possibly be fatal, and are not denied by yourself to be hazardous, to our best national privileges.' pp. 11, 12.

The Third Letter commences with the following paragraph.

'SIR,

'Though I should be one of the last men in this kingdom to wish for any interference with the religion of those who differ from me, by positive restraints or legal prohibitions; yet every government has a perfect right to know what progress is made, or effects arise, in the State, from any other religion than that which is deemed national, and what number of converts there may be, as well as what principles or means are employed for propagating such religion. If unrestricted liberty be granted, or only solicited, to teach the mass of the people, it is highly proper for the Legislature to ask whether the Petitioners and religious teachers do not promulgate doctrines subversive of civil society, or at least injurious to the settled form of government: otherwise, a legal encouragement and effective support may unwittingly be given to a set of men (like Mahometans) who hold it right and just to use corporeal force, or inflict temporal chastisement, or even to maintain their religion by fire and sword.' pp. 16, 17.

To the correc of tl principle which is thus assumed by e Author, we are not by any means prepared to give our sent, nor do we think that Mr. Blair himself is prepared to mit the substantial justice of the position he so strongly serts. Every government unquestionably possesses the right watching over the interests of civil society, and therefore the gnizance of civil objects is entirely appropriate to the office of civil rulers; but to religious objects their authority cannot ith justice be directed. Over the religious opinions of their subcts, rulers possess no right of interference; their competence s no other range than 'the *effects*' that arise in the State, hich are opposed to its well-being, and this right is irreoective of men's religious tenets and profession. Mr. Blair ould not employ positive restraints or legal prohibitions in the rvice of the State, against persons who differ from himself in ligious profession; but can these be excluded from the office hich he has assigned to Government? Can any doubt be felt, at the teachers of religious doctrines which are opposed to the nets of the 'national' religion, have ever, at the commenceent of an active dissent, been represented as in hostility to the tled form of government, and as promulgating doctrines subersive of civil society? What other character did Christianity self assume in the eyes of the Jewish 'Legislature,' at the time its original propagation?

Mr. Blair animadverts with great severity on the countenance d assistance afforded by many Protestants, to the erection Roman Catholic Chapels, and particularly notices the 'building of Moorfields Chapel, on a most advantageous piece of freehold ground, kindly and generously offered by the City of London.'

'This "*eligible and central situation*" for an immensely capacious lass House, in the very heart of the metropolis, is afforded most cheerlly by its pious Citizens, at a time when Roman Catholics are clamorous for *secular power*, and are ready to seize the reins of civil Goernment as one of their political rights!!! Thus shall we soon behold A TEMPLE RAISED FOR THE TRUE WORSHIP OF GOD, NOT UNWORTHY OF THIS GREAT CITY." See an Address, in the Laity's irectory for 1819; signed "WM. POYNTER, Bishop of Halia, V.A.L." e Vicar Apostolic of the London District. Now may we therefore y, "POPERY FOR EVER."

Sir, I am obliged to be serious; for I really do not write ironically, in extravagant language, when I say that these symptoms of public, *liberality*," by the leaders of a vast concentrated population, strike me ith awful apprehensions of what may follow at no distant period! How is the fine gold become dim!" Surely we have degenerated om the faith and piety of our martyred Reformers in the days of oody Queen Mary! Where, Sir, are the noble principles of young

Edward and his Preceptor? Has not the glory of our English Reformation departed? Never, never would I revive the accursed spirit of persecution; but I would recall the fervent piety and zeal of pristine times, which gave birth to Cranmer, Ridley, Farrer, Latimer, Tindale, Frith, Barnes, Coverdale, Rogers, Bradford, Taylor, Philpot, Hooper, Jewel, Fox, Parker, Nowel, Hooker, &c. men whose names and Christian views were once dear to *even the Citizens of London*, and whose memory You cherish in the deepest recesses of your heart. But what would THEY have said of Protestant Statesmen, Magistrates, or Merchants, who offer their land, or money, or influence, to build a splendid Popish Mass House almost on the spot where Reformers had preached and Martyrs died? Did our forefathers toil, and bleed, and burn, for such "*liberal*" descendants as these? Yet this case is by no means uncommon in other large towns: nor can we wonder if Maynooth and Stonyhurst Colleges next shall become the archetypes of similar edifices, near Waterloo Place, or St. Stephen's antiquated walls. Then will British candour and liberality have arrived at the very height of perfection!!!' pp. 40, 41.

The Author attempts to prove, in these Letters, that the genius of Popery is ever the [illegible], and it appears to us that he does prove it with complete su[illegible] The *principles* on which the Roman Catholic Church [illegible]ts, and the *motives* by which she is governed, are developed [illegible] forcible manner, from the authentic documents which the ru[illegible]ers of that Church have so recently furnished. No doubt can, we think, be entertained by any impartial reader, that what Popery has been, its directors at Rome would wish it to be again. Could they release it from the control under which it is at present placed by the prevalence of knowledge and an enlightened practice, the result, and some of the best effects of Protestantism, they would instantly set it free, and accompany its resumption of its dormant attributes, with their expressions of high admiration and delight. Every thing that Protestantism includes in its elements, would be put down, and nothing would be permitted to exist but what belongs to Popery. To this part of Mr. Blair's work, too much attention cannot in our opinion be given; and every reader of his collected proofs must be convinced that the radical, the unchanged and unchangeable character of Popery, is *Intolerance*. They will become sensible, if on such a point they are not already persuaded, that whatever may be the mildness and charity of some Roman Catholic writers in our own country, and their professions of liberality, it is not from them that our opinions must be formed, but from those whom they are not permitted to control; from the measures which the Vatican has suggested, and from the declarations which it has sent abroad. Mr. Butler may be prepared to allow liberty to his neighbour, in religious opinions and practice different from his own; but Mr. Butler is

[illegible] shew

not the 'Roman Catholic Church,' and this allows of no liberty in religion: it proscribes every other profession as heresy, and it looks to every species of dissent, with a determination to destroy it. Can it be supposed, that if circumstances permitted, the court of Rome would not at this very moment suppress Protestantism in all and every of its forms? And would not the dependants of the 'Vicar of Christ' be found ready at their posts, to direct the instruments of destruction to the mark? We would answer every insinuation and every assertion made by 'liberal Roman Catholics,' that the spirit of past ages is extinct in that communion, by the production of facts which they cannot invalidate. The Rulers of your Church, we would tell them, declare every species of religious profession out of its own pale, to be heresy, and that no heresy is to be spared. They are animated by implacable hatred to Protestantism, and wish for nothing so much as an opportunity to root it out for ever. We would direct the attention of Protestants, not to Mr. Butler's books, but to bulls and proclamations from the head quarters of Popery, at Rome. From these they may clearly perceive what Popery is determined on accomplishing, if ever an appropriate state of circumstances should be found to suit its wishes. Mr. Butler, we well know, owes implicit obedience to his own Church, and is totally destitute of authority as an interpreter of her will. How much of truth there is in the following passage, our readers will do well to inquire.

'Doubtless, Sir, you know that the Popes have also delegated certain powers to four Vicars Apostolic, absolutely to govern all the English and Scotch Roman Catholics who will submit to them. The tyranny with which they execute their ecclesiastical function, has often been loudly complained of, and is sometimes very annoying to both the Priests and Laymen of that communion: but it is the opinion of many great Statesmen, that such Apostolical Agents "*should be expressly prohibited, within this realm*," from any longer exercising their unconstitutional powers; in which opinion the late Speaker (now Lord Colchester) quite agrees.

'In his admirable Speech of May 24, 1813, on the "Relief Bill," his Lordship said, "The Apostolic Vicars are the direct diplomatic agents of the Papal See, governing ecclesiastically HALF A MILLION of His Majesty's subjects in Great Britain. By their offices they are bound to execute the mandates of the Pope, *without the power of hesitation or deliberation*; and these mandates, so delivered, the great majority of the English Roman Catholics have conceived themselves conscientiously bound to obey. This was the complaint loudly made by the English Roman Catholics in 1790; and it is for their protection, as well as for our own safety, THAT NO SUCH OFFICE SHOULD BE TOLERATED WITHIN THE KING'S DOMINIONS."

'In particular, he recommended that "some provision should be made (by the Legislature) for imposing an effectual restraint upon spi-

ritual excommunication, so far as to deprive it of *all civil consequences.*" He stated, that "many and grievous were the sentences of this sort, which are known to have occurred, both in England and Ireland, in our own times: and it may be enough now to refer to the melancholy fate of those persons who were excommunicated in 1791, for their *civil conduct* in these memorable transactions; and whose misfortunes have been so often and so feelingly lamented, by the English Roman Catholics. Such sentences are derogatory to the *civil rights* of the subject, and in this free country *they should no longer be endured.* Some provisions for remedying these grievances," he observed, "could not be otherwise than acceptable to peaceable and conscientious Roman Catholics;" yet the omission of such a desirable request in the late Petition to Parliament, he said further, must "tend to demonstrate, that RELIGIOUS LIBERTY WAS NOT THE REAL OBJECT OF THE PROMOTERS OF THIS BILL, BUT POLITICAL ASCENDANCY." pp. 99, 100.

'THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT, which forms the basis of Protestantism, and tends to destroy spiritual tyranny, has always been opposed by Roman Catholics, on account of the *infallibility* of their Church. Hence it happens, that every man presuming to doubt of their system, and to think wholly for himself, will be deemed an obstinate rebel. To persevere in disbelieving, leads necessarily to a state of independence and schism. It next, therefore, becomes requisite for Ecclesiastics to threaten and denounce the offender, who is said to have fallen into a mortal sin, which demands auricular confession and priestly absolution: but if a culprit be not thus restored, nothing remains to be done, except a civil magistrate will execute vengeance on the condemned person, now expelled; who yet is canonically held fast, as a subject deserting from his first Lord, and is deemed by the Church *still* liable to death.

'This procedure is very different from an act of self-defence and preservation, in a temporal Sovereign; which is not grounded on any mere obliquity of opinion, or speculative error, but upon some outward injury done to the commonwealth, some personal injustice or violence. The former is religious persecution, the latter is political prudence; the one is purely an affair between God and his creature, the other is a business concerning two or more members of a society. The Church of Rome claims this mental allegiance from every soul of man: her empire, though called spiritual, is secular and universal; nor does she conceive it possible for one human being, under any change of circumstances, to be dissolved from the obligation of obeying her dictates, because they are of Divine authority and origin. Such is her reasoning, and these are its *anti-social* consequences.

'When religion has become so blended with a bloody policy, that no provision is made for dissidents, toleration is impossible, and cruel laws will inevitably follow: a close alliance between worldly and spiritual objects is, therefore, always dangerous; as tending to debase Christianity and produce hypocrites. But the Church of Rome does not provide for dissenters, cannot allow them to enjoy free worship, cannot admit of any the least rivalry, cannot avoid arbitrary means of upholding itself; and,

consequently, never can cease to persecute others *when* PHYSICAL *power is acquired.* Its canon law, its system, its whole fabric, is a refined policy; moved and excited by an insatiate lust of dominion.

'It was therefore wise and statesman-like in Lord Castlereagh to say, "Whilst the Roman Catholic Clergy feel a becoming confidence in the purity of their own intentions, and justly appeal to the tests by which they have solemnly disclaimed all the noxious tenets that have, in former times, been imputed to their Church; whilst they declare that they owe no obedience to the Pope, inconsistent with their duty as good subjects; and that their allegiance to the external Head of their Church is purely spiritual, and restricted to matters of faith and doctrine; *yet, they must be too well versed in the history of mankind not to feel, and to allow, that,* SO LONG AS SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY IS EXERCISED BY MEN, IT IS PRONE TO MIX ITSELF IN TEMPORAL CONCERNS, *more especially in matters which may be considered as affecting the interests of the Church itself, since a taste for power is inseparable from human nature; and, that the times may return when the power and influence of the See of Rome, if not restrained by wholesome regulations, may be turned against the temporal interests and security of the State.*

'"Why is the British Government alone, of all the powers in Europe, to remain exposed to a danger, against which it has been the invariable policy of other States, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, to provide?"

'See this whole Speech in Mr. Charles Butler's Historical Memoirs of the Catholics, VOL. II. CH. XXXIX. § 6.' pp. 101—103.

Mr. Blair appears to have felt it as a duty of strong obligation, to lay the contents of these Letters before the public, previously to the recent discussion of the Catholic claims in Parliament. That question is, by the late decision of the Legislature, disposed of for the present session, but in a manner that cannot be considered as very discouraging to the petitioners: they will probably at no distant time renew their efforts with better promise of success. Strongly as we are opposed to all intolerance, and cordially as we agree with Mr. Blair in his sentiments of the real character of Popery as the enemy of liberty, we cannot conceal our decided conviction that all penal statutes directed against religious profession, are unjust and oppressive, and that therefore the security of civil governments ought to be provided for by other means. We are perfectly aware of the difficulties in which, as a practical question, this subject may at the present moment be considered as involved. But we speak only of the abolition of all *religious* tests, and of penal statutes affecting religious profession, as such. Upon the complicated question of what is termed Catholic Emancipation, considered in its political bearings, we forbear to enter. How divided soever the better informed portion of the public may be, upon the policy of that measure, it is scarcely possible for a person of any religious feeling, to hesitate in deprecating the

scandalous perversion of a Divine institution, for the purpose of a political *test*.

The Appendix to these Letters is a collection of very important documents in proof of the intolerant principles circulated in the Notes to the Roman Catholic edition of the Bible, re-printed at Dublin, in 1816.

Art. V. *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte.* 8vo. pp. 48. Oxford, 1819.

THIS is a well managed and legitimate burlesque of Hume's scepticism. After adverting to the extraordinary tales current among us relative to this Napoleon Bonaparte, and to the wide discrepancies of opinion, of which his character and actions are the subjects, the Writer remarks:

'In the midst of these controversies the preliminary question, concerning the *existence* of this extraordinary personage, seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt; and to shew even the smallest hesitation in admitting it, would probably be regarded as an excess of scepticism, on the ground that this point has always been taken for granted by the disputants on all sides, being indeed implied by the very nature of their disputes. But is it in fact found that *undisputed* points are always such as have been the most carefully examined as to the evidence on which they rest? that facts or principles which are taken for granted, without controversy, as the common basis of opposite opinions, are always themselves established on sufficient grounds? On the contrary, is not any such fundamental point, from the very circumstance of its being taken for granted at once, and the attention drawn off to some other question, likely to be admitted on insufficient evidence, and the flaws in that evidence overlooked? Experience will teach us that such instances often occur: witness the well-known anecdote of the Royal Society; to whom King Charles II. proposed as a question, whence it is that a vessel of water receives no addition of weight from a live fish being put into it, though it does if the fish be dead. Various solutions of great ingenuity were proposed, discussed, objected to, and defended; nor was it till they had been long bewildered in the enquiry that it occurred to them to *try the experiment*, by which they at once ascertained, that the phenomenon which they were striving to account for, and which was the acknowledged basis and substratum, as it were, of their debates—had no existence but in the invention of the witty monarch.' pp. 7, 8.

The readiness with which men believe, (as Hume has remarked,) on very slight evidence, any story that pleases their imagination by its admirable and marvellous character, is utterly unworthy of a philosophical mind, which should rather suspend its judgement the more, in proportion to the strangeness of the account, and yield to none but the most decisive and unimpeachable proofs.

'Let it then be allowed us, as is surely reasonable, just to enquire, with respect to the extraordinary story I have been speaking of, on what evidence we believe it. We shall be told that it is *notorious*; i. e. in plain English, it is very *much talked about*: but as the generality of those who talk about Buonaparte do not even pretend to speak from *their own authority*, but merely to repeat what they have casually heard, we cannot reckon them as in any degree witnesses, but must allow ninety-nine hundredths of what we are told to be mere hear-say, which would not be at all the more worthy of credit if even it were repeated by ten times as many more. As for those who profess to have *personally known* Napoleon Buonaparte, and to have *themselves witnessed* his transactions, I write not for them: *if any such there be*, who are inwardly conscious of the truth of all they relate, I have nothing to say to them, but to beg that they will be tolerant and charitable towards their neighbours, who have not the same means of ascertaining the truth, and who may well be excused for remaining doubtful about such extraordinary events, till most unanswerable proofs shall be adduced.' pp. 8, 9.

It is recommended, however, that we trace up this hear-say evidence, as far as we are able, towards its source.

'Most persons would refer to the *newspapers* as the authority from which their knowledge on the subject was derived; so that, generally speaking, we may say, it is on the testimony of the newspapers that men believe in the existence and exploits of Napoleon Buonaparte.' p. 9.

But the authority of this 'newspaper evidence' may be questioned; first, as to the means the editors have possessed of gaining correct information; secondly, as to the interest they may have in concealing truth, or propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, as to the agreement of their testimony.

'First, what means have the editors of newspapers for gaining correct information? We know not, except from their own statements; besides what is copied from other journals, foreign or British, (which is usually more than three-fourths of the news published,) they profess to refer to the authority of certain private correspondents abroad; *who* these correspondents are, what means *they* have of obtaining information, or whether they exist at all, we have no way of ascertaining; we find ourselves in the condition of the Hindoos, who are told by their priests, that the earth stands on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, but are left to find out for themselves what the tortoise stands on, or whether it stands on any thing at all.' pp. 11, 12.

The interest which the proprietors of newspapers have in the circulation of these marvellous narrations, is too obvious not to awaken suspicion.

'It may be urged, however, that there are several adverse political parties, of which the various public prints are respectively the organs, and who would not fail to expose each other's fabrications: doubtless they would, if they could do so without at the same time exposing *their own*; but identity of interests may induce a community of operations up

to a certain point; and let it be observed, that the object of contention between these rival parties is, *who* shall have the administration of public affairs, the controul of public expenditure, and the disposal of places; the question, I say, is, not whether the people shall be governed or not, but *by which party* they shall be governed;—not whether the taxes shall be paid or not, but *who* shall *receive* them. Now it must be admitted, that Buonaparte is a political bugbear, most convenient to any administration: "If you do not adopt our measures and reject those of our opponents, Buonaparte will be sure to prevail over you; if you do not submit to the government, at least under *our* administration, this formidable enemy will take advantage of your insubordination to conquer and enslave you: pay your taxes cheerfully, or the tremendous Buonaparte will take all from you." Buonaparte, in short, was the burden of every song, his redoubted name was the charm which always succeeded in unloosing the purse-strings of the nation. And let us not be too sure, safe as we now think ourselves, that some occasion may not occur for again producing on the stage so useful a personage: it is not merely to naughty children in the nursery that the threat of being "given to Buonaparte" has proved effectual. It is surely probable therefore, that, with an object substantially the same, all parties may have availed themselves of one common instrument. It is not necessary to suppose that for this purpose they secretly entered into a formal agreement; though, by the way, there are reports afloat, that the editors of the Courier and Morning Chronicle hold amicable consultations as to the conduct of their public warfare: I will not take upon me to say that this is incredible; but at any rate it is not necessary for the establishment of the probability I contend for. Neither again would I imply that *all* newspaper editors are utterers of forged stories "knowing them to be forged;" most likely the great majority of them publish what they find in other papers with the same simplicity that their readers peruse it; and therefore, it must be observed, are not at all more proper than their readers to be cited as authorities.' pp. 12—15.

The Author goes on to detect and expose the multiplied inconsistencies which might be expected to have place in an extensive and complicated forgery.

'What then are we to believe? if we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Buonapartes; if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.

'It appears then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Buonaparte are generally believed, fail in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends: first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.' pp. 16, 17.

But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? must they not trust their senses?

"I would not disparage either the eye-sight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Buonaparte; nay more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came along-side of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a cocked hat, who, *they were told*, was Buonaparte; this is the utmost point to which their testimony goes; how they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused, we are not told: did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions; if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly shew the very house which the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence; having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was stolen by a beggar-woman, "became a bricklayer when he came to age," and was the father of the supposed Jack Cade: one of his companions confirms the story, by saying, "Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not." pp. 22, 23.

Much of the same kind is the testimony of those who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. These persons fought, no doubt; but they *know* little or nothing more than their countrymen at home, concerning the person and history of their enemy.

"Let those then who pretend to philosophical freedom of enquiry,—who scorn to rest their opinions on popular belief, and to shelter themselves under the example of the unthinking multitude, consider carefully, each one for himself, what is the evidence proposed to himself in particular, for the existence of such a person as Napoleon Buonaparte; I do not mean whether there ever was a person bearing that *name*, for that is a question of no consequence, but whether any such person ever performed all the wonderful things attributed to him;) let him then weigh well the objections to that evidence, (of which I have given but a hasty and imperfect sketch,) and if he then finds it amount to any thing more than a probability, I have only to congratulate him on his easy faith." p. 24.

But this story, resting as we have seen, upon very exceptionable evidence, is in itself highly incredible. It is *improbable—marvellous—prodigious—unprecedented*; and, to use the term in Hume's sense, *miraculous*. *It is contrary to our personal experience.* And every man's personal experience (if we would maintain a philosophical scepticism) is, to him, the only ground and rule of reasonable belief.

The wise, says Hume, lend a very academic faith to every report which favours the passion of the reporter, whether it

magnifies his country, his family, or himself: but who can fail to observe the *nationality* of this marvellous tale?

'Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England*; in the zenith of his power, his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre, and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously?' pp. 39, 40.

The Author having thus exposed the invalidity of the ground upon which the popular belief is rested, modestly inquires if it be too much to demand of the wary academic, a suspension of judgement as to the 'life and adventures of Napoleon Bona-parte.'

'I do not pretend to decide positively that there is not, nor ever was any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point; and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry.'

He who detects a fiction, is not bound to supply the vacuity he has produced in our creed by positive and unimpeachable truth. In the present instance many suppositions might plausibly be hazarded.

'Is it not just possible, that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of "Napoleon" (Ναπολεων), which signifies "Lion of the forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favourite general, distinguished for irresistible valour? Is it not also possible that "BUONA PARTE" may have been originally a sort of cant-term applied to the "good (i. e. the bravest or most patriotic) part" of the French army, collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. Some critics have supposed that the Athenians imagined ANASTASIS ("Resurrection") to be a new goddess, in whose cause Paul was preaching. Would it have been thought any thing incredible if we had been told that the ancient Persians, who had no idea of any but a monarchical government, had supposed Aristocratia to be a queen of Sparta? But we need not confine ourselves to hypothetical cases; it is positively stated that the Hindoos at this day believe "the honourable East India Company" to be a venerable old lady of high dignity residing in this country.' pp. 44, 45.

In concluding, the Writer invites those who will listen to no

testimony that runs counter to experience, and who will believe nothing but that of which it is strictly impossible to doubt, to be consistent, and shew themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians, as of priests.

'But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases, which they yield to in *this*. If after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question, the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.' pp. 47, 48.

The ingenious Author of this pamphlet must be aware, that the case of Napoleon Bonaparte does not strictly meet the main sophism of Hume's Essay on Miracles; he does, however, very fairly turn the laugh against the practical absurdities of the hyper scepticism which is displayed in the *second* part of that Essay: and we think he has very well caught the oblique, plausible insidiousness of Hume's manner. But if he would pretend to stand upon the ground of rigid reasoning, the disciple of Hume would say, that the supposed scepticism relative to Bonaparte, falls very plainly under the exception which that Writer himself makes for those cases in which the greatest miracle would be on the side of the alleged fabrication. The successful promulgation of such a history, if unreal, so near to us in time and place, would obviously be more extraordinary than any of the facts it contains. The same thing, indeed, may be said of those suppositions which form the alternative, if the histories of the New Testament are affirmed to be forgeries. But to show this, it is previously requisite to expose the sophism of Hume's first position, which in substance is this, that every man's experience of the uniformity of nature furnishes him with a *proof* against miracles, which the highest evidence of testimony can at most only balance, leaving the mind in suspense between opposing proof; so that a reported miracle, though it may perplex the judgement, can never be the ground of reasonable belief. This doctrine has been abundantly refuted in different ways. It would be sufficient briefly to observe the distinction which Hume labours to hide from his reader, between what is simply *extraordinary*—that is, not conformed to our personal experience, and what is strictly incredible, or contradictory to our *actual knowledge*. That water should, during a part of the year, be in a solid state, is not according to the experience of him who has always inhabited the islands of the torrid zone: but unless he could profess to be acquainted with the whole system of nature, in refusing his belief to credible testimony which affirms the fact, the sable sceptic, on the strength of his

personal ignorance, contradicts his ov e: :e of human nature, which directs him to confide in testimony under certain circumstances. Hume trespasses beyond the ordinary bounds of his argumentative caution, when he affirms that 'the Indian 'prince who refused to believe the first relations concerning the 'effects of frost, reasoned justly.' Such an instance can hardly fail to suggest to the reader the unsoundness of the sceptical argument, and its internal inconsistency. Would not this Indian prince have done better, to reflect that the effect of cold upon water was merely *beyond* his experience, while the credibility of testimony was a subject *within* his experience?

It is in the very nature of a miracle, that it should be an occurrence not according to common experience; but it cannot be called incredible, (that is, contradictory to our knowledge,) unless we had the means of *knowing* that it is incompatible with the character or purposes of the Author of nature, thus specially to interpose in diverting the order of nature for a moral purpose. To set out with the affirmation that a miracle is incredible, because it is not according to *uniform* experience, is a mere *petitio principii*; and it is enough, simply to deny the assumption. Here, we say, is credible testimony that miracles have not been contrary to *all* experience.

In respect to their credibility, (supposing they imply no plain contradiction,) a miracle, and any natural fact which has never fallen under our personal observation, stand precisely on the same ground. Unless, in the one case, we were perfectly acquainted with the system of nature, or, in the other, with the character and designs of the Divine Being, we can have absolutely nothing *positive* to counterbalance the evidence of testimony which supports the one or the other allegation: our sole concernment is with the *credibility of the testimony*. The more or less extraordinary nature of the fact in question, (provided it does not contradict our actual knowledge,) has no place whatever in measuring the *degree* of our conviction, because this *extraordinariness* is a mere variable negation, derived from every man's *ignorance*, and directly proportionate to it. The credible affirmation of an extraordinary natural fact, or of a miracle, makes an intrusion, so to speak, not upon our previous knowledge, but upon our present ignorance; while it appeals, as the ground of our assent, not to our ignorance, but to our knowledge, namely, to our knowledge of that human nature, and of those laws of the moral world, which are the objects of our personal experience, the matters of our positive knowledge, and on which is founded the power of testimony to command belief.

Art. VI. *Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Libanon, and Cyprus*, in the Year 1814. By Henry Light, Capt. of the Royal Artillery, 4to. pp 279. London. 1818.

THE ground passed over by Capt. Light, in these travels, has been so frequently described within the last few years, that it would be unreasonable to expect that his relation should afford any thing new or very important, unless it be to those who may have some definite object, whether of a scientific, or of a political nature, in view. The motives which induced Captain L. to undertake the journey here described, were of a private nature, having originated in a desire to visit the countries from which Europe received religion and the arts. He seems to have contemplated the scenes which he had associated in his mind with sublime and sacred recollections, with an interest highly creditable to his feelings; and he describes the effect which they produced upon him, with a simplicity and modesty which the reader will esteem a greater recommendation than laboured detail and florid description. In proportion as the author adheres to nature and to truth in his own statements, he becomes sensible of the exaggerations of other travellers, who suffered themselves to view every object through the glowing medium of their own imaginations?

Capt. L. experiences no raptures on the first sight of the Nile; he looks in vain to Rosetta and its vicinity, for the paradise which Denon, Savary, and Sonini have described as exhibited there. He is more interested at Siout, now the capital of Upper Egypt, than at Rosetta, or Cairo. This place is the intermediate mart between Sennaar, Darfour, and Cairo, and caravans of Gelabs or slave merchants are constantly arriving there. One of these caravans, or rather the remnant of it, reached Siout just about the time of our Author's arrival: it had lost four thousand animals, that is to say, men, women, children, horses, camels, &c in the desert, from having mistaken the track; but notwithstanding this loss, the merchants to whom it belonged could afford to offer him a fine female slave, a negress, of about seventeen years of age, for little more than fifteen pounds sterling.

The Gelabs were mild looking men, tall and slender; their dress fastened at the shoulder like a Roman toga, and their hair hanging very thick, in matted plaits, to the poll of the neck, like the head dress of the ancient Egyptian deities. When our Author inquired of them whether they were of the true faith of Mahomet, their countenances brightened up into a look of great cheerfulness, and they answered: 'Yes, praised be God!' The veneration of the Mahometans for the name of the Supreme Being, and their uncomplaining submission to every manifestation of his Divine will, are indeed truly admirable

The dreadful malady of blindness, which is so common on the shores of the Nile, that every third or fourth peasant whom Captain L. met seemed to be threatened with it, was, he informs us, borne with resignation. Nor do they shew less submission under that dreadful scourge the plague, which the Arabs look upon as a necessary evil to prevent the still more horrible one of famine, and to which indeed they are often exposed, from the swarms of locusts that frequently destroy the hopes of the husbandman, just at the moment when his toils seem to be on the point of receiving their reward. At Philac, the harvest was entirely devoured in a few hours by these insatiable insects; yet the inhabitants made no complaint, but blessed God that they had not the plague at the same time. We have heard much of the strictness with which the Mahometans, and more particularly the lower class of them, keep the fast of the Ramazan. Our Author relates an incident which tends in some degree to exhibit the true motives which produce this boasted obedience to their law.

'In one of my rides about the country, I entered into conversation with an Arab peasant, of about twenty years of age, whom at first I had terribly alarmed by sketching him, while he was sitting on a water-wheel, which he supposed was an act of enchantment, to his future misfortune. It was the Ramazan; I had been eating a morsel of bread, and offered him part, by way of encouraging his confidence. He dared not accept it. "Have you no fast?" said he to me. "We have; but not so strict as yours." "Then I wish I were in your country; for were I not to fast, the cadi would beat me to death."' p. 132.

Capt. L.'s account of the antiquities in Nubia, is very interesting, and needs not the apology which his modesty leads him to make for repeating remarks and descriptions already made by former travellers, and which will doubtless be repeated again and again. Many of his descriptions are illustrated by sketches made on the spot; but in this employment he was at times interrupted by the jealousy of the natives, who came towards him with marks of rage and defiance, and throwing dust in the air, a strong manifestation of their ill will. A small present, however, to the angry parties, enabled him, in almost every case, to pursue his employment without further molestation.

At the cataracts of Galabshee, he remarked shells of the oyster species attached to the granite masses. Our Author's chief interest, however, appears to have been excited, by tracing the earliest records of antiquity, as connected with Christianity; but in this he was not so successful as he had hoped, on account of the jealousy of the natives, who were unable to divest themselves of an idea that he was looking for hidden treasures. He recommends the same pursuit to future travellers who may visit

places under more favourable auspices, and who, he thinks
it, in that case, by a more accurate examination of the in-
tions in the burial places, very probably discover the con-
ng character between the Hieroglyphic, the Coptic, and
reek languages, which would be highly interesting to those
are fond of researches into the origin of nations.

he Captain was much gratified in his second visit to Luxor;
ng been prevented the first time he was there, from consi-
ig it so attentively as he wished. At Carnac, a ruined
le further from the banks of the river, on the same side as
or, attracted his attention.

t was impossible,' said he, 'to look on such an extent of building
out being lost in admiration. No description will be able to give
lequate idea of the enormous masses still defying the ravages of
. Enclosure within enclosure, propylæa in front of propylæa;
ese, avenues of sphinxes, each of fourteen or fifteen feet in length,
from a distance of several hundred yards. The common Egyptian
ix is found in the avenues to the south: but to the west, the crio
ix, with the ram's head, from one or two that have been unco-
l, seems to have composed its corresponding avenue. Those of
outh and east are still buried. Headless statues of grey and blue
ite, of gigantic size, lie prostrate in different parts of the ruins.
ie western court, in front of the great portico, and at the entrance
is portico, is an upright, headless statue, of one block of granite,
ie size may be imagined from finding that a man of six foot
reaches to the patella of the knee.

The entrance to the great portico is through a mass of masonry,
ly in ruins, through which the eye rests on an avenue of fourteen
mns, whose diameter is more than eleven feet, and whose height
wards of sixty. On each side of this are seven rows, of seven
mns in each, whose diameter is eight feet, and about forty feet
, of an architecture which wants the elegance of Grecian models,
suits the immense majesty of the Egyptian temple. Though it
not enter into my plan to continue a description which has been
bly done by others before me, yet when I say that the whole
nt of this temple cannot be less than a mile and a half in circum-
ice, and that the smallest blocks of masonry are five feet by four
epth and breadth, that there are obelisks of eighty feet high, on a
of eighteen feet of one block of granite, it can be easily imagined
Thebes was the vast city history describes it to be.' p. 107.

'he account of the Troglodites of Goornoo, is very interest-
These people derive their subsistence chiefly from the
ige of the tombs, of which they daily discover new ones.
: dead bodies being taken up, are broken, and the resinous
stance found in the inside of the mummy, forms a consider-
: article of trade with Cairo.

Capt. L. visited many of the most remarkable antiquities in
ypt, and witnessed the ceremony of cutting the dyke of the
al that conveys the waters of the Nile to Cairo, in doing

which many thousand persons were washed out of sight in one instant, the lookers on not testifying the least concern in their fate, insomuch that he could not learn how many were drowned, or how many escaped. He next prepared to proceed to the Holy Land, and on the 15th of August began to descend the Nile in a small carash, or barge.

'The height of the inundation,' he says, 'rendered the stream excessively rapid; my boat was carried down, and whirled round with a velocity almost to excite apprehension of danger, and was with difficulty steered by the rais, who, however, was encouraged by the brightness of the moon, to continue during the night, and I found myself in the morning, far below the union of the two branches of the Nile which form the Delta. The appearance of the inundation was terrific; one universal deluge seemed to cover the country. The distant inmates of the villages just evinced that all was not overflowed. The roar of the waters caused a sort of horror. The stream appeared to carry desolation with it; and I could scarcely allow myself to fancy that art could set bounds to such an inundation as that which I saw around me.' p. 124.

We shall pass over the account of his journey, that we may give a more detailed description of the most striking objects seen at Ramla and at Jerusalem. Ramla is the usual halting place for travellers in their way to Jerusalem. It is beautifully situated, and contains a convent which seems to combine the castle also, being fortified and secured by walls, and its inhabitants constantly keeping themselves in a state of defence against any sudden attack. Their force was not, however, very strong, when Capt. L. visited them, only two Capuchins, and two Syrian Christians, as servants, inhabiting it. The monks were both Spaniards. One of them, a respectable man, maintained the necessity of the inquisition, and the policy of keeping the lower orders of society in ignorance; the other pledged our Traveller in brandy, wishing him temporal happiness, but denying the possibility that he or any other heretic could enjoy any in futurity. From such company he was glad to escape to the terrace of the convent, to enjoy a serene evening, illumined by a full moon.

'The chain of mountains that extended to the east were clearly discerned; fires and lights were scattered in the different villages. The mosques of Ramla were illuminated, on account of the Ramazan; nothing broke the silence of the place but the hoarse voice of the imams, who called the faithful Mahomedans to prayers. I could not but carry my thoughts to past times: many of the deeds related of Samson were performed within sight of the place where I stood. It was between Lydda and Ramla that his prowess was displayed, in the slaughter of the Philistines; and the present Ramla seems to be a corruption of Ramath Lehi, the name he gave to the place of his victory. The plains of the Philistines lay at the foot of the mountains of

Judah: and I could easily picture to myself the universal destruction of the corn, vineyards, and olive trees, which his fire-brands scattered amongst them, where no hedge nor deep ravine opposed the extension of the flames.

'The "voice of lamentation in Rama" is still heard. The Christians still weep for their fallen state in that country; but whilst they consider they fulfil their duties by nothing but a rigorous observance of fasts, they must long have to mourn their fate. The old traditional tales and prophecies of the country foretell a change; and the only consolation they have, is in the hope of being liberated from the oppression of the Turks, by some European power; and this is now openly said to be that of Russia.' p. 150.

At Jerusalem, Captain Light visited every spot connected with the sacred associations of Christianity. He exposes the absurdity of attempting to bring every thing connected with the crucifixion of our Saviour, under the roof of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which, with all its relics, forming a source of perpetual revenue to those who may gain the privilege of exhibiting them, is a source of perpetual contention between the different sects who by turns procure possession of them, according as they have the means of purchasing them from the Turkish chiefs, and who of course are very well contented that such contentions should perpetually occur. The picture of the state of society in Jerusalem, is melancholy enough. The city contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom the greater proportion consists of mussulmans. The Jews form the largest sect. Although they are treated with more oppression and contempt at Jerusalem than any where else, they still flock to it; the old desiring to sleep in Abraham's bosom, the young hoping for the coming of the Messiah; and both attracted by the gains of commerce, which the Turks, for their own sakes, suffer them to carry on. The state of the Christians is very degraded: they are divided into the Armenian, Greek, Latin, and Coptish sects; they are violent in their antipathy towards each other, unwearied in intrigues against those from whom they differ in opinion, and maining their disputes even by blows, and those sometimes given in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which they profess to hold in the greatest reverence. The Author laments, as every one else must do, that the name and spirit of our religion should be thus profaned, by a conduct which gives the Turks but too much right to reproach those who call themselves Christians, with departing from the example of Him whose memory every object around them is adapted to recall. The absolution given by the Greek religion to pilgrims, is, however, so ample, that no catalogue of offences is without its price. The Author's Greek servant, whom he had brought from Damietta, thought it

prudent to take advantage of this opportunity, to rub off old scores, and therefore, proceeding, we presume, on the convenient maxim that the end justifies the means, he made free with his master's name, to obtain a sum of money from the treasurer of the Latin convent, by the aid of which he treated himself with a full pardon of all his sins: among these, he had probably policy enough remaining, to reckon the fraud by which he was enabled to gain his absolution.

At Nazareth, Captain L. had reason to complain alike of the Mahometans and of the Greeks, who insulted him so grossly every time he went out, that he was obliged to refrain from any attempt at making sketches, and content himself with viewing, as quietly as might be, the most striking objects of the place and in its vicinity. He forgets, however, every thing unpleasing, when he gains the summit of mount Tabor, of the prospect from which he gives a beautiful description. Nor will the reader pass heedlessly by his refusal to level his gun, at the request of his guide, against the antelope in the plain beneath, which sometimes started across his path, as he pursued his way through scenes which at every step awakened fresh feelings of deep and solemn interest.

Our Traveller does not seem to have met with any thing that particularly attracted his notice in Cyprus; and perhaps it did not appear the more agreeable to him, from his being obliged to stay there till he could hear of an eligible conveyance to Malta, and that too at a season of the year when the effects of the *mal aria* were particularly to be dreaded by a European. The medical men seemed anxious to increase their stock of knowledge, by consulting with a stranger; and one of the most eminent among them, took our Author aside, to question him as to the effects of Dr. James's powder, which he had recommended in a slight case of fever, and to ask him whether it was not composed of pulverized cranium of the human head.

After waiting three weeks in the hope of procuring a passage to Malta, under favourable circumstances, Captain Light was at last compelled to take up with one presenting as many inconveniences as he experienced in his voyage from Beirutte. He was glad to solicit some Moorish merchants who had freighted a small schooner to Malta, to permit him to embark with them; a favour which, as they had their female slaves on board, they granted only on condition that he should not enter the cabin during the passage. He was fortunate enough, however, though exposed to the weather the whole time on deck, to suffer only once from the rain. In these Moorish merchants, two from Fez, and two from Tetuan, he had the pleasure of finding high-minded, liberal men, whose conduct gave him a

very different opinion of the Moors of Morocco, from those of the Barbary States. Their treatment of their slaves was worthy the imitation of a more enlightened people, with respect to their servants. They had an Arab as a steward; a Mogadore slave as cook, and three negro boys as servants.

'The Mogadore slave had grown up in the family of his master, had been taught to read and write, and was always treated with kindness. He seemed to obey willingly. The lessons of his youth influenced him in manhood. His daily prayers were never omitted; when the work of the day was finished, I generally observed him apply to a book for amusement, either the Koran, or some comment on it; and on Fridays, the Sabbaths of the Mahometans, he never failed to employ a great portion of the day in the same way.

'The negro boys were equally attended to; their masters taught them to read, to repeat long prayers, and the ceremonies of their religion. This they did as a thing of course, and part of their duty as masters. The youngest boy, a child of not more than six or seven years of age, surprised me by repeating, with very little help, prayers and passages of the Koran, for at least an hour at a time.' p. 253.

The same benevolence and good sense appeared conspicuous in these men, whether they were communicating particulars touching the manners of their own country, or inquiring into the customs of ours. They seemed astonished at our system of bankruptcy, conceiving it unjust that men who had failed for large sums, should keep up their houses and establishments, and enjoy as many personal luxuries as if nothing had happened; and they said that they themselves had narrowly escaped great loss, by taking bills for their money, from Christians, in the countries they had traded with, on correspondents in other countries, who, they afterwards found, were known to be on the point of failure.

The military defences of Egypt and Syria are considered in a separate chapter at the end of the work. The Author has added also a few political remarks, which are distinguished by the same moderation, simplicity, and modesty, that characterize all his preceding observations. He advises our strengthening the Chief of Egypt, in every possible way, in order to secure Syria from the invasion of any other power, and shews the great advantage that would occur from the possession of Cyprus, which would be far more valuable to England, than either Syria or Egypt could ever be rendered.

Art. VII. 1. *Peter Bell*, a Tale in Verse. By [illegible] Wordsworth. 8vo pp. 88. London, 1818.

2. *The Waggoner*, a Poem. To which are added, Sonnets. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 68. London. 1819.

MR. WORDSWORTH has facetiously affixed the following motto on the title page of "The Waggoner:"

'What's in a NAME?
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.'

And truly, a better answer to the demand could not have been given, than that which is tacitly supplied by the incongruous names of Brutus and Peter Bell, Cæsar and Benjamin the Waggoner. If the gifted biographer of the two modern heroes was insensible to this incongruity, it would suffice to shew, that as he is himself devoid of any talent for humour, so he is, through singular simplicity of mind, insusceptible of the ludicrous. To imagine that this in *sooth* furnishes the key to that part of Mr. W.'s poetical character, which is written in cipher. The ludicrous always arises from contrast, from the juxta-position of incongruities, such as dignity and meanness, solemnity and insignificance. But an object is dignified or insignificant to us, according to the associations with which our imagination invests it; and it is possible that the imagination shall have been so accustomed to exert itself with intense interest upon things comparatively mean and trifling, and to appropriate these as the source of intellectual pleasure, that no adequate feelings shall be left for all that is in itself grand, or important, or captivating; and the relative magnitude of this latter class of objects shall be lost in the estimate of the mind, for want of a standard of measurement. Now it is obvious, that, to this individual, no such incongruity will be apparent between objects of vastly different dimensions and opposite character, as is to others the foundation of the ludicrous. No object in nature, taken simply by itself, partakes of this character. Take, for instance, one of Mr. Wordsworth's favourite heroes, a donkey; an animal upon whom has rested an unmerciful load of unmerited obloquy and ridicule. It must be familiar to the lovers of the picturesque, that not the noble horse itself forms so congruous and pleasing an object in a landscape. It is not its form, but the vulgarising circumstances of degradation to which the poor drudge is subjected, that render it liable to become ridiculous. Array the poor beast in the caparison of a war horse, or, what comes to much the same thing, deck him out in the sentimental honours of heroic or elegiac verse, and the incongruity between the native character of the object, and the qualities of the style will make itself irresistibly felt as in the highest [illegible]

But Mr. Wordsworth, we think we have a right to say, does not feel this. In the extensive horizon of his capacious intellect, all distant interests it should seem are dwarfed, while, as he lies recumbent, a shrub, or a blade of grass, acquires from nearness a microscopic magnitude occupying the whole field of vision. Or perhaps, in the profound abstraction of his contemplative solitude, princes and potters, heroes and donkeys, would pass before him in the landscape as things of scarcely perceptible difference of configuration, and as possessing equal claims upon his sovereign attention. Under such circumstances, a *simplicity* would soon come to pervade all the associations of ideas excited by external objects, which would forbid the impertinent intrusion of the ludicrous. And when the philosopher came back to the busy world of human action and interests, no doubt it must appear both unaccountable and provoking, to find that the subjects of his elevated lucubrations and rhapsodies, were deemed fit sport only for the critic's sneer and the public's laugh.

It is not the titles of these poems, the mere names of Peter Bell and the Waggoner, which are ridiculous. That effect, so far as it preceded the publication of the poems themselves, arose from the pompous *annoncé* of these tales, which seemed like the ushering of a washer-woman into a drawing-room. It was this which gave fair scope for the good humoured *hoax* which was played off by the author of the spurious Peter Bell. But how nobly, we thought, might Mr. Wordsworth, if he has really in his possession and at his command, the talents which we have always given him credit for, how nobly might he revenge himself! We had only to suppose that when Peter Bell appeared, it should prove to be a tale of that highly picturesque and imaginative character which has given immortality to the name of Tam a Shanter, combining with the homeliness of style which the title bespoke, the deep tragic feeling of some of our old English ballads, or at least some portion of high moral interest; or, not to exact so high a task, we had only to imagine that it should prove such a tale as Cowper, or as Crabbe would have framed of similar materials, possessing either the pensive playfulness and high moral excellence which distinguish the writings of the one, or the strong graphic fidelity of representation peculiar to the coarse pencil of the other. It was surely no impertinent or idle supposition, that Mr. Wordsworth might be found to have produced under the titles he has chosen, two poems of merit and interest sufficient, fully to overpower whatever ludicrous associations any *travestie* of his style should have previously awaked.

But Mr. Wordsworth, we regret to say, has not done this. We must add that the public, though it has just reason to be dissatisfied, will be, and on that very account will be, indisposed to

do justice to what he has done. The bad taste which is the condemning sin of his poetry, will revolt the reader at the outset.

Peter Bell was meant to be a tragi-comic tale, but Mr. Wordsworth cannot be comic, and it is well known to what ungraceful expedients persons devoid of native humour are seduced to resort by a misdirected ambition. To see a man trying to be playful and sportive, to whose rigidity of form, and unelastic tread, and solemnity of voice, the tones and attitudes of humour or of grace are incapable of being communicated, is a spectacle which only the malicious can take delight in. Persons under the influence of this desire of imitating entertaining qualities foreign from their own character, will descend to a coarseness and flippancy of style, into which they would on no other occasion have deviated, and to which a person of *true* humour or *true* wit, would have felt himself under no such necessity of having recourse. We cannot in any other way account for the vulgarisms which occur in the tale of Peter Bell. But we must proceed to our specimens. The poem opens with the following stanza:

> 'All by the moonlight river side
> It gave three miserable groans;
> "'Tis come then to a pretty pass,"
> Said Peter to the groaning Ass,
> "But I will *bang* your bones!"'

This our readers will readily think, is vulgar and unpromising enough; but there are worse passages still. Before they come to the tale itself, however, we must inform them that this tale has a prologue, in which the poet holds parley with a celestial boat of light, that transports him, much in the same way as the wooden horse did Don Quixote, through the regions of air. This radiant boat, instinct with life and intelligence, turns out to be an allegorical representation of the poet's fancy, which tempts him to venture into the higher region of romantic invention.

> 'I know secrets of a land
> Where human foot did never stray;
> Fair is the land as evening skies
> And cool,—though in the depth it lies
> Of burning Africa.
>
> 'Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
> Among the lovely shades of things;
> The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
> And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair;
> The shades of palaces and kings!'

The allegory is not well-managed: the reader does not for some time catch a glimpse of its purpose; but there are some

y pleasing stanzas. The Poet thus replies to the adven-
ous sprite imbodied in the airy vehicle:

'There was a time when all mankind
Did listen with a faith sincere
To tuneful tongues in mystery vers'd;
Then Poets fearlessly rehears'd
The wonders of a wild career.

'Go—but the world's a sleepy world
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late;
Take with you some ambitious Youth,
For I myself, in very truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

'Long have I lov'd what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers:
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

'The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray
And with a soul of power.

'These given, what more need I desire,
To stir—to sooth—or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

'A potent wand doth sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear?
Repentance is a tender sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodg'd within her silent tear.

'But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight!' pp. 9, 11.

he next page accordingly introduces us to his good friend

'Stephen Otter,
and Peter Bell the Potter.'

eter Bell is a wicked man, a fearful man. He had a dozen
led wives, and does not love primroses. He attempted,
November night, to steal a stray ass, but the ass would not
the spot where it was stationed. He '*banged* and *banged*'
oor creature till his arm ached, but still it would not stir.
ngth, leaning down upon the beast, he discovers in the pool
tartling sight,' the corse of the poor brute's master. Peter

swoons with fright, but on recovering himself resolves to take up the body, and then to let the ass carry him, if it will, to the cottage of the drowned man. The poor beast, now docile and thankful, acquits himself with all the fidelity of instinct, and Peter's hard heart, which had been previously subdued by terror, now relents to humanity and repentance at the sight of the fatherless family. He

> ——— 'who till that night
> Had been the wildest of his clan,
> Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,
> And, after ten months' melancholy,
> Became a good and honest man.'

Such is the Tale. A more extraordinary conversion never excited the scorn of the sceptic, in the annals of what is termed Methodism. Strange to say, however, a 'Methodist' preacher is introduced by our Poet, as contributing, though in a very subsidiary degree, to work this strange metamorphosis. It is, perhaps, the first time such an incident was pressed into the service of poetry, and we give Mr. W. credit for venturing upon something like an honest reference to the fact of the efficacy of such preaching, although we cannot commend the manner in which he has made Scripture to jingle in his verse. The chief part in the effecting of this transformation of a hardened ruffian into 'a good man,' is, however, of course assigned to other *machinery*; and the Poet must be allowed to have shewn no small skill in describing the natural workings of the conscience and feelings, under the strong excitement, first of terror, and then of tenderness. When Mr. Wordsworth refrains from all attempt at humour, and forgets to be vulgar upon system, he seldom fails to interest by that natural pathos of manner, in which he is excelled by few of his contemporaries. The poor animal, with his freight, is pursuing his way homeward, and after passing through a gloomy grove of beech, reaches a narrow dell in the open moonlight. Peter's mind has not recovered from the horror and self-reproach produced by the sight of the drowned man, and as he rides along,

> 'The rocks that tower on either side
> Build up a wild fantastic scene;
> Temples like those among the Hindoos,
> And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
> And castles all with ivy green!
>
> 'And, while the Ass pursues his way,
> Along this solitary dell,
> As pensively his steps advance,
> The mosques and spires change countenance,
> And look at Peter Bell!'

Other circumstances occur to work up his terrified fancy to

e highest pitol ... ly turns round
head and grins at him, at ... grin respon-
re, when, at the moment, an expl... by a troop of
iners some twenty fathoms u... ounds his forced
rth, and confirms all the su... co... ience as to his
pending doom.

'But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn,
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffen'd them, maintain their post,
So he, beneath the gazing moon!—

'But now the pair have reach'd a spot
Where, shelter'd by a rocky cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove.

'Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees.

'Deep sighing as he pass'd along,
Quoth Peter, "in the shire of Fife,
"'Mid such a ruin, following still
"From land to land a lawless will,
"I married my sixth wife!"

'The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
Making, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

'I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
As if confusing darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

'For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul I ween,
But a few hours ago had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

'Now, turn'd adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;—
Like planet-stricken men of yore
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

'But more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;

A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

'A lonely house her dwelling was,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

'But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every sabbath-day.

'And, when she follow'd Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledg'd his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

'A mother's hope is her's;—but soon
She droop'd and pin'd like one forlorn;—
From Scripture she a name did borrow;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She call'd her babe unborn.

'For she had learn'd how Peter liv'd,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

'And now the Spirits of the mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
Distraction reigns in soul and sense,
And reason drops in impotence
From her deserted pinnacle!

'Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspins play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway;

'And stretch'd beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying, as she cried
The very moment that she died,
"My mother! oh my mother!"

'The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision!

'Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence betray'd;—
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ears ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade.' pp. 63—69.

That voice is the voice of the 'fervent methodist,' preaching to no heedless flock, and exhorting them to repent, while yet they may find mercy, and to save their souls alive.

'Even as he pass'd the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears;
And they such joyful tidings were
The joy was more than he could bear—
He melted into tears.

'Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower;
His nerves, his sinews seem'd to melt;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing power!

'Each fibre of his frame was weak,
Weak all the animal within,
But in its helplessness grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin.' p. 71.

Arrived at the poor man's cottage, Peter has to encounter a scene which calls forth emotions to which he has long been a stranger. A little girl who had been sent to the meeting-house in hope of gaining some tidings, at the sight of the well known steed and his rider, shrieks out. 'My father! here's my 'father!' The sound reaches the poor widow's ears.

'Her joy was like a deep affright;
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

'And instantly, upon the earth
Beneath the full-moon shining bright,
Close at the Ass's feet she fell.'

Peter, when she recovers, with difficulty gets out his tale, and while the woman is venting her passionate grief, he stands beside her trembling with perturbation.

'His heart is opening more and more;
A holy sense pervades his mind;
He feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before.

'At length, by Peter's arm sustain'd,
The Woman rises from the ground—
"Oh, mercy! something must be done,—
"My little Rachael, you must run,
"Some willing neighbour must be found.

' " Make haste—my little Rachael—do!
" The first you meet with bid him come,—
" Ask him to lend his horse to-night,—
" And this good man, whom Heaven requite,
" Will help to bring the body home."

' Away goes Rachael weeping loud;
An infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry,—
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
" Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

' And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

' Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

' But rous'd, as if through every limb
Had pass'd a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
And to the pillow gives her burning head.

' And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands press'd against his brow,
And resting on his tremulous knees.

' There, self-involv'd, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

' He turns his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine,
" When shall I be as good as thou?
" Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
" A heart but half as good as thine!"

' —But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night, his inward grief and fear—
He comes—escaped from fields and floods;—

'With weary pace is drawing nigh—
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As had this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving!

'Towards the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

'This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage door:
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!"' pp. 77—81.

We know not how these extracts may affect our readers; but we will confess, that, in spite of the imbecilities of style which run through the narrative, and in spite of our determination not to allow Peter Bell, the potter, to gain upon our feelings, the Poet got the better of us, and we closed the Tale, resolved, even at the imminent risk of being set down for *Lakers* ourselves, to do its Author justice.

With the best intentions in the world, we sat down to the perusal of "The Waggoner;" for 'What's in a name?' Benjamin doubtless may start a spirit as well as Peter. This poem, it seems, existed in manuscript thirteen years ago, and therefore, though it does not pretend to 'the high tone of imagination and 'the deep touches of passion aimed at in the former poem,' yet, it must be supposed to come forth as the approved production of the Author's matured judgement. *Voyons.*

Benjamin 'the good, the patient, and the tender-hearted,' is the driver of 'a lordly wain,' who makes his horses do their work better up the hills of Cumberland by patience and fair words, than others can by all the eloquence of the whip. Howbeit, the said Benjamin was a frail mortal, and on a wet, blowing night, a light in a public house, and the squeak of a fiddle, had charms for him which he could not always withstand. One fatal night, he fell into company with a sailor and his wife. 'The Sailor, sailor now no more, but such he had been hereto-'fore,' in return for the Waggoner's good offices in giving his wife a snug birth in the machine, treats him with a jolly bowl at the Cherry-tree. There they are seduced to tarry, till the owner of the waggon, alarmed at the lateness of its arrival, sallies forth, and on discovering this fresh instance of good Benjamin's infirmity, moreover, spying on the guardian mastiff's head, a wound received from the Sailor's steed,

'A wound, where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do,'

gives the said Benjamin his discharge. He, the hero of this most interesting piece of *Lake* history,

> 'When duty of that day was o'er,
> Laid down his whip—and served no more.
> Nor could the waggon long survive
> Which Benjamin had ceased to drive;'

and so, the good people of that country had

> '——— two losses to sustain;
> We lost both waggoner and wain! ! !'

Such is actually the sum and substance of this poem in four cantos! This is the whole catastrophe to which the reader's attention is summoned by all the pomp of verse. But it is fair to let the Poet assign in his own words, his reason for composing this 'adventurous song.'

> 'Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
> The gift of this adventurous Song;
> A record which I dared to frame,
> Though timid scruples check'd me long;
> They check'd me—and I left the theme
> Untouch'd—in spite of many a gleam
> Of fancy which thereon was shed,
> Like pleasant sun-beams shifting still
> Upon the side of a distant hill.
> But Nature might not be gainsaid;
> For what I have and what I miss
> I sing of these—it makes my bliss!
> Nor is it I who play the part,
> But a shy spirit in my heart;
> That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
> From hiding-places ten years deep;
> Sometimes, as in the present case,
> Will show a more familiar face;
> Returning, like a ghost unlaid,
> Until the debt I owe be paid.
> Forgive me, then; for I had been
> On friendly terms with this Machine:
> In him, while he was wont to trace
> Our roads, through many a long year's space,
> A living Almanack had we;
> We had a speaking Diary,
> That, in this uneventful place,
> Gave to the days a mark and name
> By which we knew them when they came.
> —Yes, I, and all about me here,
> Through all the changes of the year,
> Had seen him through the mountains go,
> In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
> Majestically huge and slow:

Or with a milder grace adorning
The Landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grasmere smooth'd her liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirr'd,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the Valley is arrayed,
On this side, with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood, with rosy light.—
But most of all, thou lordly Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train!
Unworthy Successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain:
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my window—one by one—
See, perch'd upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single Traveller—and, there,
Another—then perhaps a Pair—
The lame, the sickly, and the old;
Men, Women, heartless with the cold;
And Babes in wet and starv'ling plight;
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother's breast!
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robb'd us of good Benjamin;
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone!' pp. 50—54.

Now, who would wish to disturb the innocent 'bliss' of this poet with the shy spirit? Let Mr. Wordsworth write on, if it so please him, and let him dream that inanity like this, the very garrulousness of dotage, is to occupy 'a permanent place in the 'literature of his country.' The lord of Rydal Mount may safely disdain the pity which one might be led to express for a man under less independent circumstances, labouring under a similar delusion. He neither seeks a precarious living from his pen, nor hangs upon the sentence of the critic for his praise. But there are many who have never been of the number of his

guests or of his flatterers, who yet have ranked among his most genuine admirers, and whose mortification will not be small at being constrained to recognise in these productions the unequivocal marks of that tincture of imbecility which is the latent cause of the eccentric action of true genius. That imbecility, they have been hitherto backward to admit as at all compatible with so much undoubted talent; they have attributed the peculiarities of style on which with so much malignant pleasure the party-critic has fastened, to originality, to the seduction of system, to retired habits, or at worst to bad taste. Yet, what is bad taste, but in other words an imbecility of judgement, more or less, in reference to the objects and the qualities of things with which the imagination is conversant? Whereever bad taste is characteristically predominant, it argues in some part of the mental constitution a defect, a defect of genius, for we know of no sound definition of genius which excludes the idea of taste. Shakspeare had exquisite taste. Milton's taste was still more refined. All our best poets exhibit this quality in a greater or less degree of perfection, and they are read in proportion as they exhibit it. But Mr. Wordsworth's system pours contempt on all those finer rules which his predecessors have worked by: he is for bringing in a Gothic horde of potters and pedlars and waggoners upon the classic regions of poetry: he has attempted to set up a new reign of taste, and he has sacrificed his genius in the adventure.

Mr. Wordsworth has one chance of being read by posterity. It rests upon his finding some judicious friend to do for him the kind office which Pope did for Parnell, and which has probably saved his fame. If Wordsworth's best pieces could be collected into one volume, some of his early lyrics, a few of his odes, his noble sonnets, all his landscape sketches, and the best parts of the Excursion, while his ideots and his waggoners were collected into a bonfire on the top of Skiddaw, the 'Sybilline leaves' would form a most precious addition to our literature, and his name and his poetry would live, when his system, and his absurdities, and his critics should be forgotten.

As for ourselves, Mr. Wordsworth will probably set lightly enough by our praises or our censure; but we feel we owe him our best thanks. We have derived from some of his poetry the highest pleasure, and even from his worst productions we have gained something of moral value, in which we should be glad that our readers should participate. If amid the anxious bustle and collision of scenes to which the calm beauty of nature, and the intense solitude of her mountain recesses, seem to disown all relation, the imagination being scarcely able to realize them as different aspects of the same world,—if jaded with the fatigues and impertinences of an artificialized state of society, we have suffered ourselves to dwell at times with envy on the blissful

upants of green mounts and shady burns, and to envy more ecially the man whose gifted fancy could people the solitudes nature with the sociable sprites of the ideal world,—it has ved more than perhaps any thing to reconcile us to our nbler lot, and less aspiring labours, to perceive at what a ce this life of intellectual luxury is often purchased; how cer-ly a man suffers in the entireness of his moral being for hdrawing himself from the active service and warfare of mmon life, when his affections have not laid hold of the nobler lities with which the faith and hope of the Christian are then st conversant.

It is true that, to a benevolent mind, the meanest participant umanity, be he a potter, a pedlar, or what he may, is, in erence to the essential qualities and circumstances of his ng, most interesting, but this interest arises from regarding n under an aspect widely different from that in which the poet the artist views the hero of his narrative, or the subject for ich he prepares the canvas. His imagination is governed by pulses of a quite different kind, by habits and trains of thought olly foreign from moral considerations. When, therefore, *objects of the imagination*, things mean, trifling, and even degraded nature, are chosen and dwelt upon, and when the rgies of thought are lavished upon subjects like these, we are rranted in saying, that the mind of the individual, whatever its native power, and its power may remain undiminished, lost some portion of its sanity.

We have spoken of Mr. Wordsworth's noble sonnets. The owing two amply justify the application of that epithet.

'I watch, and long have watch'd, with calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reach'd; where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed debt
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.
Angels and Gods! we struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, pitiably decline,
Depress'd and then extinguish'd: and our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

'Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,

Amid his fellows, beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds
On the rich show! – But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
"Be thankful thou . for, if unholy deeds
"Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"' pp. 66. 68.

Art. IX. *Original Letters from the Rev. John Newton, A.M.* (late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street) to the Rev. W. Barlass, late Minister of the Gospel in New York. 12mo. pp. 184. Price 4s. 6d. New York, printed. London, reprinted, 1819.

THIS correspondence took its rise, we are informed, 'from 'the difficulties and perplexities which agitated the bosom' of Mr. Barlass, when about to enter upon the work of the ministry. He was, at the time of addressing his first letter to Mr. Newton, a student belonging to the Antiburgher synod in Scotland, and his object appears to have been to elicit the advice and direction of a man for whose character he had conceived the highest veneration from the constant perusal of his writings. The first fifty pages of the volume are occupied with four letters from Mr. Barlass, in which will be found a sketch of the origin and principles of the seceders from the Scottish Church, and an account of the difference between the Burghers and Antiburghers, and these form by no means the least interesting part of the volume. At that period, there were nearly one hundred ministers in the Antiburgher synod. Their congregations are stated to consist, upon an average, of from four to five hundred 'exa-'minable persons.' The strictness of the Antiburgher discipline is dwelt upon by Mr. Barlass with strong approbation; and as to doctrine, he remarks, that while religious people in the Establishment have in some cases to go to some three or four parishes before they can be sure of food for their souls, the ministers of the Secession, from one side of the kingdom to another, preach as with one voice.

'As to their manners, (language and delivery I mean,) some have more of the unaffected simplicity of the old Scotch Presbyterian, while others affect more of the fashionable and polite air, though it does not always succeed with them. I have often observed these less attentive to the matter of their sermon; and their manner leads the more ignorant to admire the man rather than the sentiment. Hence, sometimes the silliest preachers are the most popular at first, though in a course of years a man is generally esteemed according to his real merit. The amiable and godly Mr. Hervey has, to be sure very innocently, hurt a great many preachers here. They will attempt (and a needless, hard task it is) to imitate his po[illegible] prose, and they only get some high sounding vocables, ill enough jo[illegible]d.' pp. 182.

With great simplicity, Mr. B. in one of [illegible] to, account

his venerable correspondent, that he 'likes' him 'every way as 'well as though he were an Antiburgher' like himself.

The letters written by Mr. Newton are in his usual frank and familiar style, full of pithy remark and anecdote, replete with sound sense and kindness. They were evidently written under no apprehension that they would be exposed to the public eye. Nevertheless, we cannot regret that they have been preserved. Referring to Mr. Barlass's account of the Secession, he candidly owns, that had Divine Providence so guided him, he could with equal cheerfulness have served his Master in the Church of Scotland, 'without either hierarchy or surplice.'

'At Olney,' he writes, '(and it is much the same in all the parishes where the Lord has placed awakened ministers) we are Ecclesia intra Ecclesiam. I preach to many, but those whose hearts the Lord touches are the people of my peculiar charge; and though I have no authoritative jurisdiction over them, yet the Lord gives me that weight by the word of the ministry, that they are, in general, as much unwilling to grieve me, as if I were armed with the plenitude of ecclesiastical power. Indeed I desire no power as a minister, but what I derive from the power of the word upon their consciences. I do not seem to rule them, but when my desire is known it is seldom crossed, and I believe many of them could not sleep in their beds, if they thought they had displeased me. And though I have not a positive right by my office as a clergyman, to exclude any from the Lord's table, yet he has been pleased so to enforce what I have said from the pulpit, that few come thither without my approbation. Perhaps there are not many assemblies in the kingdom where there are fewer come to that ordinance, whom the minister would wish absent, than at Olney. So that without any explicit discipline, the end which discipline should aim at is, in a tolerable degree, answered. On the other hand, my superiors in the church leave me at full liberty to preach and manage, within my own parish, as I please. The bishop usually comes into the neighbourhood once in three years, the archdeacon annually. At those times I wait on them, answer to my name, dine with them, and then return home. And this is all the weight of church power that I feel. Except for about four days in three years, I know no more of a superior, than if I was an archbishop myself.'

Mr. Barlass, in reply, congratulates the good curate of Olney, upon having so agreeable, obedient, and thriving a flock, and upon having liberty to manage them as he was directed by the word, without being 'forced to be submissive to the will of man.' 'It is,' he adds, 'a great mercy to you and your people, that 'you have so little to do with superiors. How would some of 'the good old doctrinal Puritans have rejoiced in such an indulgence; when, alas, they could not obtain it!'

In answer to Mr. Barlass's inquiries respecting Mr. Hervey's successor, Mr. N. writes:

'I believe there has not been a gospel sermon preached at Weston-Favell since Mr. Hervey's death; nor can I hear that there is one

spiritual person in the parish. His other parish of Collingtree is likewise now a dark place; though there may be half a dozen people there who know something of the Lord. I preached twice a year at Collingtree for about ten years, but I am now quite shut out. Mr. Hervey's usefulness was chiefly in his writings. A few people in the neighbourhood profited by him, who, since his death, have mostly joined the Dissenters; but he never knew that one soul was awakened in the parish where he lived—though he was in every respect one of the greatest preachers of the age. As plain in his pulpit service as he is elegant in his writings. The Lord showed in him, that the work is all his own, and that the best instrument can do no more than he appoints. His own mother and sister lived with him; his temper was heavenly, his conversation always spiritual and instructive; yet he could make no impression upon them, living or dying.'

pp. 81, 82.

The volume is disfigured by several glaring typographical inaccuracies. At p. 123, there occurs a repetition, though with some verbal variations, of the account given in a preceding letter, of the Author's first essay as an extemporary speaker, which is not chargeable upon the printer; but the Editor of the Letters would have done well to print only one of the statements. The hints to young preachers, will be found worthy of attention. Upon the whole, the volume, were it not for the exorbitant price put upon it, would deserve to obtain an extensive circulation.

Art. VIII. *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mrs. Sarah Savage,* Eldest daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M. By J. B. Williams. With a recommendatory Preface by the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, Second Edition. 12mo. pp. xxiv. 264. Price 5s. London. 1819.

WE have unintentionally suffered this valuable little work, to reach a second edition, without obtaining from us that notice which it deserves. No form in which religious instruction can be presented, has proved more efficient for the purpose of usefulness, than that description of memoir which most of our readers will recognise under the term *closet* biography.

The species of writing in which Mrs. Savage indulged, conformably to the prevailing practice of her day, has been, as Mr. Jay remarks, 'abused and rendered ridiculous by its 'minuteness and too frequent publication:' but the daughter of Philip Henry, was a woman of no ordinary character; and these unstudied, undisguised representations of her private feelings, will be perused with a proportionate degree of interest, by that class of readers by whom alone such a volume as this can be appreciated. The few scattered memoranda relating to passing events, which occur in her diary, are particularly valuable as illustrating the spirit of the times. 'Could the diaries 'a of Mrs. Savage's times be explored,' remarks Mr. Jay, 'what a contrast would be found between the sentiments such

'worthies confessed before God in their most sacred moments 'and those charged upon them by their calumniating adversaries!' An extract remarkably in point, is given from Mrs. Savage's diary, bearing date 1663, May 29th.

'A thanksgiving day for the king's return; a mercy in itself, for which the Lord be praised, though I, and many more suffer for it.'

Mrs. Savage was a conscientious and firm Nonconformist, but her attachment to those principles was united with that moderation of temper which is the general accompaniment of firmness and decision of sentiment, while it is as rarely attendant upon a spurious liberality. The following letter, addressed to a clergyman who had discovered a spirit of intolerance, reflects the highest credit upon her understanding and her feelings.

'DEAR SIR,

'I have long desired an opportunity of conversing with you, and I know not how to excuse my doing thus, since you are so obliging and easy of access, but only for privacy, especially as it becomes such as I in silence to learn. Yet, we are also commanded to be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear. Therefore, you will pardon my boldness in thus expressing my thoughts. Women's tongues and pens sometimes claim a freedom, which men, who are more wise and reserved, will not use. It is (or may be thought) our unhappiness to differ from the Established Church in some lesser things, but while we agree in fundamentals, why should there be, among us, strife and envying?

'The high charge we had yesterday from you, of *devilish pride, arrogance, &c.*, I cannot account light, especially from one who should stand in the place of God, to guide and direct us in the way to heaven. I think it invidious to judge men's hearts, which none but God can do. It cannot be in itself sinful to dissent from the church, else why did we cast off the yoke of Rome?

'For my own part—I freely profess that I have seen so much sincere piety, fervent charity, and humility practised in those I have joined with, and found such solid peace and tranquillity in this way I have walked in, that, I trust, I shall never be either allured, or affrighted, from it. The name of schism (that ecclesiastical scarecrow) is industriously, though falsely thrown on us, as I have seen proved. But if it were true—who is in the fault? The imposers of things, themselves own to be unnecessary—or, us who dare not comply with them—yet desirous to sacrifice any thing to peace but truth? I must say, as any unprejudiced person will, that if the Nonconformists are mistaken, they are the most unhappy to exclude themselves from all that is desirable in the world, and expose themselves to poverty, scorn, and hatred. I must do them that justice to tell you, I never remember to have heard one public reflection from any of them upon the established church. I need not here enter into the merits of their cause, which hath so many better advocates; only I must take the freedom to express my resentments that we

have, sometimes, from your pulpit, such keen reflections as we could not bear, and as, I am sure, do no real good to any one. The great things of the Gospel—faith in Christ—repentance unto life—and new obedience—these are enough to spend our zeal about, as a worthy person writes. Our lives are short, our work great, our souls precious, heaven and hell real things, and all that must be done for eternity, must be done quickly, or it will be too late. Therefore, I am always glad to hear ministers insist on these great things. I was much affected, many years ago, with a sermon I wrote from you on those words—*Purifying to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.* I wish you would preach, and pray, as you did then; yet, good Sir, excuse my freedom in thus giving vent to my thoughts. I think there is no family but ours in the parish, that are accounted dissenters; yet, you know, we are as true friends to you, and the church, as any in the parish, perhaps more than many who profess to be entire members of the church of England. As many of our family attend the ministry as most, or any of the like number; and it is to me sad that we should be censured, and worse thought of than them, than hundreds who absent themselves through ignorance and carelessness. It is well we are not to be each other's judges.

'Said my honoured father, when dying—"Follow peace, and holiness, and let them say what they will." This has been my sincere desire and endeavour. And I solemnly profess, I have not at all endeavoured to draw my children into the same way, otherwise than what my example might do, though some of them have taken pains to study those points, and are not presbyterians by chance, but of choice; for I desire they may not pin their faith to my sleeve, but choose for themselves, and if they take this despised way, it is not because they know no other, but because they know no better.

'I have heard divers complain that you speak so low, they can scarce hear you, but I observed yesterday you could raise your voice. If I had foreseen our treatment, I believe my place had been empty. I know not how they will answer it who beat their fellow-servants, and cast stones instead of bread. I know not what the Church would have—they have all the profits, preferments, and advantages they can desire, yet, because our Governors take off the power to persecute, it avails nothing. But I am quite too tedious, and I crave your pardon, Sir, a thousand times, for my freedom with you. I truly respect your person and ministry, and pray for its success. I am satisfied you well know the great value of all souls, and the danger of most. This thought will quicken you to cry aloud, and shew your hearers their sin and duty before it be too late. What a blessed place is heaven, where there will be no divisions, or disturbances for ever! To which glory He brings us who hath most dearly bought us with the inestimable price of his own blood. Amen.' pp. 41—46.

The Editor of the present memoir informs us, that Mrs. Savage left in her own hand-writing a Diary of many volumes, commencing with the year 1788, and extending, with few intervals, to the period of her death. From this document the narrative has been compiled. The work is divided into sections, each of

which, according to the plan pursued by Mr. Orton, in his life of Dr. Doddridge, is devoted to the illustration of some particular feature of her character. In an ordinary memoir, this plan would be objectionable, as leading to unnecessary diffuseness and repetition, but a work of this nature is obviously not designed to be read through at a sitting: it is rather to be taken up at intervals, as the companion of a leisure hour, on which occasions, the sectional arrangement will be found the most convenient and impressive; and it comported best with the Editor's plan of selection.

It can hardly be necessary to give any further extracts, in order to justify our adding our hearty recommendation of these Memoirs, to the opinion expressed of the MSS. by the Rev. Mr. Jay, who professes indeed to have rendered himself in some measure responsible by his advice for its publication.

Mr. Williams has subjoined, in an appendix, an account of some other members of the Henry family, gathered from the manuscripts in his possession, and an interesting memoir of one of their most intimate friends, referred to in the Diary, the Rev. James Owen, drawn up principally from a scarce tract written by Dr. Charles Owen his brother. The religious public are under obligations to him for the volume with which he has furnished them.

Art. X. *Extracts of Letters* on the object and connexions of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from the Rev. John Owen, A. M. during his late tour to France, and Switzerland, 8vo. pp. 46; London, 1819.

ALTHOUGH a publication of this description scarcely comes within the range of our critical notice, it contains matter of too much interest, and connects itself with the subject of some former articles too closely, to admit of our passing it over. Mr. Owen's primary object in this excursion, was the re-establishment of his health, but he travelled as the delegate of the Committee, and was constantly occupied with inquiries or exertions, bearing upon the promotion of the great cause to which he is devoted.

The establishment of a Protestant Bible Society at Paris, under the immediate sanction of the Government, was the first object which he was commissioned to afford his aid in accomplishing. The plan was arranged, and some preliminary steps had been taken, before he left that capital to prosecute his tour, and on his return, he found every thing ripe for a general meeting. It would not have been prudent for an individual from this country to appear very prominently in the formation of a society of this nature in France. Mr. Owen, however, had the satisfaction of obtaining an interview with the Duke de Richelieu,

and of receiving from his Grace the warmest assurances of friendship for the Society. The design has subsequently been carried into effect: a Bible Society has been formed in the capital of France, under the presidency of the Marquis de Jaucourt, and with the sanction of the executive Government, from the operation of which there cannot fail to accrue the most important advantages.

Another most interesting undertaking which engaged Mr. Owen's attention at Paris, was the printing of the Turkish New Testament, which is going forward at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, under the direction of Professor Kieffer. The laborious nature of the Professor's task, in editing this volume, is thus described.

'He transcribes every portion of the text with his own hand: and collates it, as he proceeds, with the original Greek: the English, German, and French versions; the Tartar versions of Seaman, and of the Scotch Missionaries at Karass; the Arabic, by the Propaganda, Erpenius, Sabat and the London quarto; the Persian in the London Polyglott, and that by Martyn: availing himself also, throughout, of the assistance afforded by Parkhurst, Rosenmüller, and Griesbach. All these books of reference are disposed on the Professor's table, in such a manner as to enable him to consult them with the greatest order and convenience: and from the comprehensiveness of this plan, as well as from the exactness with which it is pursued, there is good reason to believe, that the work, when it comes out of the Professor's hands, will be as faithful and correct as it would be possible to render the first edition of a version of the Scriptures which has never before been published.'

The work is being printed in the *Imprimerie Royale*.

Mr. Owen speaks in terms of the highest admiration of the Professor's literary accomplishments, of his integrity of mind, and his urbanity of manners. Brief but interesting notices are given of some other distinguished foreigners; of M. Cuvier, the distinguished Geologist, a Protestant, a warm friend to the cause of popular education, and a Vice President of the Paris Bible Society; of Baron Silvestre de Sacy, who, though a Catholic, has publicly advocated the British and Foreign Bible Society in the *Journal des Sçavans*; of the venerable Bishop Gregoire, the *Ami des Nois*, who has himself distributed very largely the New Testament by Maitre de Saey; of the Count d'Hauterive, and of Monsieur Remusat, Professor of the Chinese language in the Royal College.

On his way to Buch, the traveller passed through a village inhabited chiefly by Jews, among whom Professor Spleiss, in the neighbourhood of whose parish they reside, cheerfully engaged to distribute any number of copies of the Hebrew New Testament with which the Society should ish him.

At Constance, Mr. Owen was enabled by personal inquiries, to ascertain the extent to which the distribution of the Holy Scriptures is proceeding among the Catholics. It appears that since the year 1807, at which time this distribution commenced, more than 30,000 of the Catholic New Testament have been put in circulation. The liberal contributions of Baron Von Wessenberg were of considerable aid in enabling the Society to make these extensive purchases. Many of the copies 'have 'found their way into the schools, (which are prospering abun-'dantly in the Bishoprick,) and not a few into the convents 'themselves, in some of which a very favourable disposition 'to the reading of the Scriptures has been manifested.'

Mr. Owen met with a highly gratifying reception from the Pro-vicar Reinengen, the second ecclesiastic in the diocese.

'I found him a man of extensive learning, and profound thinking, simple manners, and warm and liberal piety. In the conversation with which he favoured me, the Pro-Vicar adverted, with high approbation, to the object of our Society, that of circulating the Scriptures without note or comment. He considered all the schisms which had taken place, to have arisen from the undue stress laid upon human interpretations. The recognition (he observed) of the pure word of God, as the unerring standard of truth, was a principle in which he most heartily concurred; and he was convinced, that it would, eventually, unite all the different denominations of Christians in one holy catholic church. Let the labourers in this glorious work be stedfast, and unmovable, and their cause must finally triumph. "I am" (he added) "a soldier of Christ, an aged weak instrument in his service; but, wherever I may be stationed, I shall endeavour to stand my ground in defending the gospel in its purity, and resisting to the last all attempts to impose upon me, as commandments of God, the traditions of men." Early on the following morning, I made him (with his permission) a second visit. In the course of our interview, (which lasted a considerable time,) the Pro-Vicar entertained me with a variety of observations, all characterized by acuteness of thought, and liberality of sentiment. He referred, with a mixture of respect for the victim, and indignation against his persecutors, to the illustrious John Huss. "The house in which you now are," (said this venerable ecclesiastic,) "is that in which John Huss was confined:" and, conducting us into an adjoining room, and throwing open the windows, he pointed, with much feeling, to the chamber which had been the prison of this martyr, and the spot on which he had been committed to the flames. He said, he saw Antichrist in every thing which opposed the doctrine of Christ, adding, that, for his part, the only question he put to a stranger, was, "Lovest thou the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, thou art my brother." He complained of the declension of his eye-sight, as occasioning a great impediment to his exertions; and said, that the last thing which he had written, (and which had cost him a considerable effort,) was, his testimony of approval and recommendation in favour of Leander Van Ess's New

Testament. On taking him by the hand, to bid him farewell, I asked the Pro-Vicar what message I should deliver from him to the Bible Society, on my return to London? "Sir," said he, after a short pause, "the Bible Society has deserved the gratitude of the world; and it has my most cordial wishes and prayers for its success:" and, pressing my hand, as I was retiring from him, he added, in a tone of emphatic tenderness, "*Wir sind eins,*" ("We are one.")

'I cannot conclude this brief account of my visit to Constance, without blessing God for having directed my steps thither, and opened for me access to persons so eminently qualified and disposed to give effect to my wishes. The friends of the Bible are both numerous and powerful in that city and neighbourhood. The Scriptures are not only thankfully received, but also anxiously applied for. Already (as I have stated) have more than 30,000 copies been distributed; the demands are increasing, both in the bishoprick, and among the Catholics supplied from it in other parts of Switzerland; and so highly is Leander Van Ess's last edition of his Testament, with large types, approved, that, should the 2000 copies which are expected be immediately received, it is confidently believed, that there would not remain, in the course of a day, a single copy which had not found its destination.

'There is, I must observe, in the aspect of Constance an air of stagnancy and desolation, which forcibly reminds one of the guilt it contracted, by having been the scene of the condemnation and martyrdom of the Bohemian Reformer. "Our city," said the good Pro-Vicar, "has never prospered since that crime was committed." Such, it seems, is also the common persuasion among the enlightened Catholics of the place. May we not cherish a hope, that the influence of this sentiment, assisted by the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, may lead to a just veneration of those principles which distinguished this champion of truth, and for his adherence to which, even unto death, he has obtained a good report, and a memorial that never shall perish.'

The reader will be pleased with the brief notice which is given of that extraordinary and inestimable man, whose name must be familiar to every friend of the Bible Society, Leander Van Ess. The interview between him and our Secretary, took place casually at the town of Winterthur.

'Leander Van Ess is now in the prime of life. He appears to be about forty years of age. His countenance is intelligent and manly; his conversation fluent and animated; and his whole manner partakes of that ardour and vivacious energy which so remarkably characterize all his writings and operations. The dissemination of the Scriptures, and the blessed effects with which it is attended, are the theme on which he delights to discourse; they seem to occupy his whole soul, and to constitute, in a manner, the element in which he exists. With what activity and vigilance he prosecutes this object, may be inferred from his having distributed, on his rapid journey from Marburg to Basle, 2,500 of his Testaments; and, while waiting the issue of my arrival at Zurich, made arrangements with the direct[illegible] of the Con-

vents, and with other persons in the neighbourhood, for the distribution of several thousand more.

'When I considered the eminent qualifications of this illustrious Catholic, for the work in which he is engaged, the favourable state of the times for employing them to advantage, and, finally, the precariousness of present opportunities, and of a life so often endangered by exertions and exposure, I felt it my duty to encourage in the strongest manner, the efforts he is making to disperse the sacred oracles in those channels from which Protestants are naturally excluded.' p. 27.

At Zurich, Mr. Owen found the house which was once the residence of Zuingle, now in the possession of Antistes Hess, a distinguished advocate of the principles of the Reformation. In the largest room in this house, are held the periodical meetings of the Bible Society. At Basle, Mr. Owen presided at an extraordinary meeting of the Committee of the Basle Bible Society, at which he witnessed the animating spectacle of Lutherans and Calvinists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Protestants and Catholics, mingling in purest harmony. Professor Van Ess was among the number, and opposite to him 'sat a Catholic 'Dean of similar reputation, who has distributed the Scriptures 'very largely through the forty two parishes within his juris-'diction.' At Neufchatel, Mr. Owen found another Catholic priest, who had distributed a great number of Van Ess's New Testament, and who related several anecdotes in proof of the happy effects by which it had been attended.

Geneva, as it is a station of peculiar importance, so it presented difficulties in the way of our Traveller, of a peculiar nature. The readers of our Journal will have in recollection, the occurrences to which Mr. Owen alludes, as rendering his situation in this place, one of trying responsibility.* The removal of Mr. Malan from his office of regent, or instructor of a class in the college, in consequence of his being charged with violating the regulations imposed by the Company of Pastors on the clergy of Geneva, took place on the very day that Mr. Owen entered that city. The spirit of party was already busy, and accounts not only of his designs, but of his proceedings, preceded his arrival at the scene in which those proceedings were reported to have taken place. He appears to have acquitted himself with firmness and prudence. A general meeting of the Geneva Bible Society was summoned, at which Mr. Owen vindicated the English Society from the misrepresentations so industriously circulated by some of the foreign journalists both in Germany and France, principally, as it should seem, on the ground of its being a *sectarian* institution. It

* See Eclectic Review, Jan. 1818. Art. The *Geneva Catechism*.

was under this character, he found, that it would excite the most jealousy at Geneva; but when he appealed to the list of its patrons, and pointed to the names of bishops among that number, the good Presbyterians were satisfied. All over the Continent, *sectarianism* is the hydra-evil, which the established of all communions concur in holding in supreme abomination. Episcopalians and Presbyterians appear to have agreed upon a lasting truce; and even Catholic priests mingle with the clergy of heretical churches. At Geneva Socinianism does not disdain an alliance with professional orthodoxy. But Dissenters, in the strict sense of the word, as in countries nearer to us, are tolerated only by an excessive effort of comprehensive tolerance. Mr. Owen, however, was known to be not a Dissenter. He therefore gained admission to the pulpit of the English Church, and the Syndics, Calendrini and Turretini, did him the honour of attending there successively, on the Sundays on which he preached. Before he left Geneva, new arrangements were made, by which it was hoped the Bible Society of that city would prove a more effective auxiliary than it has been hitherto. On his return, he was overtaken at Paris by communications of the most satisfactory nature, from different parts, detailing the pleasing effects which had already been produced by his services.

These Letters present but a specimen of what is taking place on the Continent in reference to the distribution of the Holy Scriptures. But the sphere of the Society's foreign agency is far more extensive, and it is impossible to contemplate without admiration, the grandeur of the enterprise,—an enterprise, every step in the prosecution of which is so much achieved for the best interests of mankind, but the mightiest combination of human endeavours must fall indefinitely short of its perfect accomplishment. We congratulate Mr. Owen, most heartily, on the happiness he must incessantly derive from being devoted to so glorious a cause.

T. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

entlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, *by sending Information t paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; h they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if istent with its Plan.*

in July will be published, some of the Life of lady Russell, by r of Mad. du Deffand's Letters, ters from lady Russell to her , lord Russell; some Miscel- letters to and from lady Russell,

y will be published, in post Memoirs of Miss Caroline E. who died in her 17th year, at Georgia. By Moses Waddel,

ligland has in the press, Letters h History, for the use of schools, ng persons.

lév. Mark Wilks is preparing lication, some Account of the state of France, and of the late ions in the south.

imyth, one of the Surveyors of His Majesty's Customs, is for publication, a new edition Practice of the Customs, to ll be added the new Consolida- , and other considerable im- nts.

press, in a pocket-volume, y Corrall, and embellished with ving by Heath, from an original —Musæ Biblicæ—or the Poetry Bible. A selection of the egant poetical translations, ses, and imitations of the riptures.

ev. Dr. Nares will soon publish, of Sermons, preached before ersity of Oxford, on the Three he Trinity, and the Divinity of

Adams has in the press, a on the Modes of restoring y the Formation of an Artificial

ing for publication, The Life ristopher Wren, Knt. with a rom an original picture. This addition to other matter, will contain the whole substance of the Parentalia, now become very scarce; and it is intended to add outlines from some of the original designs by Sir C. Wren, now in the library of All Souls College, Oxford.

The Rev. R. Warner will shortly publish, a Chronological History of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from the compounded Texts of the Four Evangelists; or, the English Diatessaron; with a map of the Holy Land; explanatory notes; illustrations from late oriental travellers and rabbinical writers; and preliminary articles of useful information, adapted to the use of families, schools, and young persons, entering on the study, or intended for the profession of divinity.

In the press, and speedily will be published, volume I. of a Treatise on Apoplexy, including Apoplexia Hydrocephalica, or Water in the Head; with an Introductory Account of the opinions of ancient and modern Physiologists, respecting the Nature and Uses of the Nervous System, read at the Royal College of Physicians, as the Croonian Lectures of the year 1819. By John Cooke, M.D. F.A.S. Fellow of the College of Physicians, and late Physician to the London Hospital.

In the press, and speedily will be published, The Speetator in a Stage Coach.

In the press, Rosamond, Memory's Musings, and other Poems. By William Proctor.

Doctor Millar advances rapidly with his Encyclopedia Edinensis. The 12 parts he has published, are a favourable specimen of the work, and shew how much useful information may, by system and arrangement, be comprised in a small space.

In the course of a few days will be published, a work on Antinomianism.

By the Rev. Samuel Chase, A.M. late of Cambridge —under the title of Antinomianism Unmasked: being an Inquiry into the distinctive characteristics of the two dispensations of Law and Grace. With a recommendatory preface by the Rev. Robert Hall.

A Clergyman late of Oxford, having made a tour to Claremont with part of his family, is preparing the same for the press, with reflections suggested on the occasion, serving to illustrate the peculiar genius, character, and pursuits of the late illustrious and lamented princess Charlotte, designed for the improvement of the young.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has nearly ready, in a crown folio volume, the History and Topography of the parish of Sheffield; with notices of the parishes of Ecclesfield, Hansworth, Treeton, and Whiston.

John Crawford, Esq. late British resident at the court of the Sultan of Java, is preparing a History of the Indian Archipelago, with illustrative engravings.

A new edition of Schleusner's Lexicon, is printing in a quarto volume, from an edition now in a forward state at press, on the Continent.

The Greek is published of the Polyglott Grammar (in ten languages) by the Rev. F. Nolan, in which the genius of the principal ancient and modern languages is explained upon an uniform plan, and by a new and simple principle of analysis, applied to the improvements of the latest and most approved grammarians; four grammars, the Greek (as above,) and Latin of the ancient part, the French and Italian of the modern part are already published, and may be had separately —The Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, will appear next.

*** This work forms a grammatical apparatus to the Polyglott Bible and Common Prayer, publishing by Mr. Bagster.

Mr. J. N. Brewer is preparing an Historical and Descriptive Account of the most interesting Objects of Topography throughout the whole of Ireland, to accompany "The Beauties of England and Wales." This work will consist of two large volumes octavo, to be published in monthly numbers, illustrated with engravings from original drawings. In the prosecution of this undertaking, which has long been a desideratum in Topographical Literature, every principal place in Ireland will be personally inspected by the Author, and a correspondence is established with many of the most distinguished characters in that country. It may be reasonably expected that much curious matter of intelligence will be disclosed in the Historical and Descriptive Account of Cities and Towns, Monastic and other Antiquities, so little known even to readers with whom less interesting parts of the British Empire, are familiar objects of topographical discussion.

Nearly ready for publication, A Sketch of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland, through Perthshire, Argyleshire, and Invernesshire, in the autumn of 1818, with an account of the Caledonian Canal. One volume 8vo.

Also, Letters on the Events, which have passed in France since the Revolution in 1815. By Helen Maria Williams, 1 volume 8vo.

Also, Elements of Greek Prosody and Metre, compiled from the Treatises of Hephaestion, Herman, and Porson. By Thomas Webb, in a thin 8vo. volume.

Also, A Translation of Chaussier's work on Counter-Poisons, pointing out the most effectual remedies in cases of poisoning; of bites by rabid animals and venomous insects, with success for the drowned and precautions in cases of apparent death, with additions and experiments. By J. Murray.

Mr. Curtis has just published a second and enlarged edition of his work, on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Ear. In this edition the Physiology is much extended, and the uses of the different parts of the human ear, are more fully explained by a minute comparison of its structure, with that of the different classes of animals, particularly Quadrupeds, Fowls, Insects, the Amphibious tribe, and also Fishes. The treatment employed in the various diseases of the Ear is also considerably enlarged.

In a few days will be published, the following works for children: 1. The Accidents of Youth, consisting of short stories calculated to improve the moral conduct of children, and to warn them of the many dangers to which they are exposed: illustrated by engravings, 18mo. 2. Harcach the Wandering Jew, being an authentic account of the manners, and customs, of the most distinguished nations, interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men of different periods, since the destruction of the

of Jerusalem &c. With maps
ravings. 12mo. 3. The History
and Magog, the Champions of
containing an account of the
many things relative to the
3mo. With plates. 4. The
of Improvements, two juvenile
18mo. With plates.
Taylor, of Ongar, has in the
he Family Mansion, a tale.
English Gradus, or Synopsis of
poetry, on a plan nearly similar
atin Gradus, is in the press.
Partington is preparing an His-
account of the London Institu-
h engravings; to which will be
, a Biographical Memoir of the
ssor Porson.
Rev. M. Bland is printing,
rical Problems, deducible from
six books of Euclid, arranged
ved; with an Appendix, con-
the Elements of Plane Trigono-

Grieske will soon publish in
and English, an account of his
ears residence in Greenland,
ed by charts and views.
John Chambers, author of the
of Malvern, is preparing Bio-
al Illustrations of the County of
ter.

Walks in Ireland. By the late John
Bernard Trotter, secretary to Mr. Fox,
are preparing for publication.

Dialogues, Letters, and Observations,
illustrative of the purity and consistency
of the Doctrines of the Established
Church will soon appear.

Dr. H. W. Carter is printing an
account of some of the principal Hos-
pitals of France, Italy, Switzerland,
and the Netherlands; with remarks on
the diseases of those countries.

Mr. Pye has nearly ready for publi-
cation, a Description of Modern Bir-
mingham, emphatically called the Toy-
shop of Europe.

Thomas Hodgskin, Esq. has in the
press, in two octavo volumes, Travels
in the North of Germany, describing
the present state of the country, par-
ticularly in the kingdom of Hanover.

Dr. Harrington has in the press, an
Extension of his Theory and Practice
of Chemistry, elucidating all the phe-
nomena, without one single anomaly.

The Rev. R. Ruding is printing an
edition of his Annals of the Coinage of
Britain, with additional plates and sup-
plementary matter, in five octavo
volumes, and a quarto volume.

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t. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ANTIQUITIES.

Antiquites of Sicily: consisting
most interesting views, plans, &c.
scriptions, etched by P. elli of
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ncipal facts of the science, ar-
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dium; or, an introduction to the know-
ledge of British insects, comprising the
best means of obtaining and preserving
them, and a description of the appara-
tus generally used; together with the
genera of the Linnæ, and the modern
method of arranging the classes crus-
tacea, myriapoda, spiders, mites, and
insects, from their affinities and struc-
ture, according to the views of Dr.
Leach: also an explanation of the
terms used in Entomology; a calendar
of the times of appearance and usual
situations of nearly 3000 species of Bri-

tish insects; with Instructions for collecting and fitting up objects for the Microscope. By George Samouelle, Associate of the Linnean Society of London. Illustrated by 12 very accurate plates, containing nearly 200 figures of insects, &c. from drawings made by the Author, 1l. or finely coloured after nature, 1l. 18s. boards.

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A Critical Examination of the First Principles of Geology; in a series of essays. By G B. Greenough, President of the Geological Society, F.R.S. F.L.S. 8vo. 9s. boards.

HISTORY.

The Historiæ Brittorum, commonly attributed to Nennius, from a manuscript lately discovered in the library of the Vatican Palace at Rome, edited in the tenth century, by Mark the Hermit, with an English version, a fac-simile of the original, notes and illustrations. By the Rev. William Gunn, B.D. Rector of Irstead, Norfolk. royal 8vo.

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ERRATA IN VOL. XI.

Page 320, line 23 *for* St. Duen, *read* St. Ouen.
323, line 7 from bottom, *dele* but.
328, line 4 *for* troops, *read* troop.
331, line 22 *for* desirable, *read* derivable.
333, line 2 *read* he had, *not* so far.
339, line 25 *for* sentiments have, *read* sentiment has.
344. line 18 *for* variety, *read* vanity.
392, line 13 *dele* aiming at.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1819.

Art. I. *An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the late Rev. John Fawcett, D.D.* Who was Minister of the Gospel fifty-four Years, first at Wainsgate, and afterwards at Hebdenbridge, in the Parish of Halifax; comprehending many Particulars relative to the Revival and Progress of Religion in Yorkshire and Lancashire; and illustrated by copious Extracts from the Diary of the Deceased, from his extensive Correspondence, and other Documents. 8vo. pp. 429. [A Portrait.] Price 12s. 1818.

IN looking at a biographical volume of moderate size, which records the general course and principal incidents of a pious, diligent, and useful life, protracted too beyond the ordinary length, it is highly gratifying to reflect how much more is implied than related. Exclusively of childhood and the earlier part of youth, (in which stage also there might be a worthy preparation for what was to follow,) it is the story of perhaps almost sixty years of unremitting exertion applied, day by day, to the most valuable purposes. But in such a course what a prodigious number there have been of distinct acts, involving the voluntary exercise of the understanding, and the different moral and physical powers, directed to objects prescribed by conscience, and performed and repeated with resolute perseverance from a regard to the Almighty! How many myriads of these distinct acts such a life will have included! What a multitude of them, to make up the intellectual and practical exertion of a month or even of a week! And yet, the biographical memoir can record all this only according to the scale of a paragraph of three or four sentences to the month, hardly a single line to a day; though each one of many thousands of these days has contained, in strenuous, well intended, and for the most part well applied effort, in thought, speech, and practical occupation, a quantity of good agency of which the expression

in written words would be enough to fill the greater part of a moderate volume. So much more good has there been in a good man's life than the most prolix biographer could ever tell!

Not that it is a thing to be regretted, that he should be confined to so small a proportion, and should describe generally and collectively, in a few words, that which has been laboriously acted in an almost infinite detail and succession of particulars. This extreme abridgement still forms a record large enough, and often too large, for the small proportion of time which can be well afforded for reading it, by those who come after the good men departed, and have their own close succession of duties to fulfil. But we repeat that it is very pleasing to consider, of how many thousands and tens of thousands of distinct acts and efforts of piety and conscience, and of how many millions of serious thoughts and emotions, that life consisted, of which the whole written history is limited to a volume which may be read in one or two days. It is also pleasing and striking to reflect that the Lord of whom these good men have been the faithful servants, retains in the infinite capacity of His memory the entire uncontracted record in all its particulars.

Ideas of this kind have been strongly suggested to us in the perusal of this volume. Though it may be somewhat too large, by that rule of proportion according to which the time and attention of living men can be given to the characters and histories of those who are dead, we have been again and again arrested by the reflection, what a large amount of Christian exertions we have in truth been reading of within the few hours in which we have passed over one ten years, and another ten years, of a life scarcely ever surpassed in the earnest improvement of time, in the exertion of every faculty to effect some good, especially in the service of religion.

It is not on the authority of the book merely, that we employ such strong expressions. Indeed we think that in respect to this great comprehensive virtue of invincible assiduity, the Author, aware of the tendency of his filial partiality, has been so cautious to avoid terms of excess, that he has but barely done justice to his venerable relative. We are certain it would be the concurrent testimony of all who were placed, during a considerable length of time, within near observation of Dr. Fawcett's course of life, that it is hardly within their power to imagine a more perfect example of virtuous industry. We are confident there cannot be one of his very numerous pupils, who, if he has had occasion to stimulate himself out of trifling and sluggishness into manly and Christian exertion, by recalling to his mind the examples he has beheld, did not recollect among the very first of them, that of his excellent preceptor. He h[illegible]

thus been, at great distances of time and place, a silent monitor to very many consciences. He was, in the full sense of the word, indefatigable. Even breathing seemed hardly more essential to his life, than application to one useful or important employment or another. Neither ill-health, when not in a severe degree, nor inclement seasons, nor the grievances of various kinds which were inevitably incident to a person involved in so many concerns, in short, nothing, literally, but oppressive pain, could suspend this course. As a preacher, he had very few Sundays, excepting times of illness, in the whole half century, exempted from public labours; and though his sermons were not prepared in an elaborate and punctilious manner, they generally cost him a considerable degree of attention; and they were to be addressed, with very infrequent exception, to the same congregation all the year round. In a numerous seminary for youth, he took not only the general and unintermitted superintendence, but a large share of the toil, for so long a course of years, that by the time he withdrew from it, those of his earliest pupils who had survived so long, were at no great distance from old age. He was an insatiable reader, and with a freedom and variety of taste unusual, we believe, among that most worthy class of men of the middle and latter parts of the last century, to whom we should be inclined to give the denomination of modern puritans; men characterised by a seclusion almost ascetic, from the general habits and gayeties of society, by a high and what was growing to be deemed a rigid standard of morality, maintained both in principle and practice, by a seriousness somewhat approaching to austerity, and by a faith formed much on the model of the Puritan divines. Many of these excellent persons, we have understood, were considerably restricted as to the extent to which they judged it right, or felt any disposition, to go in the field of literature. Dr. F., on the contrary, while as fully in the possession of every conscientious perception as any of them, and in every respect one of the worthiest of their number, had a much more craving curiosity, a mind more adapted to receive gratification in many different ways, and comprehended better how all kinds of knowledge may be made to subserve religion. He took a free and ample range among books, and trained his pupils to do so. His taste was fitted to almost every kind of reading that could in any sense be called good. He had a strong relish for writings of wit and satire, though distinguished by a quite extraordinary degree of gravity of feeling and manners.

But we were not intending to describe his character generally, but only to note the proofs and modes of his singular industry. And there is to be added to the account, a very con-

siderable series of printed works, all composed with deliberate care, though not with protracted severity of study.

That all this should admit of his having the general direction of a considerable farm, and of his frequently employing himself in the operation of book-binding, may well appear somewhat enigmatical to many good men who would nevertheless think it strange to be taxed with idleness.——For the general illustration of the devout spirit and the conduct of this excellent and most useful man, we refer to the book. As to the one important and admirable quality of which we have made this brief exhibition, we were unwilling that so extraordinary an example of it should receive less than the due honour, in consequence of that measured language of eulogy which the Biographer knew he could not exceed without being liable to the imputation or suspicion of indulging his affection in terms of exaggeration,—imputation, we mean, from those who did not know Dr. Fawcett.

While so many vain and wicked beings are passing over the stage of mortality, worthless and useless, or worse, from the entrance to the departure, it is a cheering, and indeed quite a noble spectacle, to see a life distinguished by the full predominant character of religion from twelve years old to the close at near eighty. Nothing can be more delightful than the picture of this early piety, accompanied as it was by an earnest and unremitting passion for the instruction afforded by books. Some of the books are enumerated which aided this self-discipline, in which an elder brother was an associate, and which included an application to the Supreme Instructor. 'They 'often retired into the barn together for prayer, whither their 'pious mother, pleased with these early appearances of serious 'concern, sometimes secretly followed them to listen to their 'artless and devout aspirations.'

Apprenticed at a very early age, in consequence of the death of his father, to a manual employment, the subject of the memoir remained unalterably under this consecration which had passed on him almost in his infancy. His daily task of service was rigorous, so that he had scarcely any time for reading but what was redeemed from sleep. But the Bible was his constant companion, both when he could look into it and when he could not.

'Between the age of twelve and fourteen he had read it over repeatedly; and he thought himself enriched for ever when he had obtained possession of *a small pocket Bible*. Perhaps it would scarcely be proper to relate the different plans he adopted to elude the notice of the family, who had no idea of the enjoyment he found in reading and retirement, and the means he employed to rescue from sleep a

little time for these purposes. Happily for his turn of mind, he had a small lodging room to himself; a considerable part of his pocket-money was employed in the purchase of candles. The family retired at an early hour; he, among the rest, took his candle up stairs, and, to avoid suspicion, when he had been a little time in the room, hid the candle till he supposed the family were all asleep; when he betook himself to his delightful employment for a considerable part of the night. Sometimes he tied a weight to his foot, and at others fastened his hand to the bed-post, that he might not sleep too long. These circumstances are not mentioned here to excite imitation, for he was himself afterwards sensible of their impropriety, in the injury which his health sustained; but they show the decided bent of his mind, which no obstacles, even of a prudential nature, could restrain. This notice of them may likewise lead those who are distinguished by privileges, and have every encouragement from their parents and other connexions, to value their opportunities, and to be more solicitous to improve them. A considerable portion of the time thus redeemed from sleep, was spent in earnest and fervent prayer.'

So fair and worthy a commencement never became a reproach in the long sequel of sixty years; a life without a stain, and devoted throughout, in very nearly the greatest degree possible to a human being, to mental and Christian labours. From their regular and little varying tenour, and fixed station, they were not adapted for an entertaining or a striking history. It is not to constitute himself a spirited subject for history, that a good man lives; that he prays, and studies, and teaches; that he relieves distress, strives against sin, takes up his cross, and follows Christ. It is probable that in the earlier part of Dr. F.'s ministry, within a local sphere of much ignorance and barbarism at that period, many incidents must have occurred to him which would now form curious anecdotes; but they passed from memory; and what remains on the record of his whole long life, is a uniform course of substantial Christian services, performed under many afflictions, and without strongly marked epochs, or signal events or conjunctures. Such a subject leaves it very much at the discretion of the biographer how long or short the memoir shall be. He may give a comprehensive description instead of introducing much of a narrative which he sees to be unsusceptible of strong diversification. Or, seeing that many things in the long succession are very much alike, he may select a few as representative of the general character of the whole. Or he may attempt a circumstantial detail of all that admits of distinct relation in the whole train.

We think the excellent Author of the present volume formed his plan somewhat too much according to this last mode. But there may be considerations to justify this in part. Dr. Fawcett had, by seniority, by superior attainments to those of most of his brethren around him, and by an excellence of character above

the reach of slander itself, an extensive local sphere of personal influence and importance. Many of the Christian societies and their ministers, within that circuit, owed to him the benefits of what may be called a religious patronage. His history is thus implicated with that of the progress of religion in that part of the country; and it may fairly be presumed that in those religious stations and communities, the traces of him will long remain, in an affectionate veneration which will create an interest among *them* in many particulars and details, (especially when some of these details are found relating to themselves or their ancestors,) not to be expected in the wider circle of readers. It may be presumed also, that Dr. F.'s long and numerous succession of pupils, scattered over the country, would not demand brevity as the most essential recommendation in a memoir of their venerated Tutor. But still, after allowing for all these considerations, we are apprehensive that the highly respectable Biographer will be deemed to have erred as to the proper scale for the narrative, and to have therefore been led into a much too particular statement of circumstantial *minutiæ*. The work may probably, too, be accused of too much collateral detail concerning persons of Dr. F.'s acquaintance, who cannot by the mere circumstance of their having been justly interesting to him, be made interesting to the reader, when nothing can be related to display them as remarkable in themselves. With some considerable exception on these accounts,—and perhaps on that of a too protracted length in the formal expression of comments and reflections, though always of useful tendency,—serious readers will find much in the volume to please and profit them. They will have before them an example of evangelical religion taking sovereign possession of a human being, pervading and actuating every faculty of the intellectual and moral nature; maintaining this absolute indwelling in perpetuity; modifying its operation according to all the situations, changes, duties, and afflictions, through which the long life of its subject was drawn; constituting him quite a distinct kind of moral being from the natural and general character of human nature; imparting a better adaptation to *all* worthy employments, and the chief and indispensable one to *some* of them; promoting, most effectually, his improvement and consequent respectability, considered merely in an intellectual view; turning his many sufferings to a happy account of not only ultimate but contemporary benefit,—what would force itself as such on the common sense of even a hater of Christianity; and securing to him the highest, the extraordinary value of all the ordinary good of life.

The ideal picture of the true exemplification of Christianity, would consist of lines somewhat like these; but here we contemplate the reality itself; for we are satisfied that the character

displayed is really that of the man, without any delusive management for effect on the part of the delineator The matters of fact are unostentatiously told, though with much too minute a recounting of circumstances; and much of the internal feeling and exercise is disclosed in Dr. F.'s own words, in letters, fragments, and a diary which he kept at one period of his life, beginning so early as his twentieth year, all written in the most unaffected manner of sincerity. With the laudable intention of rendering these illustrations of character in the strongest manner inculcations of religion, the Biographer has often made them a kind of texts for monitory and hortatory observations, amplified, it may sometimes be thought, to an unnecessary extent, the facts and sentiments themselves presenting, with sufficient obviousness, their own instruction.

The extracts from the part of the diary written at about the age of twenty, display a remarkable maturity of reflection and depth of religious exercise, with much of that pensiveness of feeling, that susceptibility to painful impressions, that tinge of gloom, which were visible in Dr. F.'s character during his whole life. A few passages in these extracts, it might not have been amiss to omit, on account of the cast of excessive simplicity which they bear as references to the most ordinary circumstances of daily life. A critical friend would have advised the omission also of the verses interspersed, as it is perhaps undesirable to perpetuate any compositions in the form of poetry, which do not contain some principle or germ, at least, of the poetic power. Dr. F.'s very strong sensibility, as a reader, to the charms of poetry, in every part of his life, might in some degree be mistaken by him, through an easy and not unusual beguilement of self judgement, for the creative principle of poetry. If the most genuine piety, and movements of the benevolent affections, and admiration of the beauties and magnificence of Nature, could in any case be admitted as satisfying the demand to which a writer voluntarily subjects himself when he takes the external vehicle of poetry, it would be in the case of some of Dr. F.'s compositions in verse.

Our hint that too much is said of many persons respecting whom it is impossible to excite any interest in strangers to Dr. F.'s connexions, must not be understood to imply that these memorials of his contemporaries and acquaintance do not include individuals whose claims to renewed attention will be acknowledged by religious readers in general. The names, for instance, of Grimshaw and Venn, are already familiar to such readers, and these most excellent and useful men, situated in his neighbourhood, were among the friends of his earlier life. Very pleasing sketches are given of their characters, and the success of their Christian operations. The character of the former of these, was quite of a romantic cast, if such a description can be ap-

plicable to what may also be correctly described as eminently apostolic. He was daring, adventurous, versatile, as well as persevering and indefatigable. In a manner not to be conceived of from any description, he could mingle solemnity and vivacity, we might say playfulness, so that they should exist *at the very same time*, and without incongruity, at once impressing and captivating his devout religious friends. He had such elastic, bounding spirits, united with great corporal strength, that in going across the enclosed country he would sometimes leap over the wall at a spring, in preference to taking the trouble to open the gate or surmount a stile just at hand. In the life of such a man, sent to preach among a most barbarous population, and most ardently fulfilling his religious vocation literally every day, there could not fail to be a multitude of remarkable incidents, and what would make curious anecdotes, which it is perhaps to be regretted that no contemporary witness should have put on record. It is recollected, for instance, in what manner he secured the quiet of meetings of religious persons for reading and prayer on the Sunday evenings in the heathenish town where he was stationed. The master of a house where such a practice had been begun, complained to him that this pious exercise had been disturbed, and the persons coming to join in it insulted, by a number of rude, profane fellows, placing themselves in a long entry from the street to the part of the house where the meeting was held. Grimshaw requested that, in case of the repetition of this nuisance, information might, at the time, be quietly sent to him. It was repeated, and the information was sent; on which he put on his great coat, and went in the dark (it was winter) to the house. He added himself, without being recognised, to the outer end of the row of blackguards, and affected to make as much rude bustle as the best of them. But being a man of athletic sinew, he managed to impel them by degrees further and further up the passage, and close to the door of the room, which was thrown open in the tumult, when he with one sudden desperate effort of strength and violence, forced the whole gang in a moment into the room and into the light. He instantly shut the door, took from under his great coat a horsewhip, dealt round its utmost virtue on the astonished clowns till his vigorous arm was tired, then fell on his knees in the midst of them, uttering in a loud imperative tone, "Let us pray," and he prayed, with such a dreadful emphasis on the words hell and damnation, that all in the place were appalled. The wretches were dismissed, and there was no more disturbance given to prayer-meetings.

Such a transaction conveys some illustration of the state of society at that time, in that part of the country. It was that semi-barbarous state in which an individual, if he be can but

once *acquire* weight, has *more* weight than (of the same rank) he would in any other; because there are fewer authorities to interfere with his, and divide with him the deference of the people,—no established standard of manners, to which they are to consider *him* as well as themselves amenable, no deliberately adopted system of opinions to afford a point of appeal from his judgement, and but little recognition of the authority of the law or government of the land. Even the considerable strength of superstition which is sure to remain among such a people, may, without his consent, come over to his side, to reinforce the hold he has on them by better bonds. It is related, that when Grimshaw had protested against the recurrence of a profligate wake, and the people were nevertheless resolute not to surrender so delightful and long established a luxury, a dreadful thunderstorm which happened just at the time, was really believed by some of the alarmed and dispersing multitude to be a vindictive sign from heaven in sanction of his disregarded remonstrance. But this ascendency over their minds, which their very superstition lent itself to confirm, was acquired by his virtues,—by the sanctity of his conduct, the invincible evidence of the sincerity of his piety, his generosity, his self-devoted zeal and indefatigable exertion to do them good in every possible way, and all this accompanied by that intrepidity of spirit which trebles the value, both in estimation and in fact, of almost every virtue.

But we are digressing from our business unpardonably, especially as these anecdotes are not recorded in the book before us. The apology is, that for hundreds of years there had not come within the district contiguous to that which was to be the scene of Dr. Fawcett's labours, a man so important to the welfare of the inhabitants as Grimshaw.

In addition to the benefit derived from such a vicinity, the transient but mighty labours of Whitefield had left a strong impression on the tract where it was the appointment of Dr. F. to be afterwards a preacher for more than half a century. Rather early in his youth, he was repeatedly one in the immense crowds that were commanded into solemnity by that voice which was probably heard by a greater number of persons at once than any voice that ever spoke, excepting, possibly, that of Nadir Shah, when he commanded to slaughter and devastation. It was to Whitefield that Dr. F. owed the decidedly evangelical form of his religious faith and feelings, which till then had been but very imperfectly defined and consolatory.

He became a preacher and a pastor about the twenty-third year of his age, after a long training of serious thought, and reading, and social religious exercises. The protracted, and solemn, and even distressing deliberation on the question of daring to enter on this employment, renewed afterwards in the form of a

question whether it was not his duty to surrender it, may be produced as one of the monumental illustrations of an order of feelings at that time entertained respecting this form of Christian service, among the most serious of the Dissenters, feelings which will be but imperfectly comprehended in the present day. While we justly impute a degree of superstition to the notions and feelings of our excellent ancestors respecting *a call* to the Christian ministry, that service is now adopted by some of our young men with a light facility approaching as much to the other extreme.

Quite as unlike the present state of things is the Biographer's account of the taste of those venerable ancestors in the selection, in that northern tract of the country, of situations for their places of worship.

'Whatever the motives might be, whether to avoid interruption and persecution, or merely for the sake of the private convenience of those who erected them, the first Dissenting places in this part of the country, which were generally small, humble edifices, were built in secluded spots, adjoining neither towns nor villages, but withdrawn from the notice of the public. The promoters of these erections had no idea of courting the attention of their neighbours, by inviting appearances and splendid attractions. Such was the situation of the meeting-house at Rawden, which was unquestionably one of the oldest in this part of Yorkshire. Though there were numerous villages in the vicinity without any places of worship, it was erected in a solitary though beautiful place, at a distance from the public road, surrounded by woods. Tradition records that when it was opened, the minister who officiated on the occasion, struck with the peculiarity of its situation, chose for his text the words of the Psalmist: "We have found it in the fields of the wood."'

Dr. F.'s first locality as a minister, had this solitude without this beauty: it was on the border of a wide and gloomy moor; but had, not far off, on the one side, narrow, deep, long-extended glens, with thick, dark woods and rapid torrents from the mountains, all together forming scenes of the most solemn and romantic character, in which it might have appeared impossible for the contemplatist to remain long without a sensible preclusion from his mind of all ideas of a gay or even cheerful order. And indeed, we think it very possible that musing in these scenes actually did co-operate with Dr. F.'s favourite book, Young's Night-Thoughts, and his ill health, to confirm at this early period that deep gravity of character which was habitual through life, and which, but for the effect of religion, would have borne a colour of gloomy funereal sadness. The solemnity and silence of those valleys, with almost all their romantic and ghostly influences, have since vanished, at the invasion of agriculture and manufacturing establishments.

The roads traversing the country where the meeting-houses

re thus, like hermits' cells, sequestered among woods or in the reary precincts of moors, were scarcely any thing like what we ow mean by the term: they were mere tracks, or, at best, arrow, rough lanes for rural communication, often requiring ome geographical knowledge and address, and no small labour, o wind through them to the intended point. And many of the ersons constituting the congregations, had to come from a listance of miles, of many miles, on the Sunday morning, and eturn the evening of the same day. A number of Dr. F.'s irst auditors, for instance, are here said to have resided at a lace fourteen miles from the meeting-house. Among the ealous worshippers of those days and places, it was not, even n the depth of winter, thought too much for persons of the tronger sex, to go and return many miles on foot. A man like Dr. F. would be greatly and conscientiously anxious that earers so little sparing of exertion, should reap all the benefit hat diligence on his side could supply.

In process of time it came to be one of his occasional employnents and highest gratifications, to assist the little parties thus oming from various distances for worship and instruction, to nake a commencement of public religion in their own neighourhoods respectively, where he had the pleasure, during the ubsequent years of his long life, to visit them now and then, o witness their success and progress, and repeat to them such nstructions as those under which their Christian course, as ndividuals and as societies, had begun. Some of those ocieties have since become ramified into several congregaions, each of which subdivisions has grown to a strength which he original church could not in its earlier periods have expected, even singly and undivided, ever to attain.

In the early part of Dr. F.'s ministry, his pleasure and usefulness were ungraciously affected by the narrow, disputatious, and inquisitorial spirit, which is described as prevailing in the people and teachers of the religious denomination to which he belonged, about the middle, and for a good while subsequently to the middle, of the last century. A very curious account is given by our Author of the manner in which their minds were cramped, stunted, and irritated by a hyper-Calvinistic cast of doctrine, acquired, but with the commonly attendant circumstance of a greater excess in the disciples than even in the doctors, from the writings of Dr. Gill, a man of great learning, and of Mr. Brine, a man of distinguished acuteness. But men destitute of both these qualifications, and especially one Johnson, of Liverpool, were suffered, in that north-western part of the country, to have an influence reflecting very little honour on the understanding of many of the religious societies. Even many who were by sincere piety checked from

following out their train of speculation, to daring and profane assertions respecting the Divine government, and an antinomianism of inference, were nevertheless incapable of relishing or enduring any preaching or writing that omitted the doctrine of eternal decrees. They could find no vitality or instruction in any religious ideas below the altitude of the supralapsarian ground. To quote from our Author a curious synonime of theirs to this epithet, and one which we confess to be new to us in the history of religious cant, 'the upper fall settlements' were the favourite region of their Christian contemplations. 'The Gospel Call,' to cite another sample, was necessarily implicated in their disquisitions; and to them it was one of the greatest of abominations, that a preacher of Christianity should endeavour to enforce that religion on the consciences of unconverted sinners. Dr. F. retained far too strong an impression of Whitefield to coalesce, or to be capable of any approach toward coalescing, with any such order of religious sentiment and ministerial practice; but then, there was no avoiding the accustomed penalty for maintaining mental freedom among mental slaves. It was not solely among the Baptists, as his Biographer remarks, that the rigid creed and pugnacious temper prevailed, from which both his opinions and his habits of feeling kept him aloof.

We do not attempt any historical abstract of his long and valuable life. Duties constant, multiplied, accumulated, ponderous, were laboured through with more than a hero's resolution, but they were of too plain a kind, and too much the same from year to year, to admit of a stimulant diversification in the record. Long and violent sufferings at several times from the stone, the loss of amiable near relatives, and two or three changes of abode, are some of the most marking circumstances of the history. His ministry was to the same congregation from the beginning to the end; and great disinterestedness was evinced in this faithful attachment, as he refused repeated advantageous offers of change, one of them at a time of great pecuniary difficulty. The building of a new meeting-house for the enlarging congregation, in a locality of less wild, inhospitable, and solitary, but not less picturesque character, in which, in his infirm and suffering state of health, he would have thought it the absurdest of all predictions that he should preach nearly forty years, was one of the most prominent circumstances and changes in the uniform tenor of his life. Half a century ago, the raising of a new meeting-house was vastly more of a novelty than it is now, when it is an event but little more remarkable in many parts of England, than the erection of an ordinary dwelling-house of the same cost. The altered character of the times in which his later life was cast, was, in this one

circumstance of change, highly gratifying to him as a zealous friend of religion, not to say as a Dissenter, in which capacity, though very decided, he w very moderate. For religion's sake, he took so much in t the state of the Established Church, as to be greatly in beholding the progress of the serious spirit and of evang doctrines in its ministry; disagreeing in this, however, it is true, with an immense number of the zealous adher of that very Church, both at that earlier and at this later p d. From that time to this, the main strength of the Churc ,—for we suppose we cannot be incorrect in thus denominatin ; v a preponderance of the numbers, the learning, the s e ronage, and the importance in society on the score of ra k a family,—the main strength of the Church has been syst ly and violently hostile to the innovation which such as Dr. Fawcett rejoiced to behold. While he was exulti in what he thought the happy effects resulting, in his own previously barbarous and wicked neighbourhood, from the irruption of such men as Whitefield and Grimshaw, he observed that no names were pronounced with so much abhorrence by whatever constituted the living ministry, and agency, and authority of the Church. The great body of the authorised teachers to whom a Protestant Christian State had committed millions of souls for instruction in their most momentous concerns, were all but unanimous in pronouncing the doctrine of these zealous men respecting the necessity of a moral change in men's minds, to be nonsensical and pernicious, and the general effect of their labours a grievous plague introduced into the community. They deplored the departure of those better times in which the prevailing ignorance, barbarism, and irreligion experienced no such alarming disturbance. What a subject for awful contemplation this must have been to a man of enlightened and evangelical spirit, who could feel no value or veneration for institutions, but in regard to the good they were adapted to do, and who could conceive no other way of judging of adaptation so reasonable, as by the actual effect habitually and generally produced! No wonder that persons awakened to this view and feeling of the subject, by the influence of the grand innovation, should have become Dissenters, where they found the Church all around them estranged from Christianity; or where, after the death or removal of a minister, in some rare instance himself transformed into an advocate of evangelical truth, it has been found quite out of all hope that there should be a successor of similar spirit. It might be with great pain and reluctance that they were brought to the determination of detaching themselves from an institution revered by their ancestors, who had taught them also to revere it, and which was sanctioned by almost all that

were of authority in the land; but it became a solemn question, how they could in conscience practically acquiesce, for themselves, their families, and their neighbourhoods, in a corrupt and perverting discipline of their minds in regard to the supreme concern of their salvation. To one portion, indeed, of these conscientious men, there was afforded a compromise. Those who had not so decidedly adopted the Calvinism of Whitefield as to be debarred from the resource, found in the system of Wesley a very commodious intermediate position for maintaining, as they fancied, and as their able leader intended, such an allegiance, in form, to the Church, as to escape the guilt and charge of schism, and at the same time for enjoying the genuine means of religious communion and instruction. This self-deception was among the most effectual of the early causes of the great success of the Wesleyan plan. There were other powerful ones, but this was among the most powerful. We have used the word 'self-deception,' for we should think nothing could be more palpably evident than that those were most certainly Dissenters, who expressly placed and prosecuted their system under the protection of the laws and regulations appointed in behalf of Dissenters, and who could not have carried on that system in any other way. And we think it has been very justly remarked by the Authors of the "History of Dissenters," that the Wesleyan Methodists, to whose wide and zealous exertions and incalculable usefulness there needs no testimony of ours,—have been very slow to manifest an equitable disposition toward the original avowed Dissenters; inasmuch as, during the greater part of their progress, they have affected to disclaim the Dissenters, to stand on a different and as it were half consecrated ground, within the precincts of the Church, and on this ground to disallow the imputation of schism, alleging that *they* were not among the deserters and the enemies of the Church, when all the while they owed their existence with impunity to the protective institutes, the attainment and prolongation of which had cost the Dissenters a long account of great exertions and deep sufferings,—and when, too, the only thanks obtained from the Church for this pretended adherence, this disclaimer of combination with the Dissenters, were scorn and detestation.

For diverting so far away from the personal history of Dr. F., we must allege in excuse the example of his Biographer, who dwells at some length on the circumstances of the revival of religion, by the innovation of Whitefield and Wesley, and their zealous contemporaries, in the part of the country where the Dr.'s subsequent ministerial lot was cast. We return to to him but to conclude our notice of the book.

Toward the latter part, there are many details of his con-

nexion with important religious institutions, the Bible Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, and a new academical institution in Yorkshire for young ministers. Relatively to the Mission, there are some characteristic letters from Andrew Fuller. Near the close there are some interesting displays, in most instances in his own words, of Dr. F.'s mournful but pious sensibility under the loss of near relatives, and affecting references to the sensible approach of the end of all his labours and afflictions. The earnestness of his diligence was not to be abated by either his bereavements or his increasing infirmities. His invincible assiduity in preparing his Devotional Family Bible, which was not commenced till his sixty-eighth year, maintained an admirable rivalry with the best exertions of his most vigorous years. In one of his letters he says,

'I often wonder that I have been enabled to sit to close study, for twelve or fourteen hours in the day, without any material injury to my health. The fact is, I am running a race with death at my heels, not knowing how soon he may overtake me. The work is formidable; but who can tell what the Almighty may intend to do by one of the weakest and most unworthy of his servants?'—'At all events, so long as I am continued in a capacity for writing, I feel a strong inclination to persevere. Above two thousand close pages have cost me some labour.'

The entire manuscript amounted to near nine thousand quarto pages.—No criticism is here necessary on the numerous writings of Dr. F., which are all recounted, with the circumstances prompting or attending them, by the Biographer. Several of them have been extensively and beneficially read, especially his Sick Man's Employ, Advice to Youth, and Essay on Anger. It is impossible for any writings to bear more unequivocal marks of piety, seriousness, and the worthiest intentions. As to literary quality, they were correct and perspicuous, and did not by an ambitious style affect to lay claim to mental endowments of the powerful or original order.

For a close, we transcribe the interesting paragraph which closes the Memoir.

'It is not without sentiments of regret, mingled with other emotions, that the writer now lays down his pen. After having spent many of his evening and midnight hours, as it were, in converse with the deceased, by endeavouring to draw aside the curtain from days that are gone for ever, and by musing over his manuscript papers, the conclusion of his labours is like another separation, without the prospect of meeting again on this side the grave. He now commits the result of his researches to the public, with a sincere wish that a Divine blessing may accompany them, so that they may be in some measure instrumental in promoting and perpetuating those principles and that true spirit of Christianity, which are honourable to God and conducive to the best interests of mankind.'

Art. II. 1. *A Vindication of the Criminal Law, and the Administration of Public Justice in England, from the Imputation of Cruelty.* In a Charge delivered to the Grand Jury at the Assizes held at Ely, by Edward Christian, Esq. Barrister, Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge, and Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1819.

2. *The Substance of the Speech of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M.P.* in the House of Commons, March 2, 1819, on the Motion of Sir J. Mackintosh, Bart. that "a Select Committee be appointed to consider of so much of the Criminal Laws as relates to Capital Punishments for Felonies." 8vo. pp. 34. London, 1819.

IT is not on account of any novelty or force in the remarks brought forward by the learned Professor in this Vindication of the Criminal Law, that we are induced to resume the discussion of a subject on which we have already stated at some length the grounds of our opinion; but because the appearance of such a publication evinces the necessity of keeping alive the general attention which has been attracted to this grand feature of our domestic policy; because it shews that there are prejudices in high places which will oppose the utmost force of resistance to any attempts to meliorate our penal code; and that therefore no relaxation of effort can be allowed to the friends of the desired reform, under the mistaken idea that its abstract wisdom, or the eloquence of its advocates, will ensure for it immediate success.

We have read this "Vindication" with emotions partaking of surprise, but still more of satisfaction; surprise that at this time of day, a gentleman filling a high judicial station, should have put forth a pamphlet on this momentous topic, exhibiting so much looseness of reasoning, confusion of ideas, and even want of information; satisfaction that the severity of the Criminal Law is shewn to be susceptible of no more plausible a vindication, and that it has found no abler advocate. It is not indeed often, that the lawyer and the legislator are combined in the same character with illustrious advantage. It is not even desirable, that those whose province it is to administer justice with sacred and implicit adherence to the letter of the laws as they exist, should have their habits of deferential and patient research disturbed, or the opinions carefully deduced from statutes and precedents, shaken or perplexed, by free and speculative reasonings. Now and then, an individual has been found to possess the opposite qualities of mind and habits of thought in so nicely balanced perfection and activity, as to be capable of passing immediately from the bar to the senate, without ever suffering his learning to obscure his notions of moral rectitude and humanity, or his private convictions to bias

his professional decisions. An individual of this rare description, standing equally high as a lawyer and as a philanthropist, commanding the deference even of the judicial bench, and conciliating the confidence and admiration of the public, whether as his clients, his constituents, or his opponents, has even within our own time appeared, reflecting lustre on his profession, and doing as much honour as service to his country. But it would be too much to require of the most eminent among those he has left behind, that he should be a Romilly. Had that inestimable person, however, received the completion of his moral and legal education as a barrister in the Criminal Courts, instead of being a Chancery pleader, the phenomenon would have been still more striking.* If the scenes in which the greater part of our time is necessarily past, the aspect under which we become familiarized with human nature, and the kind of business which employs our exertions, have any tendency to give a permanent determination to the opinions and character, then, we cannot suppose otherwise than that the life of a barrister, passed, as Mr. Christian says his has been, and honourably passed, in the Criminal Courts, must, in the very nature of things, entail, like other professional avocations of an exclusive nature, some peculiar disadvantages. As an anatomist is prone to resolve every thing into organization, as adequate to explain all the phenomena of life, so, the lawyer may be led, by a similar perverseness, to attribute all the healthful or morbid appearances of society to the efficacy or inefficacy of law, and it will be natural to him to view as the sovereign remedy, the increase of its penalties. Habituated to the most disgusting specimens of depraved human nature, conversant with his fellow men chiefly under the character of nuisances or victims, he would be in danger of sinking in hopeless melancholy, were it not in the nature of the most painful impressions to become by reiteration, powerless. The veracity of the witness, the inflexibility of the judge, these are the only forms of virtue with which he is familiar: all the rest is the dry routine of necessary forms, the dexterity of counsel, and the apparatus of punishment. And yet, uninteresting, and in some respects disgusting, as are the circumstances attendant upon his profession, its importance, which is unquestionable, is not likely to

* It will occur to the reader as an honourable exception to some of the following remarks, that this phenomenon is in some degree realized in the person of that distinguished member of the House of Commons, who is now endeavouring to follow up the measures which Sir Samuel Romilly had so much at heart. The late Recorder of Bombay has necessarily passed many years of his life under the disadvantageous circumstances alluded to.

lose any of its dimensions in his own eyes, as he learns to identify it with the safety, the very existence of society. The multiplication of offences rising up continually before him, and tending to exclude all other and more hopeful views of society, will place this connexion in the strongest light. No wonder, then, that the individual, especially if gifted originally with no very distinguished capacity or elevation of mind, should resent any attempt to disturb the veriest excrescence of the jurisprudential system, as endangering the peace and security of society.

We think that every allowance ought to be made for the prejudices of persons of consideration in their profession, when discovering out of the line of that profession, any remarkable deficiency of good sense or liberality. Those who are the highest authorities in declaring what the law *is*, are not the paramount authority in determining what it ought to be: nay, they should perhaps be the last persons to admit that it ought to be otherwise than it is. To check the rashness of legislation, and to prevent the introduction of anomalous enactments, it is most highly fit, that that which is at once the highest legislative and the ultimate judicial court, should call to its aid the administrators of the laws, and that they should even possess a certain ascendency in its decisions. But still, we must anticipate that the opinions of men trained up in these habits, will not uniformly harmonize with sound legislative wisdom; that they will sometimes seem to loiter behind the improving views and enlightened experience of the better part of society; and as laws are none the worse for being old, so, opinions may seem to such individuals, to lose no part of their venerable authority from becoming obsolete. When, therefore, these opinions are assailed, the tenacity with which they are held by their few remaining advocates, may possibly be found degenerating into petulant dogmatism.

The style in which Professor Christian has drawn up the present Vindication of the Criminal Law, will amply justify these remarks. He has thought proper to stigmatize the temperate expression of the prevalent feeling in favour of a legislative revision of the Penal Code, as 'a clamour against the 'laws of the country,' a clamour 'founded in a misrepresen-'tation of facts, in a misapplied humanity, and a misconception 'and ignorance of the principles of the laws of England.' This is a serious and formidable charge, which, as implicating some of the first personages in the kingdom, some of the ablest statesmen, as well as some of the highest judicial characters, the Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely ought not to have been the person to bring forward rashly, or upon insufficient evidence.

The solitary document which is referred to in order to substantiate the above statement, is, the Petition of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London presented to

the House of Commons, Jan. 25, 1819, from which Mr. Professor Christian extracts the assertion, 'that the determination, 'by juries to counteract the severe enactments of our laws, is 'of *daily occurrence*.' Two instances are specified by the Petitioners, in illustration of this statement; the one is the case of John Meakins, in the year 1807, the other that of Bridget M'Allister, in the following year. After remarking upon the nature of each of these, the Professor exclaims:

'So, for two cases, which are substantially correct, and which would have been perfectly so if each prisoner had been found guilty of Petty Larceny, the London Juries and all Juries are to be slandered, the Judges insulted, and the whole administration of justice degraded.'

We are ready to admit that the two instances brought forward in the Petition, afford very slender ground for the strong assertion with which they are connected, that the 'determination' of Juries to counteract the severe enactment of the laws, is of *daily* occurrence. Although that assertion is substantially true, and although some difficulty might be felt in adverting to more recent instances, we cannot but regret that the Petitioners should have contented themselves with evidence so insufficient as to bring suspicion upon their own statement. These cases were, it is true, ready at hand, having again and again been referred to since they were first mentioned in the House of Commons by Sir Samuel Romilly; a circumstance which, as stamping a sort of authenticity upon the evidence, might probably recommend it to the gentlemen who framed the petition. But we wonder that they did not perceive that the opinion of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London, which must have been formed upon very different ground from that of two instances which occurred between eleven and twelve years ago, would have carried far more weight with it, in the shape of a simple affirmation, than incumbered with this meagre proof.

But we must go further, and admit that the statement itself is incautiously worded, and adapted, as all overcharged statements are, to defeat its own purpose. Such a determination on the part of Juries could be known to exist, only from their actually bringing in verdicts at variance with their oath; and this must have become systematically prevalent, before such instances of perjury could be of daily occurrence. Nothing was doubtless further from the intention of the worshipful and other Petitioners, than to cast an injurious imputation on so many of their fellow citizens; but we freely own that the Professor has an advantage given him by so unguarded an assertion.

If the Petitioners had confined themselves to the representa-

tion, that the growing reluctance of Juries, a reluctance in unison with the public feeling, to convict, in the case of crimes of a particular description, of the capital offence, had of late repeatedly manifested itself in their scrupling to admit in evidence what had been before held to be competent proof; if they had adverted to the strong expression of this feeling in the cases of some recent Bank prosecutions; if they had argued this disposition in Juries, from the numerous recommendations to mercy in cases of clear and decided guilt; or if they had simply pointed out the strong temptation to which a Juryman is exposed, to bring in a false verdict in instances where the excessive severity of the Law makes him shrink from the performance of his duty; the statement would have been unimpeachably correct, and quite as efficient for the purpose of the argument.

It is not that we have any doubt of a reluctance to convict being very frequent, and this reluctance may have often misled individuals into an actual dereliction of their duty as jurors. But a 'determination' on the subject would bespeak something more than reluctance: it would evince on the part of the Juryman, not only a very mistaken idea of his duty and of the responsibility connected with it, but also a most inadequate sense of the sacred obligation of an oath. A Jury sworn to bring in a verdict according to the evidence of the *fact*, have no occasion whatever to concern themselves with the nature of the *law*. It is not they who pass the sentence or determine the penalty: their responsibility is purely that which attaches to honest men passing their judgement upon the fact at issue; and their approbation or disapprobation of the laws as they stand, ought not in the slightest degree to bias their verdict. We believe this has not always been so distinctly understood as it ought to be, and hence verdicts have been brought in, more consonant with humanity than with justice. And so long as the Penal Code retains its sanguinary character, it doubtless will be felt as a most trying hardship, that the only alternative to perjury, should sometimes consist in being instrumental to the destruction of an unhappy but perhaps not incorrigible offender.

The two cases referred to in the Petition of the Corporation of the City of London, must not however be dismissed as unworthy of attention. John Meakins was indicted for stealing a pocket-book value sixpence, together with two bills of exchange, and three Bank Notes of the value of ten pounds each. Mr. Professor Christian, having been at the pains of examining the Sessions' paper, affirms, that there was no evidence whatever that the prisoner had ever in his possession a ten pound note. The Judge and the Jury, he says, '*might have thought*,' that the wife of the prosecutor had never put the Bank Notes into

the pocket-book, or that they might have been taken out by some other person before the prisoner had stolen the book. But this supposition is at direct variance with the verdict. The Jury, undoubtedly, had such been their conviction, would have found him guilty of stealing only the book. Would the 'able and correct Judge,' to borrow Mr. Christian's words, have 'endured in silence' that a pocket-book valued at sixpence in the indictment, should be gravely made the subject of a verdict of stealing to the value of thirty-nine shillings? In the other case, the box in which the ten pound note had been put by the prosecutor, was valued at one penny: in this case also, although there was no evidence, Mr. Christian says, that the culprit was ever in possession of a ten pound note, the Jury found her guilty of stealing to the value of thirty-nine shillings. Yet, he Chief Justice of Ely perceives no absurdity in these verdicts n his supposition! Only, he remarks that each prisoner ought o have been found guilty of Petty Larceny. But the question s, whether, in each case, the humanity of the Jury did not nduly bias their verdict, that is, unduly for the purposes of trict justice, and whether the extreme severity of the law did ot operate on their minds, as the reason for bringing in the risoners not guilty of the capital charge. Most persons will magine that this was the case. We might also ask, whether he doubt, if any doubt existed in the mind of the Judge, as to whether the box did or did not contain the notes supposed to be tolen with it, (and which every one must believe were the object f the theft,) formed any sufficient ground for so immense a lisproportion between what was, and what would otherwise ave been the sentence, as that of a year's confinement and the ine of one shilling, contrasted with the punishment of death: ve say, supposing the law under which they were tried to be nexceptionable in its severity, was not the sentence of the udge quite as liable to objection, as the verdict of the Jury? o doubt, there were circumstances connected with the respective ases, which weighed with the Judge as well as with the Jury, hat are not recorded in the Sessions' paper. Similar modifiations of the verdict, in the case of capital charges, with the anction of the judge, are well known, however, to be by no eans unfrequent. Thus, 'Guilty of stealing, but not privately,' 'Guilty of stealing, but not in the dwelling house,' re verdicts often recorded, not from any doubt that if the eft was committed at all, it was committed privately, or committed in the dwelling house, but from a wish to mitigate the verity of the sentence. Some deficiency in the chain of evience may sometimes be laid hold of for this purpose; but any rious deficiency of this kind, would obviously be fatal to the hole indictment: it much more generally proceeds from a

reluctance to convict of the capital charge, a reluctance which we earnestly hope Mr. Professor Christian is the only person in this country, holding a high judicial station, to stigmatize as in itself improper or unworthy of Englishmen, reprehensible as it confessedly becomes when it leads persons to go to the extent of violating their oath. Indeed, he himself instances with high approbation, as illustrating the merciful spirit of the laws, the case of a butler who was found in possession of wine to the amount of more than £100 value, which was proved to be his master's property, but it was 'held right that the Jury should 'acquit of the capital charge, because he *very probably* might 'steal only one bottle at a time,' the Judges having decided that property to the amount of forty shillings must, in order to its being a capital offence, be stolen at once. Now if this is not an instance of *evading* the capital sentence out of compassion to the culprit, we know not what can deserve to be so characterized. The construction put upon the Statute by the Judges, does them honour: it shews their strong disposition to mitigate, so far as lies within their power, the sanguinary severity of the Penal Code. But we must be allowed to doubt whether evasions such as these, answer the purposes of justice any better than the 'pious perjury' of a jury. Indeed, we can conceive of no danger that would arise from the mitigation of the law, that does not in a tenfold degree attach to these perpetually occurring instances of its relaxation in practice.

But the learned Professor is anxious to have it believed, not only that *Juries* shew no disposition to counteract the severity of the laws, but that what has been affirmed with regard to the unwillingness of *Witnesses* to give evidence in the case of capital indictments, is equally destitute of foundation. He declares, that he 'never saw within his jurisdiction a pre-'varicating witness, or one who attempted to suppress the truth, 'from an inducement to favour the prisoner.' Apparently with a view to give force to this assertion, although the instance is not at all in point, he refers to the circumstance of two young men being compelled to give evidence against their brother in law, who had attempted to poison them both, in order to obtain their property. When, in consequence of their declining to appear at the previous assizes, they were taken in custody, and brought by an officer into court, 'they gave their evidence con-'sistent with truth and public justice, though they manifested 'at the same time, an amiable anxiety not to complete the 'misery of their sister.' 'There *may be*,' adds Professor C., 'as in that case, sometimes amongst relations or near connec-'tions, an unwillingness to prosecute; but, fortunately for the 'public safety, the prosecution is not left to their choice.'

The instance thus brought forward, is that of a person

charged with the intent to *murder*, a crime which, with the exception of some respectable individuals of the Society of Friends, is universally held to be worthy of death. A reluctance either to prosecute, to give evidence, or to find a true verdict in such a case, could not, obviously, have its origin in dissatisfaction with the severity of the law. In point of fact, no such reluctance is found to exist. No one has ever asserted or imagines it to exist. The exception of relatives placed in so painful a predicament, needs not come into consideration: any feelings of compassion for the culprit which may survive in their minds the discovery of his guilt, would oppose no obstacle to the administration of justice. What does the Professor's argument gain by such an instance as this? Can he perceive no difference of enormity between the crime of murder and that, for instance, of horse stealing, which should afford scope for a somewhat different exercise of compassion towards the offender under the indiscriminating severity of the law? Is a readiness to prosecute or to give evidence in the one case, any proof that there exists no reluctance to be accessary to the conviction of the offender in the other? Or is the learned Professor of the Laws of England ignorant, that while crimes with violence have always been viewed as both deserving and requiring to be visited with the extreme punishment, it is in the case of simple offences against property without violence, and these only, that the disposition in favour of an alteration of the law is with truth affirmed to be gaining ground. But Mr. Christian either loses sight of this distinction, or he purposely refuses to notice it. This capital blunder, for such we are willing to regard it, runs through his whole pamphlet. He freely charges the advocates of a reform in our Criminal Law, with misrepresentation, while he is himself guilty, through this singular inadvertence, of misrepresenting their views and opinions most grossly. The proposed measures, which have for the extent of their design, the repeal of statutes for the most part not a century old, he stigmatizes as 'new inventions,' and 'new fangled schemes,' originating in a want of attachment to the laws of our country; and the axioms on which these are supposed to rest, he broadly insinuates, are made use of only by 'design or ignorance.' Nay, he quotes Herodotus as an authority for calling them 'madmen,' as treating with contempt the salutary prejudices which every nation has in favour of its own laws; and, he charges them roundly with endeavouring to ridicule the administration of justice in this country.

When a dogmatist of commanding energy of intellect, such a man as was Horsley or Ellenborough, endeavours, by the mere terrors of his voice, to over-awe an antagonist whom he cannot confute, or, lashed into wrathful eloquence, calls vitu-

peration to his aid, there is a grandeur in the stormy display of so much talent, which half redeems the impropriety. But we can feel no respect for the feeble ebullitions of a third-rate mind when betrayed into an imitation of this logical thunder. On reviewing such flippant assertions as these of Professor Christian's, we are only led to regret that the learned Writer did not confine the labours of his pen to his Notes upon Blackstone. Mr. Buxton shall be made to reply to these aspersions.

'To prove the impolicy of our criminal code, I first state, *that it is at variance with the old law of England,* that our ancestors confined their capital denunciations to a few crimes of great enormity. that we extend ours to offences as various in complexion, as they are vast in number. To prove the first part of this statement, it is only necessary to refer to Lord Coke, who says in his third institute; "Pleas of the crown and criminal causes are most of them by Act of Parliament, and some by common law" And another high legal authority states, that treasons and sacrilege were the only crimes punishable with death by the common law. To prove the second part, viz. that the law of our days displays no such abstinence. I refer to the advocate of that system, Dr. Paley, who says: "that the law of England by the number of statutes creating capital offences, sweeps into the net every crime which under any possible circumstances may merit the punishment of death," and, indeed, as he confesses in the next page, some crimes, which by no possible contingency, by no conceivable peculiarity of aggravation, can merit that penalty. Here then are two systems precisely the reverse of each other. And this will appear more clearly, by observing the march of criminal law, in this country. Judge Blackstone states, that one of the most remarkable circumstances to be observed in the Saxon laws is, the extreme paucity of capital punishments.—Descending then from common law to statute law, I hold in my hand a list of those offences which at this moment are capital by statute, in number 223; the first in the reign of Edward III, and the last in the present century, comprising a period of about 450 years. Of these 223, six were enacted in the 150 years from the reign of Edward III. to the death of Henry VII. In the next 150 years from the accession of Henry VIII., to the accession of Charles II., thirty were enacted; and in the last 150 years, from the accession of Charles II. to the present time, 187.

'Or to put it in another point of view,

In the reigns of the Plantagenets	4
In the reigns of the Tudors	27
In the reigns of the Stewarts	36
In the reigns of the House of Brunswick	156

'Or to make it still stronger, more crimes have been denounced as capital in the reign of his present Majesty, than in the reigns of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stewarts combined.

'I think it important to mention these facts, as shewing the tenderness with which our ancestors proceeded in capital enactments, as contrasted with the celerity which has characterized their descendants, with that readiness in the legislature, to gratify every petitioner, friendly or hostile, with "a felony without benefit of clergy."

'Success in all other applications to government, in the time of Mr. Burke, (as my Honourable and Learned Friend has so ludicrously stated), was problematical, but no man retired in di-appointment, who only craved the indulgence of a "felony without benefit of clergy."'

'Important, as proving, that a remarkable tenderness for human life, is the spirit of the British constitution, often violated, indeed, by its monarchs, but still its true spirit, if that spirit may be collected from the declarations and acts of our ancestors. But, important also as furnishing an answer to a species of calumny, miscalled argument, which has been directed against the proposer of this motion, and those who approve the revision of the penal law, as if it were our purpose to substitute modern invention for the ancient practice of the law of England. Now, I would ask; this very new theory—this untried innovation—this wild speculation of yesterday; what does it prove to be?—The old law of England! And this ancient venerable fabric, which we wish to overturn—what is this? An edifice, which has sprung up under our own eyes, to which additions have been made in the memory of every man who hears me, and of which, one third is only so antique as the reign of George III., and nine tenths posterior to the accession of the Brunswick family'

'It is a fact, and a very melancholy fact, that there are persons living in this kingdom, at whose birth, the criminal code contained less than sixty capital enactments, and who, in the short space committed to the life of man, have seen that number quadrupled,—who have seen an act pass, making offences capital by the dozen and by the score; and what is worse, bundling up together offences, trivial and atrocious, some nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others nothing beyond a civil trespass; I say, bundling this ill sorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it, "death without benefit of clergy." For instance, within the memory of man, a famous act passed, making seventeen offences capital at once, of which one was, wilfully and maliciously shooting at a man; and another was, destroying a rabbit in a warren: of which one was setting fire to a house, exposing its owner and his family to the flames; and another, breaking down the head of a fish-pond. Here they are, and thirteen others, in one paragraph. But you will observe, that this strange annexation of equal penalty, for most unequal offences; this conjunction of acts, between which the difference is as broad and palpable as between night and day; this strange and extravagant generalization, is by no means the product of ancient wisdom, but a creation of our own times.'

With regard to the prevailing indisposition on the part of individuals injured, to prosecute, where the indictment must be laid capitally, the Professor does not attempt to deny that 'offenders frequently escape from punishment because the 'persons whom they have injured will not complain to a 'magistrate;' but he would resolve this purely into the wish to avoid incurring the trouble and expense attending prosecution. 'This motive,' he says, 'is not at all affected by the degree or 'nature of the punishment.'

mercial man of extensive connexions, without being satisfied that the severity of the Law is, in reference to this particular crime, continually occasioning the impunity of the guilty. The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the expediency of a revision of our Criminal Law, found no difficulty in collecting from the most respectable quarters, ample testimony to the truth of this statement. Mr. Buxton refers, in his Speech, to some very striking instances, and he alludes in very forcible terms to the vast number of fraudulent bankruptcies which, on account of the severity of the law, are continually taking place with impunity. In the case of some other crimes against property without violence, the requisite evidence would be obtained with less facility, both because tradesmen would feel disinclined to make it known that they should suffer such an injury to be committed upon themselves without proceeding to the extremity of the law, and because while the capital punishment really and primarily operated to deter them from prosecuting, it might not be the only motive, the trouble and expense being at the same time felt as a serious grievance. A disapprobation of the severity of the law, in respect to the offences of shop-lifting and privately stealing, we may however with confidence affirm to be increasingly prevalent. The Writer of this Article was deterred purely by the consideration of the capital punishment, from proceeding against a delinquent under circumstances of a most aggravated description. Nothing but a conscientious reluctance to take away the woman's life, made him shrink from the performance of what he felt to be a public duty. While he remained as yet undecided, he consulted a gentleman of the highest consideration in the legal profession as to the line of conduct he should adopt, when he found that the fixed resolution never to prosecute capitally for a simple offence against property, had induced this gentleman to suffer his own servant to escape with impunity, when detected in a similar crime. On mentioning the case in a small circle of friends, he found two of the company had each been robbed by a domestic, but had suffered the delinquent to go unpunished, because it was a hanging matter. One of the individuals admitted that 'the trouble and expense' would have rendered him disinclined to prosecute, but that he did not think of these at the moment: the only consideration which deterred him from proceeding against the offender, was the severity of the law. Another friend instanced, to the same point, the case of a relative, an eminent solicitor, who, in spite of remonstrances from an official quarter, on the ground of the unprofessional character of such a proceeding, resolutely declined to prosecute one of his clerks for an atrocious robbery, purely because he must have laid the indictment capitally.

That this was the only motive by which he was actuated, he had unfortunately occasion to evince, by bringing to justice soon after this, another individual in his employment, who was found guilty of a transportable offence. The Evidence which will accompany the Report of the Commons' Committee, will, we have no doubt, be amply sufficient to leave without excuse the most perverse incredulity.

It will not be necessary to follow the learned Professor through his sketch of the history of the Criminal Law, the greater part of which is wholly irrelevant, or rather, of a bearing directly opposite to his purpose. He affirms that in former times, that is, in the days of Popery and Despotism, 'good 'morals supplied the place of severe laws;' hence it is, it seems, that 'we now punish with death, in innumerable in-'stances, crimes which had no existence whatever in our an-'cient laws, but which the wicked inventions, and the licen-'tious practices of modern times, rendered it indispensably ne-'cessary that the Legislature should repress with severe and 'exemplary punishment.' By which we are to understand, that 'setting fire to barns or stacks of corn or hay,' 'maim-'ing or killing cattle,' child-stealing, sheep-stealing, and forgery, are all inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, or, at least, crimes which had not before that period been committed with sufficient frequency to be repressed by severe and exemplary punishment!! How much must Professor Christian regret that it was not his happy lot to live in those good old times!

He seems to complain, however, that 'the people of Eng-'land have always manifested a far greater dread of tyrants, 'than of robbers and murderers.' This is far from being the case with himself. He lives, he tells us, 'in a solitary house' in the country, where he is frequently obliged to leave his family. He has 'all the precautions of dogs, fire-arms, lights, 'and bells,' and he never goes to sleep in his own house, 'without having a brace of double-barrelled pistols loaded 'with ball, within his reach.' This is not sufficient to preclude frequent alarms and constant anxieties. And it is his firm belief, that had not the bill for repealing the statute of xii *Ann.* c. 7., which has frequently passed the House of Commons, been constantly rejected in the House of Lords, the property and lives of his Majesty's subjects would all have been in the greatest jeopardy, and women would not have had much chance of wearing even the marriage ring with safety. Such is the efficacy of the terror of capital punishment as held out by that Act of Parliament, which Mr. Christian terms 'the most important and va-'luable' as regards our domestic security, in the whole Statute Book. But 'not one in a thousand suffers death for these

'crimes.' 'So much the better,' rejoins the Professor, 'it proves 'the crime has not been committed with circumstances of ter-'ror or aggravation.' What! can robberies against which it is necessary to have 'all the precautions of dogs, fire-arms, 'lights, and bells, and loaded pistols,' be committed without being attended by circumstances of terror! Oh, but 'that 'great man Cicero has recommended, that the punishment 'should fall upon a few, but all should live under the appre-'hension of it.' The futility of this argument for continuing the present practice of passing the capital sentence upon an indiscriminate number of offenders, not one in ten of whom is to be executed, has again and again been shewn; and indeed, all that we in courtesy must term argument, in the Professor's pamphlet, has so repeatedly been brought forward in Parliamentary discussions, and has as often met with the most successful refutation, that it would be but a waste of time to go further into the subject. We may just remark that all that he has quoted from Scripture and the Classics, to shew the lawfulness of inflicting the punishment of death, must either be supposed to justify the making of every species of crime a capital offence, or it proves nothing as to the point at issue.

But, if we are not mistaken, the Professor, towards the close of his pamphlet, lets us into the secret of the real cause of his angry deprecation of any change in the existing law. 'Mr. 'Justice Foster, and Mr. Justice Blackstone, and the best 'writers upon Criminal Law, concur,' it appears, in opinion, 'that no one can be justified in killing another, unless he is 'committing a crime by force, for which, if he had committed 'it, the law will take away his life.' Now, if the statutes were repealed which annex the punishment of death to various kinds of robbery not amounting to burglary, gentlemen who are too free in the use of fire-arms, double-barrelled pistols loaded with ball, or even spring-guns, might stand a chance of being indicted for murder. The inference is obvious. But whether the existing statutes should be suffered to remain, solely for their private accommodation or peace of mind, must be submitted to the wisdom of the Legislature.

To allay, however, the panic terrors by which the Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely may be visited on learning that a Bill is actually preparing to be submitted to the House of Commons, which will have the effect of abolishing thirty-seven capital felonies, we beg to invite his attention to the consolatory statement recently made to that honourable House, that, contrary to his own supposition, crimes of an atrocious description have, in this country, been progressively diminishing in number. It appears that the number of convictions and executions within the Home circuit for murder within three separate periods, has been as follows:

From 1688 to 1718, 123 convicted, 87 executed
1755 to 1784, 67 - - - 57
1784 to 1814, 54 - - - 44

In the jurisdiction of the City of London, a striking diminution in the number of violent offences, has also taken place.

Mr. Christian, in proof of the alarming increase of the crime of p.ivately stealing from the person, which he ascribes to the repeal of the capital statute viii Eliz. c. 4, gravely remarks:

'There is never a crowded place of v), but a number of pickpockets are seen there; and horrid to r they commit their crimes even at the most solemn] of the Divi service.'

If Mr. Christian had been at the] to refer to the preamble of this very statute of El], t repeal of which he so pathetically deplores, he w(a have f(d it assigned as one reason for making the offence tal, 'I t whereas a certain kind of evil-disposed pers(s, comm(y called cut-purses, or pickpockets, &c. do conte ite . . . . . as well *at sermons and preachings of the word of God, and in places and time of doing service and comm n prayer in churches, chapels, closets, and oratories*, an(not only there, but also in the Prince's palace, house, yea and presence, and at the places and courts of justice, and at the times of ministration of the laws . . . . . yea, and at the time of doing of execution of such as have been attainted of any murder, felony, or other criminal cause, ordained chiefly for terror and example of evil doers,' &c.* Here, too, he might have found the inefficacy of the capital punishment recognised so far back as the reign of Elizabeth, in an act of parliament framed for the very purpose of extending it to a crime which had not before been capital.

We take the liberty of respectfully offering one word more to Professor Christian on parting. He must not accuse us of *hyper*-criticism, if we object to the tenour of his titlepage. He ought to know that it is not 'the *administration* of public 'justice' in this country, that is considered as chargeable with that severity for which he has chosen to substitute the word *cruelty*. On the contrary, it is the systematic lenity of that administration as measured by the severity of the law, which forms one argument, and to us it appears an unanswerable one, for some revision of the Criminal Code. He cannot have forgotten that it was no other than the Right Honourable Sir William Grant, who contended in the House of Commons, that the law and the practice being thus at variance, cannot both be right. Cruelty is not what is charged upon the laws, but an inexpedient and impolitic severity. Surely it was beneath the

* See Buxton's Speech, p. 28.

character of a respectable man, to have recourse to this virtual misrepresentation. But Mr. Christian's zeal for the laws, and his anger against 'the reformers of human governments,' have in many respects transported him beyond the bounds of either fair argument or good manners. He has seemed to forget that the sneers and the charges which he perhaps meant only for the framers of the Petition of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London, apply equally to all the advocates of the reform he deprecates—to the Duke of Gloucester, to the Marquess of Lansdowne, and to Lord Grenville, especially, in the upper House, and, not to speak of departed excellence, to the late Recorder of Bombay, to the late Master of the Rolls, to Sir Arthur Piggott, to Mr. Abercromby, to Mr. Wilberforce, and other eminent members of the Commons. We do not add to these Mr. Buxton's name, because his work on prisons may have procured for him in the Professor's estimation, the odious name of a Reformer. He must however entertain a most overweaning estimate of his personal importance, if he thinks that any of these distinguished individuals will attach much weight to the blind prejudices and angry insinuations of the Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely.

Art. III. *A Course of Lectures on Subjects connected with the Corruption, Revival, and future Influence of Genuine Christianity.* By W. J. Fox. 8vo. pp. 315. London, 1819.

A MAN of sound and sober judgement, who finds himself on the negative side of a controversy, will take more especial care to avoid the style of flimsy declamation, for this among other reasons, that nothing is so easy as to produce a sensible effect by mere declamation, when the object is to disprove a point of popular belief, and shake conviction. Every one knows, that to establish a positive proposition, to detail the evidence which supports it, and to obviate objections, is incomparably a more arduous work than to invalidate that evidence, to expatiate upon objections, and to inject so much suspicion as shall inflict an incurable palsy upon the steadiness of belief. In large towns especially, where there is always to be found a great deal of pert, half-taught intelligence, it requires little more ability, and less courage, to fling about doubts and make sceptics, than to fling stones and break windows. A man of moderate ingenuity and plausible utterance, shall convert all the smart youths in a large congregation into sagacious disbelievers, in less time than it may employ the most able reasoner to unravel the perplexities of one confused mind, relative to the clearest principle of morality or religion. A man of sense and reflection, we say, will therefore be very abstemious, rigid, and conscien-

tious in his use of mere declamation on the *sceptical side* of an argument. He will scorn the easy triumph of sending home to their desks and counters, trains of misthinking, and unread striplings, puffed up with doubts and criticisms. He will leave it to those who can do no better, to indulge in cheap harangues, that are fit only to whip the innocence of 'prentice-wit all into the froth of scepticism. If he thinks it his duty to expose the invalidity of prevailing opinions, he will earnestly seek to counteract the levity of change, and the vanity of doubt, which will too often run before his efforts, by inuring his hearers or readers to habits of strict and painful attention. And while the advocates of these (unfounded) opinions are driven, by the nature of the ground they occupy, to fly off from hard argument into vapid declamation, he will find that unfounded opinions are best exposed by the reverse of the method which is indispensably employed in their support; and he will convince his hearers, that he desires nothing so ardently as to see them revolving the bare, dry evidence of the question in the spirit of jurors, on whose determination life is depending.

Mr. Fox tell us that, 'Controversial sermons are,' in his apprehension, 'merely speeches to set people thinking; and 'this notion will,' he says, 'account for the appearance of 'what many will deem faults in his lectures, which he was not 'solicitous to avoid or expunge.' He may be allowed the use of this notion as an apology for the inflation of his style and the slight construction of his argument, to the fullest extent of his necessity: but we must remark, that this quaint phrase, to 'set people thinking,' does but too well prognosticate the defective kind of excitement which Mr. Fox addresses to the minds of his hearers and readers. If religion—the fundamental articles of religion, be the matter of such controversial speeches, something more, surely, is required than to set people thinking, or, to speak more properly, to set them vaguely speculating in the loose giddy way which indisposes the mind to all modest, sober, and careful estimation of evidence. To set people thinking in the manner Mr. Fox aims at making them think, as we have already observed, very little thought, very little eloquence, and a little art will suffice; while it is a work of the highest difficulty, as well as of the highest importance, to induce those tempers and habits of mind that are indispensable to the hopeful study of religious controversy. We might ask Mr. Fox, why his speeches have not aimed to set people praying, as well as thinking; or why he has not insisted more upon the great Protestant principle, that the Bible, which was written for plowmen as well as for critics, nay, for plowmen rather than for critics, is so constructed, under the Divine superintendency, that *uncommented, uncriticised,* it

shall "make wise unto salvation" all who read it in devout simplicity of mind; or why he does not enjoin that reverent submission to the plain sense of Scripture, which is implied in the simple and sincere petition for Divine guidance. It is to be hoped, that the readers of these Lectures will mark for themselves the deficiency we here point out, and that they will draw from it the legitimate inference, while they remember, that representations and injunctions of the kind we have mentioned, are rarely, if ever to be found, but in connexion with the doctrines which it is the object of this volume to impugn.

We may give our readers a specimen of Mr. Fox's style of eloquence and argument. After quoting the texts, to which we subjoin the reference, he says,*

'This is Unitarianism. Can it be false? Then what becomes of Scripture, for in its very terms without perversion, are all the doctrines of Unitarianism expressed, and those denied to which they are opposed! Where this is the case, to those who admit the authority of the New Testament, controversy is at an end. Statement is proof; declaration is demonstration; and Unitarianism becomes identical with Christianity. Its refutation is that of Scripture and of reason. It is "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." And what shall dismantle such an edifice? Will the breath of man blow it down? Shall it totter beneath the thunders of excommunication? Will it be fired by those flames of inquiry in which perish the wood, hay, and stubble of human invention? Will it fall in the storm, or moulder with age? No. It is immutable truth: a building of God; eternal as the heavens: like them bidding defiance to human hostility; and like them too, shedding benignant influences on the vain assailants.' pp. 94—95.

Having then proved at large that 'Judaism was Unitarianism,' that is to say, (if such a position requires proof,) that the Jews were taught to believe in and worship one God, and that Christianity adopts this tenet of Judaism, Mr. Fox argues:

'If proofs like these be insufficient; if this weight of authority and variety of evidence is to be balanced by a few figurative passages, or even by a few texts of difficult explication; where are we to find conviction, or where is the doctrine that can be shewn to be scriptural? What mode of proof can be employed, which does not support Unitarianism? It has legitimate inference, direct implication, positive assertion. What source of evidence can be discovered, from which it is not amply supplied? It is traced in Nature, runs through the Old Testament, blazes forth in the New, and is confirmed by the early history of the Christian Church. What is the

* I Cor. viii. 4; Exodus xx. 3.; John xiv. 28.; I Cor. xi. 3.; Ezek. xviii. 20.; Matth. vii. 21.; Ps. ciii. 9.; Isai. xliv. 6.; I John iv. 8.; John iv. 23.; I John iv. 14.; Titus ii. 11.; I Tim. iv. 10.; I Cor. xv. 21, 22.; II Cor. v. 10.; Rom. viii. 21.; Acts iii. 25.

authority that it wants? It was believed by Abraham, established by Moses, enforced by the Prophets, adopted by Christ, preached by the Apostles, and sanctioned repeatedly by the voice of God himself. It agrees with the original descriptions of the Gospel, and is irreconcileable with the prophetic delineation of its corruptions. If this fail to command credence, I will not say, "neither would they believe, though one rose from the dead," for mightier miracles than that have been wrought for its proof; and it has been proclaimed by a more awful voice, the voice, not of reanimated dust, but of the ever living God of heaven.' pp. 106—7.

To all this, and much more of the same sort, we presume to offer no reply. Mr. Fox's earlier publications were distinguished, rather beyond those of the same party, by the boldness, we wish not to say effrontery, of his affirmations, and the licence he used in holding up to scorn, either the very language of Scripture, or language differing from it only by a shade of phraseology. The present volume presents many instances of the same temerity. For an instance of his hardy affirmations, in stating the Unitarianism of Patriarchal faith, Mr. Fox says, 'Such strong assertions of proper unity, *with the constant* 'use of *singular pronouns*, in declarations made in the name 'of God, and worship addressed to Him, would effectually 'stamp any book but the Bible with the name of Unitarian, in 'the judgement of the objectors.' No one of our readers can need be informed, that the words we have distinguished by italics, contain a naked untruth.

Again, for an instance of his usage of Scripture.

'Does the Trinitarian or Calvinistic preacher obey the command of Christ, to "preach glad tidings to every creature?" Will it make men glad to tell them *they are born in sin*, so as to be wholly depraved; condemned for Adam's guilt; damned without repentance, and incapable of repenting without supernatural interference; many, if not most of them, abandoned without remedy to endless misery? The Saviour was incapable of this barbarous and insulting irony.* It is as unlikely that such a system should be the Gospel, as that he should sport with the miseries of man.'

This is indeed presuming largely upon his reader's ignorance of the Bible. The same style of allusion, indecently distinct, to the very terms of Scripture, occurs in the following passage.

'How immense the distance between him (the Calvinist who believes himself converted) and the beings amongst whom he lives and moves! He is a child of God, but they are children of the Devil;

* "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." John vi. 44. "No man can come unto me except it were given unto him of my Father." 65.

his mind is the illumined and purified residence of the Holy Ghost' theirs the abode of total and invincible depravity; he is clothed with the spotless robe of imputed righteousness, while their seeming virtues are but splendid sins. Alike as they may seem to human eye, there is the awful difference of spiritual life and death, the favour and wrath of God, and an eternal destiny of joy and anguish. Is human nature to be trusted on this giddy elevation? Is this a faith which "worketh by love;" or is it not in danger of becoming the source of pride, censoriousness, presumption, and selfishness?"

We have no intention to remonstrate with Mr. Fox, but wish merely to point out, to our young readers especially, the style in which Unitarianism is advocated. We must adduce two or three instances of a different class, in which, however, there appears the same bad confidence in the reader's inattention. Mr. Fox enumerates (p. 146) the passages of the received text of the New Testament, generally allowed to be interpolations, and among them mentions, Rev. i. 11. 'where '"I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," has been 'put into the mouth of Christ.' 'Dr. Doddridge,' he adds, 'professes that this, more than any text in the Bible, pre-'vented him from believing Jesus Christ to have been a crea-'ture.' Mr. Fox knows, and any one who looks at the chapter will perceive, that the argument is altogether independent of this interpolated clause in the 11th verse, and that it rests wholly upon the relation between the eighth, and the seventeenth and eighteenth verses, of whose genuineness there is no question. v. 8. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, "saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to "come, the Almighty." v. 17, 18. "I am the first, and the "last; I am he that liveth, and was dead." And again, chap. xxi. 6. and xxii. 13. and all these expressions compared with Isai. xliv. 6. "I am the first, and I am the last, and be-"side me there is no God."

Again:

'By false translations, the unlearned reader was made to believe that that was, which was not the word of God. Thus where the Apostle enjoins to *forgive one another, even as God, by Christ, hath forgiven you,* (Fph. iv. 32.) the common translation has, "*for* "*Christ's sake,*" which every one knows to be unfair. It was an attempt, as revelation passed from the Greek into the English, to slip in, by the way, the doctrine of Atonement.' p. 147.

To say nothing of the insignificance of the criticism, or the insinuation, that the doctrine of the Atonement rests upon the turn of a phrase, it would suffice to ask, which is the strongest expression, to say, "God by Christ hath forgiven you," or to say, as Paul does, (Colos. iii. 13.) where he refers to the for-

giveness of sins as a motive to mutual forgiveness, precisely in the same way as in Eph. iv. 32. "Forbearing one another, "and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against "any, *even as Christ forgave you*, so also do ye."

Mr. Fox is wont to put in italics the parts of a quotation which he would especially reprehend or ridicule: he quotes thus from the Litany of the English Church, 'Spare us good 'Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with *thy* '*most precious blood*;' (See 1 Pet. i. 19.) and in the same way, he speaks of sprinkling '*In the name of the Father*, '*and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*' Mr. Fox knows the habits and the acquirements of his stated hearers, and of the persons among whom his volume is likely to circulate; and we see how he is accustomed to rely upon their slight acquaintance with the inspired volume, and upon their unsolicitous reception of all kinds of statements that he may think fit to advance. To follow him through a half of his misrepresentations (and some of them are indeed very gross) would occupy more of our pages than the importance of the volume would justify.

The bolder advocates of Unitarianism, (and Mr. Fox, as we shall see, is among that number,) can contemplate and acknowledge the piety, the purity, the expansive and heroic benevolence to be found every where among Trinitarian Christians, and then, breaking away from such society, turn towards Jews, Deists, and Mahometans, as to their brethren in the truth; with whom they aspire to join in a holy protest against corrupted Christianity.

'We commonly speak of Unitarianism as a subdivision of Christianity; and call ourselves Unitarian Christians. We might also speak of Christianity as a species of Unitarianism; and call ourselves Christian Unitarians. The contest has been tried on other principles than those of the Gospel, and it may not be amiss just to notice five different classes of Unitarians, who are out of the pale of Christianity.

'I. The wisest and best philosophers of Greece and Rome rose above the superstition of their age and country, and held sublime ideas of the Deity.

'II. The Jews have been steady Unitarians in all their calamities. Numbers of them became Christians before the doctrine of the Trinity was broached; but since that, conversion has been at an end. Till this barrier be thrown down, and Christianity purified, they remain witnesses against its professed advocates, but real corrupters.

'III. The disciples of Mahomet. Although his pretensions to inspiration, his employment of the sword for conversion, and the earthly nature of his paradise, deserve strong reprobation. yet when we consider the state of gross superstition into which the Christians

of the East were sunk, and the native idolatry of the Arabians, it must be allowed that he accomplished a great reformation: he introduced comparative purity of faith and worship, and probably, after all, in estimating his character, which was compounded of enthusiasm and imposture, there was more of the former than has commonly been assigned His doctrine in his own words is, "Say, God "is one God, the eternal God: he begetteth not, neither is he be- "gotten; and there is not any one like unto him." Such notions of God, from whatever source derived, must have been a blessing to those who received them in exchange for absurdity, idolatry, and degradation

'IV. While too many unbelievers of modern times stand convicted of the grossest disingenuousness in their mode of reasoning, and of great depravity of character, there are others, who seem to have been honest though mistaking inquirers, who confounded Christianity with its abuses; which, in a Catholic country, is not surprising, and opposed them both, when they should have discriminated. Many of them have been highly useful in bringing back Christians to a purer faith, and to juster notions of the rights of conscience. The resurrection of Christ is the rock of *our* immortal hopes, but the conviction cannot and ought not to be suppressed, that some creeds, called Christian, are not to be compared with the religion of nature, as stated by Lord Herbert in these five articles, &c. &c.

'V. It is probable that many philosophers of China and India have taught a pure theism, and deserve a place among the honourable opponents of idolatry and vice.'

If Unitarians are pleased to think of themselves as forming a sect of Deists, and to call themselves 'Christian Unitarians,' we may venture to say, that their opponents will be as well content with the arrangement. Thus classed and separated, then, let us stand: on the one side, the sages of Greece and Rome, "who by wisdom knew not God," and the Jews, "who "do always resist the Holy Ghost," and the followers of "the "false Prophet," and Deists, and Chinese, and Hindoos, and Christian Unitarians; and, on the other side, all those who call on the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Deists have often been urged to give a detailed and credible account of the unquestioned prevalence of Christianity, during the first century after its promulgation, on the supposition that proper miracles were not wrought by its Founder and his Apostles No such account has ever been produced. But if a parallel demand be made upon those who affirm the mere humanity of our Lord, to account for the early opinion, that he was God manifest in the flesh, on the supposition that no idea of the kind was promulgated by the Apostles, they find it easy to reply. Thus Mr. Fox, again and again, explains to

his readers, how it was, that notions relative to the person of Christ, came to prevail, for which the preaching and the writings of the Apostles afford no shadow of support.

'No sooner was the Gospel widely diffused, than it began to be corrupted. A spurious philosophy transformed its doctrines into mysteries: false shame attempted to wipe away the reproach of the cross, by elevating the lowly prophet of Nazareth to the honours of deification.' p. 2.

And again, at p. 15, we find a further *philosophical* account of the fact in question.

'Secrecy was resorted to by the early Christians, under persecution, in the celebration of their worship, from necessity, or prudence; it was retained from policy, for the purpose of exciting reverence for particular ceremonies; and being thus introduced, it gradually pervaded the whole system, until every thing was mysterious, from the most important proposition in a creed, to the most trifling article of dress of the priest by whom it was repeated. The senses and the understanding were alike bewildered.'

In the fourth Lecture, we have more at large the causes of early Trinitarianism.

'I. Temporizing with that mythology in the belief of which the Gentile converts had been educated.—To partake of the sacrificial feasts of the popular gods, to confound with these feasts, as to its nature and design, the eucharistic commemoration of Jesus, to transform his supper into a sacrifice, and him into a god, and to elevate him from a god in the pagan, to God in the Christian sense of the term, these are gradations of a progress in error which is very conceivable and probable in itself, and which by combining Scripture with history, may be discerned with tolerable distinctness. The Gentiles would with difficulty divest themselves of the notion of subordinate deities. They had been accustomed to gods of various powers and provinces, who were corporeal and of human shape, and whom they honoured by feasts on sacrificed animals in their temples. How natural to identify with such ceremonies the Lord's Supper, and to place in such a rank the Founder of their new religion! He who healed the lame and blind, chained the winds and waves, raised the dead, and himself ascended to heaven, would, in their native phraseology, be of course a god.' pp. 108, 109.

Though it be beside our immediate object, we must stop here to repeat the observation that has often been made upon representations of this sort. The advocate of our Lord's proper Divinity, could not, indeed, state the case more strikingly in favour of his own belief. It is the consideration of this probable, we might say inevitable, and immeasurably gross perversion of Christianity by the Gentile converts, that is essential to an adequate estimate of those numerous passages in the Apostolic writings which Unitarians are accustomed to speak

of as 'certain figurative expressions, of difficult interpretation.' This perversion is affirmed to have commenced in the days of the Apostles, and certainly before St. John wrote his Gospel. St. John then, who, as it is asserted, knew his Master to have been no more than a man like himself, and who witnessed the growing propensity of the Gentile Christians to revert to their old notions of demi-gods, and to transfer their heathenish phraseology to the new object of their faith, writes, for the use of these Gentiles, his history of the 'lowly prophet of Nazareth;' and what is the style of his preface? Let it be taken in the Unitarian sense; it will thus appear, if possible, still more strange: "The word was with God, and the word was a god—" and the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." This, it is affirmed by Unitarians, is the language of one who would teach simple Unitarianism, and remove, at the same time, all occasion for the error of those who were already making this Jesus the object of preposterous idolatry. This view of the subject cannot be too attentively considered. It receives a still higher importance when we view the entire Christian Scriptures, not as the defective result of human discretion, but as given to mankind by Him who "knoweth the end from the beginning." If the Gentiles would so naturally fall into the deification of Jesus, what account, that is compatible with the honour of the Divine character, can be given of those numerous passages of the New Testament which still perplex Unitarians, and still maintain in the world the prevalent belief of his Divinity? We say, the New Testament ought to be perused with the constant recollection of the fact which Mr. Fox places in so strong a light. We continue therefore our quotation.

'When Paul and Barnabas wrought a miracle at Lystra, the people said, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." They would have formed a similar opinion of Christ, had they seen or heard of him; and where apostolic authority did not reach, or as soon as the first race of believers was dead, it would be difficult to oppose the notion. *This tendency must have operated through the whole body of Gentile converts;* and to them the belief in the divinity of Christ was for some time peculiar.' p. 109.

This early 'deification of Jesus,' Mr. Fox further accounts for, from the influence of 'false shame at obeying a Teacher 'who lived in mean circumstances, and died the death of a 'slave and a malefactor,' 'the love of mystery, and of apparent 'greatness,' and a 'corrupt philosophy.' Thus he concludes:

'For whatever opinions, bearing a resemblance to modern orthodoxy, are to be found in the early periods of history, we can therefore readily account, from the operation of causes whose existence rests, not upon inference or conjecture, but apostolic testimony.' pp. 108—111.

Two remarks may be made upon this Unitarian *rationale* of early orthodoxy. First, it is observable, that the support these opinions might be imagined to have received from the misapprehension of some parts of the Apostolic writings, is left wholly out of consideration. That mass of supposed Scriptural evidence which is now adduced in the controversy, is, it seems, in the apprehension of Unitarians, too frivolous, too slender to deserve even a passing notice in this philosophical solution of the phenomenon in question. Secondly, we must perceive, that the causes here enumerated, are such as can hardly apply except to the first ages of the Church. There is then room to demand of Unitarians, to furnish, in the same philosophical spirit, a strict, particular, and adequate account of the causes to which can be attributed the survival and prevalence of Trinitarianism, under the present circumstances of Christianity, especially in this country.

It might seem enough, to require a man to give a reason of his own belief; there are, however, cases in which it may be highly significant to ask of him a reason of his neighbour's belief, or, to speak more properly, to ask him to assign a cause for his neighbour's opinions, considered philosophically, as a fact that must have an adequate cause. The prevailing opinions of men are at all times, to say no more, worthy subjects of philosophical curiosity. And if we are speaking of the prevailing opinions of men of various classes, in an enlightened age, and in a country where the discussion and the profession of opinion are unrestrained, no man capable of serious reflection, will treat the subject with contempt. But if, under such circumstances, one party in a controversy, when they allude to the opinions of their opponents, will content themselves with the statement of unmeaning and inadequate generalities; if, for instance, they will be ever declaiming about 'vulgar credulity,' where the opinions in question have received all the sanction they can receive from the unimpeachable profession of scholars and profound thinkers; if they will talk about 'priestly imposition,' where the great mass of public opinion has long been completely insubordinate to the control of every kind of artificial authority; if they will make allusion to 'political interference,' where political interference in matters of religion is altogether disclaimed, and actually repelled; if they will combine hackneyed epithets of contempt with the words superstition, enthusiasm, and fanaticism, and apply these modes of disdain to the religious opinions of large bodies of learned, liberal, free-thinking, and free-speaking Englishmen, with as little modesty or limit as they would use in speaking of the religious opinions of Spaniards, or of Russians; and if it be a small party that thus speaks, whose system consists in the recusation of certain

positive propositions, on the ground of the insufficiency of the proof alleged in their support; we say, that a strong *prima facie* case is presented, highly worthy of further examination, and bearing the presumption, that the recusant party maintains its ground in opposition to proof so *credible* in its nature, and in its degree, that it cannot be alluded to or acknowledged as the proper cause of the prevailing opinions in question, without placing the objectors, by their own concession, openly on the plain ground of pure infidelity. It is easy to perceive, that a negative system can be defended from the imputation of wilful scepticism only by the assumption of the *frivolous* nature of the proof to which it stands opposed. If, for instance, it were formally granted, that there exists a degree of legitimate proof in support of the prevalent belief of our Lord's proper Divinity, so great as might in itself suffice to account for the *fact* of the reasonable, well-instructed, unimpeachable belief in that doctrine, which has survived a lengthened and uncontrolled discussion, it would hardly be needful to name the very serious inferences contained in this concession, relative to the nature and causes of the negation commonly, but very improperly, called Unitarianism.

To justify the consequence of such inferences, it is necessary, however, that the controversy be purely positive on the one side, and purely negative on the other. In cases in which those who profess subjection to the same rule of faith are divided by the apparent opposition of *positive* proofs, which require to be balanced one against the other, and which may be reconciled by the adoption of different suppositions, an argument of this kind can have no place. But, as to the question before us, we cannot but think, that the natural course of the controversy is bringing Unitarianism more explicitly upon its proper ground, as the profession of *disbelief*, founded upon the supposed insufficiency of the alleged evidence to establish certain positive propositions. Unitarians, it is true, continue gravely to adduce text upon text in proof of the Divine Unity, and of the proper humanity and mediatorial inferiority of Jesus, with the intention to place these readily established and universally allowed principles in positive opposition to what are called orthodox opinions. But the frivolous disingenuousness and the utter futility of this mode of evading the subject in dispute, are becoming so generally perceived as to ensure, one may hope, its gradual abandonment. Incurable declaimers will continue, there is no doubt, to say what they have been wont to say, because this is an indulgence indispensable to them in the continued exercise of their public functions. So far, however, as the more intelligent advocates of the system are concerned, it is in the course of things inevitable, that an argument should fall into disuse, to which

nothing can be added, which is felt to be so entire an *evasion*, as to produce absolutely no impression upon the minds of opponents, and which subjects those who employ it to the suspicion of labouring to prove what no one doubts, because they fear to encounter the real question in dispute. Besides, the success of the attempt to represent the doctrine of the Divine Unity as being incompatible with orthodox opinions, depends wholly upon the validity, or rather the applicability of a mathematical demonstration; and therefore, a degree of absurdity attends the unsuccessful iteration of a mode of reasoning, in which there can be no alternative between its availing to prejudge the controversy, or its falling into utter contempt.

With respect to the mathematical argument against orthodoxy, it may be observed, that if it be of the smallest real value, as applied to the subject, it must be utterly decisive of the controversy, previous to the examination of evidence. No one, however, we may venture to affirm, who seriously sets himself to examine the supposed Scriptural evidence upon the subject, feels convicted of flat irrationality in consenting to weigh the pretended proof of a proposition which he must absolutely know beforehand *no* evidence can prove. A lengthened and complicated process of reasoning, though strictly demonstrative, may, owing to the very small number of persons able to comprehend its validity, wholly fail to subvert vulgar errors. But here is a demonstration that may be expressed in five words, and which is perfectly comprehensible to every one who can count his fingers,—a demonstration which does not admit of *degrees* in its power of producing conviction, nor of diversities of assent or rejection among those to whom it is proposed,—a demonstration to which the most elaborate argumentation can yield not a ray of illustration, or add a particle of force. If, then, this demonstration does not avail to *prevent* dispute; if, in fact, it has not long banished from the world the opinions called Trinitarian, it has at least made manifest its intrinsic inefficiency for that purpose. A brief, intelligible demonstration is formidable only *in front*; he who has passed over it, and looks back, sees nothing but the bareness of an impotent pretension. Now, Unitarians must be well aware that their opponents have long passed by the mathematical bulwark which it has been attempted to place in advance of the true field of the controversy. It only remains for them, therefore, wholly to abandon this position, to encounter the proper evidence of the question on the simple plan of shewing the insufficiency of that evidence, and thus, candidly to avow, what cannot now be disguised, that their system is purely negative, and themselves *disbelievers*.

In cases of controversy between those who accede to

positive evidence, and those who maintain its insufficiency, nothing can more strikingly illustrate the nature and amount of this evidence, than the intermediate attempts of those who have neither ventured wholly to believe, nor dared wholly to doubt. Thus, we must consider the history of Arianism, under its different phases, as worthy of particular attention; inasmuch as it furnishes an unexceptionable proof of the difficulties of disbelief, and of the reality and power of the evidence of orthodoxy; while it puts to utter shame the attempt, so frequently made of late, to represent orthodoxy as a pure, unsupported infatuation, which owes its perpetuity only to its having so long tyrannized over the imaginations and the fears of mankind.

The Arian (we use the term comprehensively) is one, who being staggered by the stupendous import of the plain terms of Scripture, in seeking refuge under a mitigated sense of those terms, insensibly acquires the intellectual habits, the propensities, and the wishes of scepticism. He is, for the most part, one who would not be an Arian, if he dared be less. He grudgingly believes, what he knows not how to doubt. His parsimonious creed is the tax exacted by conscience from false reasoning. In what he believes, he offers costly incense to the force of the evidence of orthodoxy: in what he disbelieves, he enhances the value of the concession by giving proof of his reluctancy. What idea does the history of Arianism suggest of the nature of that evidence which Unitarians affect to regard as altogether frivolous? Do the subtilties, and the evasions, and the vacillations of Arianism, indicate an easy abode in the presence of trivial difficulties? We say rather, that it is the testimony of the doubting, comfortless, anxious Arian, that sets in its true light, the affected, or the infatuated tranquillity of the bold and finished Socinian. In thus viewing the controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians *from without*, many other considerations might be adduced, which go to establish the presumption (previous to internal investigation) that the evidence on the positive side of the question amounts to much more than the narrow refuge of a vulgar superstition, or the mere pretence of priestly imposition. Among such considerations might be named, the survival, repromulgation, and fresh prevalence of the doctrines termed orthodox, amid the free impulses of the Reformation, when the pressing argumentative necessities of those who had to vindicate separation, (not to mention the aggravations of animosity,) strongly impelled them to prove against the Church of Rome, the utmost possible amount of fundamental perversion and corruption. This consideration is forcibly illustrated by the private correspondence of Luther, relative to the doctrine of Transubstantiation. In answer to

the remonstrances of his friends, he alludes repeatedly, as proof of the sincerity and the strength of his conviction (relative to the mystery of the element) to the obvious interest which the reformed party had in rejecting this pretended *mystery*. In framing his doctrine of Consubstantiation, Luther very strikingly displayed at once, his desire to swell the counts of his indictment against the Church of Rome, and his careful respect for the authority of Scripture. At the same time, the rejection, both of Transubstantiation, and of its shadow, Consubstantiation, by the more intelligent of the Reformers, and the complete disappearance of the whole *mystery*, wherever free inquiry has had its course, present an instance of that sort of external presumption as to the *quantum* and force of evidence, to which we wish to direct the reader's attention.

Other instances that might be adduced to the same purpose, may be comprehended under the general principle, that, as often as an exacerbated dissent from an established religious system takes place, the retention of the articles of the established system by the dissentients, furnishes a philosophical presumption in favour of the strength of the evidence which is supposed to support them; while it affords a suspicion, proportionately strong, against the sceptic whose argument requires it to be presumed that this evidence is altogether frivolous. It should be added, that, the more of persecution attends the dissent, the higher will rise the inducement to magnify the cause of separation, and the provocation to attack all that can be attacked, in the opposed system.

But it occurs to ask, Why do Unitarians find it necessary, and why have they in fact always laboured to account for the prevalence of the opinions they impugn, in any other way than by an allusion to the support these opinions pretend to derive from the language of Scripture? Here is the fact of a prevalent belief, which has emerged from what is acknowledged to be a true reformation of long corrupted Christianity; the prominent feature of which reformation, was a highly stimulated revulsion of the human mind from human authority and uncertain tradition towards the Scriptures, as the sole rule of opinion. Further, this belief has survived, in this country, the unawed discussion of fifty years, in which, if never before, scepticism has had all possible scope and license. Further, this belief is seen in our day, not languishing and halting, as if it had received its deadly wound, but coming forth from the furnace of inquiry, and travelling out into all the world with the firm step of corroborated strength. And yet, this belief is represented as an utter delusion, strange, uncaused, unsupported, unaccountable, and which must by no means be allowed to be *mainly attributable to the language of Scripture!* For the case is plainly this.

Those who affirm the mere humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, as a necessary consequence, maintain, that the belief in his proper and supreme Divinity, and the worship of Him as "God, "over all," is the grossest and the most aggravated species of idolatry that has ever appeared in the world, feel at once, that, were they to go so far as to allow, that the very rule of faith contains any such degree of evidence in support of these opinions, as may *alone* adequately account for their prevalence in an enlightened age, or, that it presents a measure of proof, from which the honest and intelligent inquirer may find it difficult to disengage himself,—it would then only remain to be stated, according to their own shewing, that the Revelation which has been made to mankind for the establishment of the worship of the One True God, is found itself to contain 'a measure of proof, 'from which the honest and intelligent inquirer may find it hard 'to disengage himself, in support of the grossest and most 'aggravated species of Idolatry that has ever appeared in the 'world.' We see then, that Unitarians have an especial reason, different from what can take place in any other controversy, to abstain from all expressions of modest or serious attention to the *Scriptural* evidence which stands against them. They may indeed go far in the use of the modish complaisances of modern debate; but let them once formally grant, that on the simple Scriptural ground, the question is a balanced one, and that the evidence, though it does not suffice to convince themselves, may reasonably convince others, and all is granted.

The demand, therefore, cannot be too constantly, or too closely urged upon Unitarians: Why do the doctrines of the proper Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the atonement which he made for the sins of the world, continue to be predominantly and unreservedly believed and professed, under all those unprecedented circumstances to which the profession of Christianity has been subjected in our days, especially in England? If the fact of this prevailing belief, can be rigidly, reasonably, and philosophically accounted for, without palpable misrepresentations, or vague declamatory generalities, *to the exclusion of an adequate cause existing in Scripture itself*, then let us quickly be presented with the solution. But if no such solution of the fact can be given, the alternative brings the controversy to its issue. This alternative we beg to reiterate. The Bible must, in that case, be granted to contain a measure of proof in support of the doctrines in question, as great as is implied in its constituting an adequate cause of the competent, uninfluenced, deliberate belief, which, after thorough discussion, it is found in fact to produce. And then, the rejection of this acknowledged degree of proof, will be left to stand precisely on the same ground, and to be accounted for in the

same way, as the rejection of Christianity itself. The infidel who has any candour, will allow, that there exists a measure of proof in support of the claims of Christianity, and that many competent persons have been perfectly honest in their professed submission to it. But he affirms the inadequacy of this proof to command his assent; especially considering the magnitude, and the strangeness of the dogmas which Christianity pretends to add to the simple and sufficient articles of natural religion. He even avers, that he detects positive incompatibility between these articles, and those dogmas: so that nothing less than a degree of evidence which should render it impossible, or nearly impossible for him to doubt, could avail to command his admission of the stupendous and suspicious additaments which Christianity would make to the pleasing, intelligible competency of deistical faith. The real dispute, therefore, between the Christian and the Infidel, relates to the *measure of proof* which *ought* to support the claims of Christianity. The existence of *some proof* in support of these claims, is as certainly implied in the fact of the unimpeachable assent that is yielded to it, as the fact that this proof is disallowed by some men, involves the admission, that the proof is of that kind and degree which admits of the possibility of deliberate rejection.

Now, in applying this case to the controversy immediately before us, one material circumstance of dissimilarity requires to be noticed. The Infidel makes no admission relative to the character and purposes of the Divine Being, or the moral condition of man, from which he may be forced to grant, that less than irresistible proof ought to command his submission to a supposed Revelation. But the Unitarian, in submitting to the proof of Christianity, bows to the principle, that Revelation, being framed with the express design of exercising the moral dispositions of those to whom it is presented, implies the *hypothetical necessity* that the proof of it should be *less than irresistible*; and, therefore, that it is strictly reasonable to submit to credible, *resistible* proof, which other men, from the want of right dispositions of mind, do actually reject.

Will it be said, then, that we argue in a circle, and urge, that certain doctrines *ought* to be believed, because they *are* believed? This is not the nature of the argument. But we say, that if the present state and circumstances of religious belief cannot be accounted for, without an explicit admission, that the Bible contains a credible measure of proof in support of what are termed orthodox opinions, Unitarianism will stand out as the rejection of an acknowledged credible proof of certain opinions,—a rejection on the part of those who have already admitted that it is the restrictive rule of the Divine dispensation towards men as religious beings, to require (for moral purposes) their

assent to a credible *resistible* measure of proof. Thus, Unitarianism is but a modification of simple infidelity, burthened with the charge of the special inconsistency we have pointed out.

Let it then be remembered, that unless the Scriptural evidence alleged in support of orthodox opinions, can be shewn to be so utterly frivolous, that the permanent and prevalent belief of them is a fact for which no adequate cause can be assigned, Unitarianism maintains its opposition to credible proof, on the plain deistical ground, that this proof, though amounting to an adequate cause of prevailing, competent belief, is such as it is *possible* to reject.

We must be allowed further to advert to one feature of Unitarianism of peculiar significance in relation to the exterior view which we have taken of the controversy, We refer to the favourite and specious doctrine of the present innocence, and future inconsequence, of mere error in opinion. Without debating how far this doctrine is the result of liberality of mind, and benevolence of heart, it will suffice to shew its natural and inseparable connexion with the rejection of positive evidence. The principle that mere error in opinion is innocent, and will be eventually harmless, is, on two separate accounts, indispensable to him who rejects a high degree of positive evidence. In the *first* place, this principle very obviously derives itself from those latent suspicions which, in a greater or a less degree, will haunt every kind of *disbelief*. No species of infidelity, we may be assured, unless indeed it be the result of utter inattention,—no *thoughtful* infidelity, we may say, can be maintained in the human mind to the exclusion of occasional alarm. Is it credible, for instance, that a man who would persuade himself, that Jesus of Nazareth differed from other men in nothing but his commission, can peruse those numerous passages of Holy Scripture in which the plain import of the terms conveys a sense so widely different, without moments of anxiety? He whose opinions consist in the rejection of direct and positive evidence, whenever, in the less active state of the mind, he fails to apprehend the circuitous process of reasoning by which he is accustomed to evade the natural impression of that evidence, lies all open to its invasion. The act of trusting to proof, is a simple act of the mind, and agreeable to the constitution of human nature; and it is therefore ordinarily accompanied with a spontaneous tranquillity. But the act of resisting proof, is a complicated act, anomalous to our nature, and almost always attended with a symptomatic ague of the soul. In the thoughtful anticipation of that day in which, as it is written, "we shall all stand before the judgement seat of CHRIST, "and every one of us give account of himself to GOD," and

in the recollection of the inexplicable mysteriousness of phraseology with which the Sacred Volume abounds, relative to the person of the Judge, we must perceive, that the doctrine of the ultimate harmlessness of error, forms an indispensable, though unacknowledged refuge to the man who, against the involuntary dictate of conscience, and the portentously adverse testimony of Scripture, dares maintain the professed belief, that one, altogether like himself, fallible, peccable, invested with delegated omniscience, will occupy that tremendous elevation.

But we must consider as even yet more distinctly deserving of remark, the *second* source of this favourite notion of Unitarians respecting the innocence and harmlessness of error.

The Unitarian perceives as a matter of fact, that the great proportion of the Christian world, (not only during the ages of spiritual usurpation, but since the Bible has been in all hands,) including both the unlearned, for whose especial use the Scriptures were prepared, and whose opinions are unavoidably formed upon the *first sense* of language, and the learned, after having fully reviewed the *caveat* of objectors, have fallen into the persuasion of the proper divinity of our Lord. This persuasion, and the worship founded upon it, he must view as an Idolatry unspeakably preposterous and perverse. It would seem, then, inevitable to believe, that to the "jealous God," who will by no means "give His glory to another," this utter corruption must be the object of high and irreconcileable displeasure. But a man of liberal feelings will be reluctant to imagine the great mass of Christians, among whom are found all the fruits of a holy faith, to be under the guilt and doom of aggravated idolatry: and there is, besides this, an especial difficulty in the way of Unitarians, in this particular. Whatever he may profess and strive to believe, the Unitarian cannot conceal from himself, that this pretended idolatry has sprung from, and is maintained by, a reliance upon the *ingenious intention* of the very language of Scripture. He sees that, while the Papal apostacy has maintained itself upon the extinction of the light of Revelation, and has every where fallen before the rekindling of that light, the Trinitarian apostacy (if such it be) has, on the contrary, run and strengthened itself with the diffusion of Scripture, and that it prevails the most flagrantly in that land of all the world, where the Bible is the most read and reverenced. He cannot, we say, forget, that while a tissue of thickly woven subtilties avails to defend his own deism in passing through the thorny difficulties of Scripture, the defenceless, simple-hearted reader will, beyond a hope, be caught and held by these difficulties. Remembering the laborious and circuitous course he has trodden, in order to evade the perplexing directness of proof, the Unitarian may

be asked if he can avoid secretly exculpating the simplicity of those who plainly believe what they plainly read.

When, therefore, we hear Unitarians speaking of the professors of a system of aggravated Idolatry, as, perhaps, pious men labouring under the venial criminality of involuntary error, we must consider them as herein making a tacit concession, that this error is immediately chargeable upon the delusive inexplicitness of the very Rule of Faith, and that these guiltless idolaters are the pitiable dupes of its inexplicable ambiguities. If to "call upon the name" of our "God and Saviour Jesus Christ," be a guilty and a fatal idolatry, how thick is the cloud that passes before the Divine beneficence and wisdom, when we regard men as left subject to a Rule of Faith which would seem contrived only to be the instrument, either of hardening suspicion into immoveable and universal doubt, or of inflicting the tortures of hopeless perplexity. And it is the unsuspecting, the ignorant in this world's wisdom, the poor, the simple-hearted, and the humble in spirit, who are the most inevitable victims of the deadly enigmas of this fatal Book.

There are certain passages of the New Testament—need we quote them?—of which some account would require to be given, exculpatory of the wisdom and goodness of God in leaving them there, if they who, because of their unskilled ingenuousness of mind, admit the first and clear impression of the words, incur thereby the peril of their souls. Referring to such passages, we would request all the inferences to be pursued that are involved in the supposed guilt of that unadvised reader who receives, we will not say the plain and the unavoidable sense, but what is termed the orthodox sense which they seem to convey. But this guilt will not be affirmed to attach to him. Here then we leave Unitarians. They believe in the miraculous authentication of simple deism, as inextricably burthened with the liability to an idolatrous perversion, that themselves hesitate to impute criminality, or to forebode danger, to the professors of an ineffable corruption.

Art. IV. *An Illustration of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln.* By Charles Wild. pp. 38. Plates 16. Elephant 4to. Published by the Author. 1819.

WORKS in which Authorship is quite secondary and supplemental to art, can hardly be considered as coming within the scope and design of literary criticism. But we are unwilling to let pass without a sentence or two of notice, a performance of such surpassing excellence in its department, as this of Mr. Wild. It has been a good while waited for by the lovers of art and antiquity, with an expectation, founded upon the known talents of Mr. W. as a draughtsman, and the high excellence of the engravers, of a work approaching extremely near to absolute perfection; and we think they will be at once compelled and gratified to acknowledge, that they had not been able to form an idea of excellence in representation, from which they will feel any falling off, when they come to look at these delineations.

They are on the large scale of twelve inches by ten, a size greatly advantageous to the full development of the complicated and varied composition of the forms and parts of this magnificent structure. If it may be supposed to have been a question with Mr. Wild, whether his work should consist of a smaller number of plates of this dimension, or a more extended series on a smaller scale, we are much inclined to think his determination was well judged, and that a similar plan would not be unwise policy in other undertakings which may be in contemplation in the same department. It is quite evident that something is gained for intelligibleness, and much for impression, by this simpler form of exhibition. It is independent of our will, and of any possible mental effort, that we receive from a large picture or print of a grand edifice, an impression more approaching to that made by the reality, than from a small one. This is especially the case with persons but slenderly acquainted with the science or technicality of architecture, whose chief interest in the inspection of such delineations, is that of receiving a strong general impression of the magnificence and the most prominent characteristics of the object. And at the same time, these persons are less solicitous for a distinct exhibition of *all* the aspects and component parts of the structure, several of which will strike them as appearing much like repetitions of one another; they are more gratified by a comparatively few representations, displaying the most comprehensive and commanding views of the object, with the addition of a moderate number of details defined in a detached exhibition. For them, therefore, at any rate, the plan is preferable, of illustrating a work of the nature of that under our attention, with a shorter series of plates on the larger scale, rather than a longer one of

more reduced dimensions. Nothing, however, here said, is to be understood in disparagement of the admirable series of works by which Mr. Britton is illustrating the ancient ecclesiastical architecture of our country.

The number of plates that may be called picturesque, in Mr. Wild's work, are nine or ten. The remainder are details, for the greater part engraved in outline, by Turrell. The finished engravings, all in the line manner, are by Fittler, Skelton, Lee, Smith, Pye, Finden, Byrne, and J and H. Le Keux. They bear infallible testimony to the excellence of the drawings of which they are representative, and are, as engravings, among the most vigorous and effective performances that have been produced in the pre-eminently high state of the art as now displayed in England, raised as it is, in the departments of antiquities and landscape, above all foreign rivalry. It is delightful to see with what consummate skill the delusion of perspective is managed; what a reality of prominence and retirement, what a harmony of combined or alternate lustre and solemnity are effected by the lights and shades; how substantial and tangible every relief is made to appear; and how well the nature and the superficial state of the imitated substances are rendered; to say nothing of the more geometrical merits of correct proportion and disposition. Such a work has a very good right to bear in the title-page, as a motto, the sentence which Mr. W. has inserted from old Fuller: 'When these fabrics shall have passed away their very shadows will be acceptable to posterity.' We have indeed no doubt of the literal truth of this prediction, in the instance before us, and that copies of these delineations will be preserved with care, and held in value by the curious, after the edifice represented shall have been long left to the unresisted operation of time, the hostility of which these proud temples of popery are but indifferently qualified to defy, in comparison of some of the fanes of pagani-m. Exempt from violence, and simply abandoned to time, the temple at Dendera would remain in its colossal and gloomy majesty unchanged, when all our cathedrals would be sunk in heaps of rubbish.

In the letter-press, the Author declines to take account, to any considerable extent, of the ecclesiastical persons and transactions of the see, beyond what relates strictly to the history of the edifice. This is somewhat complicated, as that work, it seems, was performed at periods considerably apart, with various changes, substitutions, and renovations, under the direction of different tastes in architecture, and ultimately forming a very magnificent, indeed, but not a homogeneous mass.

The original church, certain parts of which remain incorporated in the present structure, is recorded to have been raised

rd the latter end of the eleventh century, by 'Remigius, nonk of Fescamp, and the first bishop appointed to an glish see by William the Conqueror.'

t was nearly completed in 1092, when Remigius, feeling himnear his end, invited all the prelates of the realm to assist in lemn consecration to the Blessed Virgin, but unfortunately on the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony.'

ıe invitation was declined by the bishop of Hereford alone, had ascertained by the aspects of the stars, as William of osbury relates, that the church would not be dedicated in ime of Remigius.

ıe building was in the Norman style, which soon afterwards n to give place to the pointed, having 'lost much of its ginal simplicity long before the middle of the twelfth tury.' So effectually had it been driven out of fashion by ointed style before the end of that century, that though historian speaks of an earthquake by which this church 'cleft fro n top to bottom,' our Author suspects that its of architecture, now so rapidly becoming obsolete, might small part of the reason of its being condemned by Hugh renoble, the sixth bishop of the see, to a transn utation into ric in the pointed style, toward the end of the twelfth cen-

It is presumed that he demolished half the Norman ture, and that a very material portion of the cathedral as it appears, is the work of his time. The new style, however, ot, and could not have, as our Author observes, any fixed bsolute rules; it allowed great scope to fancy, genius, and whim; and it greatly varied, and it seems improved, g the fourteen years of this prelate's architectural career, , however, in the best form it then attained, much surd at a more advanced period. This immense structure he odd kind of fortune to be erected piece after piece, at ssive heats, during more than two centuries; 'a circumnce,' says our Author, 'from which it derives a peculiar rest, as illustrating the progress of the pointed architecture n its first introduction, to a state of excellence which many of opinion it never surpassed in any of the religious edifices terior to that era.' This advantage of diversity, by which rendered a tangible history of the progress of the style, s it of course the recommendations of symmetry, and pres, in some degree, that fascination which is felt in contemg such a structure as the cathedral of Salisbury. 'In the e, the basement of the aisles is essentially different on the sides, although there is every reason to suppose that they e erecting at the s time; and in the piers or clusters, ch support the arches, there are no less than three

'varieties, differing from each other as well in the diameter of 'the mass, as in the number and arrangement of the smaller 'shafts of which each is composed.'—This nave, taken by itself, is pronounced to be unequalled for magnitude and fine proportion. The east end, beyond the upper transept, described as far surpassing in beauty every other part of the fabric, is judged to have been a performance of the latter part of the thirteenth century. Another portion is referred to the close of the fourteenth.

The central tower, though newly erected, fell about the year 1239. A relation of the circumstances is given from Matthew Paris. The bishop was on bad terms with his canons. One of these, preaching to the people in the centre of the cathedral, proclaimed the wrongs suffered from the bishop, and vociferated, 'If we should hold our peace the very stones would cry out for 'us;' just at which expression the tower fell, crushing to death several of the auditory, and shaking and damaging the whole building. This he says was taken as a bad omen,—we suppose as menacing the bishop,—but adds, the bishop had his own way against the malcontents notwithstanding.

The fabric, of which the total internal length is 470 feet, is estimated to cover no less than two acres, two roods, and six perches, of land.

'In situation it resembles Durham, being placed on the summit of a steep hill, commanding a great extent of the surrounding country, a position particularly favourable to the advantageous display of its external grandeur; and it will be readily conceived that a structure so venerable for its age and object, so vast in its dimensions, and so extraordinary in architectural merit, gives to the city, over which it rises majestically, an air of solemnity which few possess.'

To one particular in this enumeration, the 'object,' if referred as far back as the 'age,' all good protestants must make their exception, till the epithet 'venerable' shall have so changed its meaning, that it may be correctly applied to mummeries and impositions of a detestable superstition, to whatever is the most foreign and contrasted to wisdom, and sanctity, and the genuine worship of the Almighty.

Each part and circumstance is noted by Mr. Wild with discriminative attention. An extremely remarkable one is a long, slender, and very flat stone arch, within the roof of the nave, and connecting the west towers at their bases. It is judged to have been a contrivance adopted at the time these towers were intended, as an after-thought, to be carried much above their original altitude, and devised for the purpose of ascertaining, by the effect produced, if any, on this most delicate, we may almost say sensitive structure, how far an additional superincumbent weight might safely be ventured. 'Its liability to be affected by

'a very trifling settlement at either end, will readily be conceived,' from the description of its form and dimensions.

Among the curiosities it would not have been allowable to forget to mention the renowned 'great Tom of Lincoln, which 'is six feet three inches in diameter, and weighs nine thousand 'eight hundred and ninety four pounds; it was founded at 'Lincoln in 1610.'

Of the sculpture which decorates the edifice, some portions are excepted by our Author, in terms, perhaps, somewhat of the strongest, from the charge so generally applicable to our antique ecclesiastical figurings in stone and wood, of utter worthlessness in point of art; but certainly some of the specimens given in plate 14 are remarkably in contrast to this general character; a character fully exemplified, it is acknowledged, in other of the sculptural ornaments of the building. For ourselves we confess, that the enchantment of antiquity is not strong enough to prevent our loathing and hating the rubbish of vile carving which besets and loads our ancient ecclesiastical architecture. As samples of the state of the arts, (if the term may be so applied,) in certain periods and places, a quantity of them may be worth keeping in existence; but it must be a wretchedly factitious taste that can find in them something to like for their own sake,—that is to say, if there really *be* such a liking, and it be not a most violent affectation that is applying the epithets interesting and precious to these deformities, and wasting on them the labours of the pencil and graver.

The same strange circumstance as in the records of other of the superb ecclesiastical edifices, appears in those respecting the Lincoln Cathedral,—the oblivion of the architects.

'Of the English architects and sculptors of that age,' says Mr. W. 'whose labours so justly deserve the approbation of the present, scarcely any thing is known; contemporary chronicles, and local registers, having rarely more than the name of the patron under whom their genius was exerted, and to whom the merit of their works has in consequence been too generally ascribed.' p 11.

Art. V. *Mazeppa*, a Poem. By Lord Byron. 8vo. London. 1819.

ONE is ready to smile at seeing announced "The Whole "Works complete" of a *living* Author; as if there ever was a poet who kept his promise, whether made to himself only, or to the Public, to write no more; as if the imagination when once accustomed to the highly stimulating exercise of poetical composition, could find an adequate excitement, or an adequate vent, in any other species of exertion; as if, too, a poet's vanity could live upon the incense of yesterday, any more than upon posthumous fame, or could endure to share the fate of

faded toasts, and last year's music. To say nothing of the more *solid* inducements which a successful writer may have for conferring further obligations upon his pu lisher and the public, it is easy to conceive that the conscious pleasure of success will be a sufficient motive to new and varied attempts to attract admiration and wonder, and, whatever be its character, a strong sympathy of some kind, towards himself, that self for whose sake all things seem to the poet to exist, in order to minister to his intellectual or sensitive faculties, pleasure or fame. And since it is in the nature of all passions to become less nice in the means of gratification, as the habit gains strength and the susceptibility of enjoyment is blunted, so, this ambition for fame may at length grow wanton in its choice of expedients for procuring to the sated egotist the requisite solace of his self complacency: it may lead him to take pleasure in setting at defiance the good opinions of those whose imaginations he has brought into captivity to his genius, and when he has roused to arms against him all the better feelings of human nature, in snatching away in spite of all resistance the forced tribute of their homage, and even, though modified by abhorrence, their admiration. The world that can no longer fascinate by its charms or sooth by its endearments, shall become to the voluptuary the toy of his caprice, or the sport of his spleen. He never loved it but for the excitement it has ceased to supply to his vague and joyless desires; and now, the paint is off. But although the object of pursuit is stripped of its attractions, the faculties require fresh food, and the passion survives to goad on the mind to the pursuit. Fame—intellectual dominion—the solitary pleasure of the magician in the midst of his sorceries, this is what the poet seeks by new efforts to secure. And if there were no better immortality within his reach, this might suffice, perhaps, to urge him to some last desperate achievement —to become the incendiary who fires a Temple to perpetuate his name.

Such, we say, is the natural progress of passion—of the thirst for fame, not less than the thirst for pleasure, a thirst which never dies. And the consciousness of exciting vivid sensations in others, would seem to be the last sensation of pleasure which remains when all other sources of gratification are exhausted. In this way the mind lives over again its pleasures in the mind of others, by sympathy with the emotions it has succeeded in communicating. And if he be a man of depraved feelings that is gifted with this dangerous power, the fable of the Vampyre is realized in his thus renewing the life of his pleasures from the heart's blood of the principles of his victims.

Were it not for the irresistible fascination exerted by a mind of such transcendent faculties, it might furnish a moral lesson of considerable efficacy, to contemplate it in all its manifesta-

ns up to the l career, in order to witness how
'allibly the wilfulness of passi h destroys all that it appro-
iates, provides for its own pur nt, like the ravages of a
spot which gradually exting his resources, and leave him
last in the midst of a desert; to see how certainly the libertine
use of nature denaturalizes the voluptuary, turning all the
nial impulses of his frame to disease, and leaving behind the
oxication, the overpayment of disgust. But such a lesson
uld be dearly purchased at t cost of familiar association with
e individual. The impressions which the imagination would
exposed to receive from such intercourse, would be an injury
which the moral of the tale could not avail to compensate.
ie world has had enough of the frank "confessions" of the vicious.
were idle to suppose that descriptions or disclosures tending
quicken the pulse, can by virtue of the lesson they convey, add
the strength of principle.

We have followed Lord Byron thus far in his career; we care
t to enter further into his secret. We have had enough of that
h which his poetry is replete—himself. The necessary pro-
ss of character as developed in his last *reputed* production,
conducted him to a point at which it is no longer safe to
low him even in thought, for fear we should be beguiled of any
tion of the detestation due to this bold outrage. Poetry
ich it is impossible not to read without admiration, yet,
ich it is equally impossible to admire without losing some de-
e of self-respect; such as no brother could read aloud to his
er, no husband to his wife;—poetry in which the deliberate
pose of the Author is to corrupt by inflaming the mind, to seduce
he love of evil which he has himself chosen as his good; can be
ely dealt with only in one way, by passing it over in silence.
ere are cases in which it is equally impossible to relax into
ghter or to soften into pity, without feeling that an immoral
ncession is made to vice. The Author of the following stanzas
ght seem to invite our compassionate sympathy.

'No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee;
Thinkest thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.'

'No more—no more—Oh! never more my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,

And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgement,
Though heaven knows how it ever find a lodgment.'

'Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure.
'Now like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
"Time is, Time was, Time's past," a chymic treasure
In glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.'

These lines, which we wish to redeem from the profane ribaldry of their context, are exceedingly touching, and they have that character of truth which distinguishes Lord Byron's poetry. He writes like a man who has that clear perception of the truth of things, which is the result of the guilty knowledge of good and evil, and who by the light of that knowledge, has deliberately preferred the evil, with a proud malignity of purpose which would seem to leave little for the last consummating change to accomplish. When he calculates that the reader is on the verge of pitying him, he takes care to throw him back the defiance of laughter, as if to let him know that all the Poet's pathos is but the sentimentalism of the drunkard between his cups, or the relenting softness of the courtesan, who the next moment resumes the bad boldness of her degraded character. With such a man who would wish either to laugh or to weep? And yet, who that reads him, can refrain alternately from either?

Our readers will probably be aware, that it is not to Mazeppa, that we have alluded in the preceding remarks, but to a subsequent publication of notorious character. Mazeppa is less vigorously written than most of his Lordship's productions, and at the commencement, very slowly gains upon the reader's interest. It may, however, be read without much offence, and it will amply repay perusal.

The poem consists of a recital of the leading incident of his youth, given by a Cossack hetman, at the request of his sovereign, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when they were bivouacking together in the depth of a forest after the fatal battle of Pultowa. The incident is taken from Voltaire's History of Charles XII.

'He who then occupied this place, was a Polonese gentleman, named Mazeppa, born in the palatinate of Padolia. He had been brought up as page to John Casimir, and had imbibed at his court some tincture of the *belles lettres*. Being detected in an intrigue, while yet a youth, with the lady of a Polonese gentleman, he was by order of her husband, bound stark naked to the back of a wild horse, and in this condition dismissed. The horse, which ne from the country of the Ukraine, made its way back, beari er Mazeppa,

half dead with fatigue and hunger. Some peasants came to his succour. He remained a long time among them, and signalised himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior intelligence obtained for him high consideration among the Cossacks: and his reputation, which daily increased, compelled the Czar to make him Prince of the Ukraine.'

The account that is given of the intrigue itself, is much in the style of levity which we should expect from a libertine: there is nothing in it positively gross, and delicacy of sentiment in a Cossack prince is out of the question. This is the best we can say for the Author. We pass over the previous stanzas, to present to our readers that which forms the real subject of the picture; all the rest is but back-ground. Mazeppa is bound to the horse, 'wild, wild as the wild-deer,'

'With spur and bridle undefiled.—'
'In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.'

'Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse———'
* * * * * * *

'Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light:
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,

No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.'

The steed and his rider near a forest, 'a wild waste of underwood,' studded with old sturdy trees, which are however sufficiently wide apart to leave room for them to fly through without tearing Mazeppa's limbs, leaving shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.

'By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.'

But the strength and speed of the courser bear him still onward at safe distance before them.

'The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;

Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness:
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
  And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
  But a confusion worse than such:
  I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust.'—

The wild horse swims a river, and the waters rouse Mazeppa from his trance, infusing a temporary strength into his stiffened limbs. The moon rises, shewing a dim waste spreading through the shadow of the night, unrelieved by twinkling taper or any other sign of the abodes of men. But now the courser's speed begins to slacken; his savage force is nearly spent, and as he

goes 'feebly foaming on,' an infant would have had power to guide him. But Mazeppa is unable to collect strength sufficient to burst his bonds, and is still carried passively onward.

'The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun—
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it roll'd away—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their cars,
And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before:
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travail—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were—or seemed—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,

As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there, to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay,
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.'

'The sun was sinking—still I lay
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,
I thought to mingle there our clay;
And my dim eyes of death had need,
No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky,
And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die,
Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
And each time nearer than before:
I saw his wing through twilight flit,
And once so near me he alit
I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
Which scarcely could be called a voice,
Together scared him off at length.—

I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.'

Art. VI. *Récherches Physiologiques et Médicales sur les Causes, les Symptomes, et le Traitement, de la Gravelle.* Par F. Magendie, Docteur en Médecine de la Faculté de Paris, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 91. Paris, 1818.

THE medical visits we pay our readers, it will have been observed, are 'few and far between.' The principle by which we are guided in our selection of topics bearing upon the healing art, have been in former articles distinctly stated; it is only upon questions partaking of a physiological interest, or involving the application of preventive measures beyond the boundaries of the profession, that we for the most part feel inclined to descant, conceiving that treatises on the theory and practice of medicine, which are purely and exclusively such, are more appropriately referred to journals devoted to their special discussion. Volumes, however, occasionally offer themselves for notice, which, although partaking of a medical character, are nevertheless of that mixed kind which gives them a popular as well as a professional interest. They bear the same relation to medicine, properly so called, that writings on jurisprudence do to the practice of the law, or dispensations on the science of political economy to the actual business of legislation.

The question indeed has recently been much agitated, how far it is desirable that the several branches of study which constitute the ground-work of medical theory and practice, should be made the subject of popular investigation. On the one hand, it is said, teach man physiology, that is, unfold to him the manner in which life is connected with internal organization and external influences, and besides ensuring the more obvious and ordinary advantages attendant upon an enlarged sphere of acquirement, you will go a considerable way towards checking baneful propensities and preventing intemperate habits. On the other hand, it is contended that the most uninstructed individual is sufficiently aware both of the criminality and the injurious nature of intemperance, and that crimes against the law of his being are not

committed unconsciously or in ignorance, but with as complete a knowledge of cause and effect as any that physiology could furnish. For ourselves, we incline on this disputed point, to an intermediate opinion. As far as success in the practice of physic is concerned, we verily believe that the faith of ignorance, could it be universally ensured, would generally prove more conducive to salutary operation, than that comparative scepticism, with regard to the agency of medicine, which must necessarily grow out of an acquaintance with the laws and limits of medicinal action. At the same time, we are ready to admit that the diffusion of physiological knowledge is very likely to act as a check upon professional indolence and empirical imposture; and that it may in some cases prove more effectual in preventing vicious habits, than the most careful inculcation of moral precepts.

It might perhaps be urged, that facts have already furnished us with decided evidence of the efficacy of a more generally diffused knowledge on these subjects. It is undeniable, that one species of excess, at least, is not so common now among the higher and middle classes of society, as it was some twenty years ago; but whether this comparative sobriety has arisen from the caprice of fashion, from the pressure of the times, or from the more extensive spread of science, we will not pretend to determine.

The work before us has given rise to the above suggestions, from the circumstance of its being chiefly an enunciation of principles and precepts relative to diet and modes of living. It is not a very long time since we had occasion to treat of calculous complaints; we now are induced to resume the topic, with Dr. Magendie's treatise as a text-book, partly because we are desirous of adding somewhat to the remarks made in a former article, and partly from the opportunity the discussion will afford, of considering more at large the general connexion of diet and disease.

In all sciences that are not absolutely demonstrative, or in which individual opinion may give a cast or colouring to inductions from correct *data*, there are two sources of the mistakes which are apt to mingle themselves with our inferences. In the first place, we are inclined, often unconsciously, to grasp at facts which favour our preconceptions, while we neglect those which appear inimical to our cause; and secondly, we are disposed to presume upon an analogy, where analogy does not actually exist, and thus to substitute defective hypothesis for substantial theory.

In this way we are led to draw conclusions which seem to come upon our own minds with the force of little less than absolute demonstration, but which will not bear the test of rigid and impartial scrutiny. Of the truth of this remark, the very ingeni-

ous tract before us affords ample illustration. From some isolated but, so far as it goes, very strong evidence, Dr. Magendie infers that animal diet is the cause of gravel; and having, as he supposes, ascertained the fact, he propounds, by way of explaining this fact, a principle which, according to our conceptions, rests merely upon defective analogies drawn from inanimate to living existence.

To the use of animal food have been ascribed, even by some individuals in our own country, not only gravel, but scrophula, cancer, consumption, asthma, gout, and indeed all the chronic ailments that are incident to man; and there are very many who, although they may not go the length of some of the *ultra* enemies to this kind of diet, and do not quite suppose that with every slice of beef we actually swallow a dose of poison, still are inclined to attribute a variety of diseases to this source, and to suppose that vegetable aliment would at the least ensure against their easy induction.

An extended disquisition on this contested point, would properly embrace the following particulars of inquiry. First, how far is man shewn to be carniverous or herbiverous, by the form and structure of his body, and by the display of his natural or unsophisticated propensities? Secondly, what were the habits of our species, as it respects food, at former periods? Thirdly, what is the diet, and what, so far as they can be judged of, are the consequences of such diet in different parts of the world? Fourthly, what correspondence would there appear to be between our ailment and the more prevalent ailments of this country, now, and in the time of our forefathers? And lastly, is that class of our countrymen, at the present time, which consumes the greatest proportion of animal food, in the same *ratio* obnoxious to constitutional disease?

As far as structure would determine the question of man's alimentary destination, the vegetable apologists seem to consider themselves as almost invincible, since, in the human species, as they urge, those teeth are wanting that are invariably found in carniverous animals: at least, the teeth which are termed *canine*, in man, have nothing in their make answerable to the teeth of the same name in those brutes which refuse vegetable, and live upon animal food. But in their hurry to seize upon this fact, our speculatists have overlooked the circumstance, that almost all the *carnivora* except man, are in some measure animals of prey, and that nature has provided them with the teeth in question, both for procuring and for tearing their food. Now, neither of these processes is performed by man; he is not accustomed to take his meat raw, nor by force in the way of seizure. The *molares*, or grinding teeth, moreover, correspond, as it regards structure, in a very marked manner to the teeth of the *carni-*

verous class of animals, or those which are capable of being sustained either by a mixture of both kinds, or exclusively by one kind of aliment. With respect to the other principal distinction in structure namely, the form and length of the intestinal canal, although man in this particular 'is removed to a considerable 'distance from the proper *carnivora*,' he cannot be classed with the *herbivora:* in fact, as it regards both the teeth and the intestines, there are indications which must be satisfactory to any sober judgement, that it was the design of Providence that man's proper food should be of a mixed kind, while at the same time he should be enabled occasionally to accommodate himself to a protracted use of either species of aliment alone. With regard to early propensities, as marks of original destination, we see no great force in the inference deduced from the alleged fact of a few 'wild men of the woods' having evinced an exclusive propensity for fruits and herbs, since, from the mode in which they had been sustained from infancy, such aliment was the only one with which they had been made acquainted. All that has been adduced on the subject of propensity and structure, avails to prove, certainly, that man is not an animal of prey, but, the argument avails no further.

The inquiry, What were the habits of man in the earliest periods of society? would lead to the question of antediluvian diet and longevity; but the only records which exist descriptive of 'the world before the flood,' contain, in respect to diet, no positive information. We must commence our comparison of ancient and modern customs, from patriarchal times subsequent to the Deluge; and if abstaining from animal food and from drink are dictates of nature, it will be seen that man very soon learned to disregard them, and degenerated into a carniverous, a 'drinking,*' and a 'cooking' animal. We read that Abraham, when entertaining his celestial guests, "ran unto the herd and fetched a "calf tender and good, and gave it unto a young man and he "hasted to dress it. And he took butter and milk, and the calf "which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by "them under the tree, and they did eat." We have upon record even before this time, the express command of God to Noah on this head: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for "you: even as the green herb have I given you all things." Genesis ix. 3. Again. When Isaac was "*advanced to a good* "*old age*," he instructs Esau to make him some "savoury meat," *such as he loved*, and, by implication, such as he had been in

* It has been asserted by one theorist, who maintains the vegetable creed with great pertinacity, that were man to live upon esculent and undressed vegetables, there would be no occasion for him to drink at all; and that not by nature '*a drinking animal*'!!

the practice of eating. So that we have very early proofs of what the maintainers of the herbaceous hypothesis are disposed to deny, namely, the compatibility of long life and animal diet.

But let us come to the test of what may be considered a fairer comparison, that of the respective diet and corresponding longevity of different parts of the world in the present time. On this head, a great deal of labour has been employed to prove that in those regions of the globe, for instance, in extensive districts of the eastern world, where, from religious or other motives, man lives exclusively upon vegetable matter, instances of longevity are more frequent, than in countries where opposite habits are prevalent. But all the ingenuity of sophistry is found unavailing to enable the abettors of this doctrine to make any way against the strong current of opposing and unsuspicious evidence. It has been asserted by witnesses who have not any particular case to make out, that, on the one hand, the vegetable-eaters of India scarcely ever advance beyond, or even attain the age of sixty. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Lapland and Iceland, countries in which so much animal food in the form of fish is consumed, are distinguished by more than ordinary longevity. Much more, probably, in either case, is attributable to climate and other physical causes, than to the mode and matter of sustenance; but even in this particular, the advocate of 'fish, flesh, and fowl,' has quite as much to favour his side of the question, as the stickler for the superior salubrity of vegetable fare.

We have hitherto been advancing upon ground over which the generality of our readers will not have felt much hesitation in following us. The solution of the two remaining questions, however, involves positions somewhat more debatable. The *quantum* of animal food consumed in this country, as connected with the *quantum* of disease, is a question of high interest to parents who are anxious for the welfare of their offspring. Now, it is a fact too often overlooked by advocates for a meagre regimen, that a much larger proportion of animal food was consumed, by some classes of society at least, formerly, than in our own time. Let the breakfast of a maid of honour in Elizabeth's Court, be contrasted with the corresponding meal of the same description of personage in the present day, and then, until it can be proved to us that the chine-devouring dames of the period alluded to, were more liable to 'constitutional maladies' than our present tea-drinking court ladies, we shall take leave to doubt the direct connexion between quantity of food and quantity of disease in the way that the defenders of abstemiousness suppose.

Again: we are told by Sir John Fortescue, who wrote in the fifteenth century, when he is setting the *health* and happiness of the British poor against those of other nations, that 'they (the 'poor) are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish,

'of which they have plenty every where.*' And further, comparing one class of our fellow country-men with another, at the present period, where do we find the maladies in question existing in the greatest frequency and virulence? Do we expect to meet with cancer, and scrophula, and consumption, and madness, among rustic labourers, one of whom takes as much meat almost at a single meal as serves a whole poor family in commercial and manufacturing towns? Or do we not rather look for such diseases either among the squalid and half-famished inhabitants of such towns, where vapid and merely stimulating fare usurps the place of solid sustenance, or among the superior classes of society, whose digestive organs, debilitated by habits of luxury, seldom demand or admit of much that is solid and supporting?

Upon the whole, it may be safely concluded, that a due admixture of animal and vegetable food, (the proportion being greater on one side or the other, according to constitutional temperaments and external circumstances,) is decidedly the natural and legitimate diet of mankind in general, and of the inhabitants of temperate latitudes especially. To the burning countries under the equator, a diet more decidedly vegetable seems more suitable; but with us, animal matter appears almost indispensable. With respect to quantity, there is no occasion for any great apprehensions, so long as 'a good digestion waits 'on appetite.' It is not from the Butcher, but from the Cook, that we receive the slow poison which often preys upon the vitals. It is not by the quantity or kind of matter which we take, so much as by the mode in which it is furnished, and the *times* at which we take it, that our frames become radically impaired.

Much difference of opinion has obtained with respect to Drink also, in reference to its supposed connexion with different diseased states. Ever since observations on the *ingesta* have been methodized into any thing like system, water has been an object of minute inquiry, both as to its chemical composition and its physical effects; and no wonder, since it is natural for mankind to attach a considerable effect to a substance they are daily swallowing. These researches, however, have thrown very little light upon the *quo modo* of the salubrity or insalubrity of the different kinds of the fluid in question. There is indeed no small reason to be altogether sceptical on this point; for even the maladies of particular climates and places, attributed to the qualities of the water, are much more satisfactorily accounted for by other considerations: the Goitre, for example, prevalent in some of the Alpine valleys, has been thought to be owing to the waters of the place, but in other districts, the waters of which are precisely the same in quality, the deformity is not known Gravel

* *Omni genere carnium et piscium ipsi in copia vescuntur.*

and stone, the subjects of our more particular investigation, have likewise been ascribed to the impregnations of the waters used by the patient; but 'besides that those concretions do not answer 'to any of the known combinations of materials found in waters, 'the maladies in question happen indifferently to persons living 'upon soft waters, as those of the Thames or the Seine, or to 'those who are the principal part of their lives in the practice of 'drinking from springs impregnated with calcareous ingredients.' In fact, there are no well attested instances of any specific effects arising from the use of any waters, if we except those which either operate in the way of temperature, or which contain sulphureous, chalybeate, or saline components, in such measure as sensibly to act upon the animal organization.

It is a law of life, that the more we enjoy, the more we suffer. We cannot have the advantages of civilization and refinement, without being exposed, in a greater or less measure, to the physical and moral evils which luxury brings in her train. Chronic or constitutional maladies are among the number of these evils, and theorists have erred in dissecting and analysing one supposed source of evil to the exclusion of a multitude of others.

But it is time that we should proceed to notice more particularly what are the facts upon which Dr. Magendie founds his hypothesis of animal food being the cause of calculous complaints.

It will be recollected, that in our review of Dr. Marcet's work*, we stated, on the authority of that Author, that 'in hot climates, 'and especially between the tropics, calculous affections are 'almost unknown.' Now, in these countries and climates, vegetable aliment constitutes almost exclusively the sustenance of the inhabitants. This fact Dr. Magendie seizes hold of with avidity, as amounting nearly to a demonstration in favour of his argument; but it is singularly unfortunate for the hypothesis, that the nations of the more northern and of arctic regions enjoy an equal immunity from this class of disorders, notwithstanding that their food, far from consisting of vegetable productions, is almost exclusively, at least in the case of the latter, made up of animal matter, especially of fish. In reference to a particular district of our own country, we are told by Dr. Scudamore, who has had opportunities of personally observing the fact, that these ailments are exceedingly prevalent among the poorer classes in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, whose diet is almost wholly herbiverous. Mr. Copland Hutchinson also, in a paper recently published in the Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, has proved, by indisputable documents, that sailors enjoy a remarkable immunity from stone and gravel; men whom we all know to be peculiarly liable to suffer in other ways from this

* Eclectic Review, Vol. IX. N. S. p. 270.

effect of living upon one kind of animal diet to which they are often under the necessity of being restricted. We are further told by apparently a very candid and dispassionate observer upon Dr. Magendie's theory, that 'He has repeatedly seen all the 'phenomena of gravel subdued, and the inordinate secretion of 'uric acid speedily reduced, by perseverance in a diet consisting 'of *plain animal food*, sea biscuit, rice, potatoe, and other 'farinaceous vegetables, with a moderate allowance of white wine 'or diluted brandy; and from which, animal *fat* and *oils*, *fruit*, '*salad*, and other *green vegetables*, *sugar*, *bread*, pastry, and '*all alimentary substances prone to fermentation in the stomach*, 'have been rigorously excluded*.'

Dr. Magendie further alleges, that animals whose food is not naturally vegetable, and whose urine superabounds with a proportion of uric acid, may have the relative quantity of that acid reduced by confining them to vegetable diet. In this position he is in a great measure correct. Indeed, the fact that carniverous animals are the only ones in which uric concretions are detected, we regard as the strongest point in favour of our Theorist's assumptions. But it ought to be recollected that these concretions are never found in a great number of the carniverous tribes of animals; so that something more than the mere circumstance of food may be connected with a constitutional disposition to secrete the acid.

Our Author cites, with much apparent triumph in support of his principle, the case of an individual who was, from the fluctuations of commerce, repeatedly subjected to considerable reverses of fortune, and who, during the periods of his opulence and the corresponding mode of luxurious living, was invariably subject to gravel and gout, both which complaints as regularly left him when poverty compelled him to plainer fare. This instance, however, only proves what had been already sufficiently substantiated, that the greater the call made upon the stomach and digestive organs, the greater is the liability to derangement in the secretions, and in the whole physical, we might add, moral man.

And this leads us to notice a second objection against Dr. Magendie's principles, on the ground of the tendency they evince to apply mere chemical laws to the explication of vital phenomena. 'Uric acid,' says our Author, 'contains in its 'composition a large proportion of azote; animal food is azotic, and therefore, animal food must favour the generation of 'substances in which uric acid abounds.' But it ought to be recollected, that the quantity and quality of animal secretions, by no means bear this regular proportion to the kind and measure of the *ingesta*, and that the very essence of vital support

* London Medical Repository. Vol. XI. p. 59

consists in the faculty possessed by the living principle, of assimilating or converting aliment into a new product * That this law has its limits, must be conceded; and it would be flying in the face of facts, to deny that several substances taken into the first passages, are afterwards detected in the secretions and emunctories of the body, almost unchanged. But this is by no means generally the case: the state of the stomach, relative to the integrity of its functions, has more influence upon the secretions, excretions, and exhalations of the body, than the nature or quality of the matter received in the shape of aliment. Nay, the mind itself will occasionally operate a remarkable variety in the particular referred to, without the assistance of any material agency: the hearing of unpleasant news will often impart a disagreeable odour to a breath which, but the moment before, was free from it; and it is more than probable, that in Dr. Magendie's example of his commercial patient, the mental feelings incident to his varied fortunes, had a conjunctive influence with his diet, in regulating his alternate subjection to and immunity from disease. Individuals suffering from gout or gravel, have been known to forget their complaints in the bustle and anxiety of contested elections, although, during the whole of the time, they were taking into their stomach quite as large quantities of azotic aliment as they had before been accustomed to.

In noticing Dr. Marcet's work, we stated that while lithic or uric acid concretions are allowed to be the most usual form of calculus, a great number of other kinds are frequently met with. This circumstance, however, is unfortunate for Professor Magendie's azotic hypothesis, and accordingly we find him reluctant to admit the fact. *All* the calculi, he says, subjected to his own examination, have consisted of uric acid; and the varieties detailed by Wollaston, Marcet, and others, are of exceedingly rare occurrence. Are these contradictory statements to be reconciled by the supposition, that in France, uric concretions are more common than in this country? Or are we to seek assistance in the explanation of the enigma, by recollecting the proneness of speculatists to make facts bend to theory?

Such, in brief, are Dr. Magendie's arguments for his chemical theory of calculous formation, and such are the objections

* It is the same with vegetable life. 'The marine plant, (for 'instance,) the ashes of which form soda, if sown in a box filled 'with earth that does not contain a particle of that alkali, and 'moistened with distilled water, furnishes it in as great quantity as 'if the plant had been growing on the borders of the sea, in a 'soil always inundated by brackish or salt water.'

o which it is exposed. His practice, however, we believe to e better than his theory; and we have great pleasure in refering to his work for some useful hints both on the dietetical nd the medicinal management of the complaints in question*. To regulate and simplify the diet, will be found a most imporant ingredient in our curative or preventive indications in gravel nd stone; and vegetable, as being more digestible, and more asily assimilated by some weak stomachs, than animal food, is ften much more appropriate fare for individuals subject to these isorders. 'I have often,' says Mr. Brande, 'known a week's abstinence only from animal food relieve a fit of uric gravel, where the alkalies were of little avail; and in other cases, the same plan has been most successfully adopted; at the same time it must be remembered that if flatulency and other stomach symptoms arise from the want of usual animal diet, mischief will in most instances result†.'

In the paper from which we have made the above extract, re to be found some very philosophical intimations, and some ery useful directions on the subject of calculus. Mr. Brande, re feel convinced, has duly appreciated chemical influences in he *rationale* and treatment of the disorders under considera-ion, without having failed to recognise the modifications such nfluences must receive from the peculiar circumstances that re-ulate the phenomena of life.

'It is,' he says, 'of the utmost importance, that the early symptoms of gravel should be carefully attended to; for we are often able with little difficulty to check their progress, and to form useful anticipations of the probable duration and extent of the complaint. It is in this stage, and this only, that we may rationally speak of solvent medicines; and that it is really in our power to prevent that kind of accumulation which ends in stone either of the kidney or bladder.' Mr. Brande then proceeds to inculcate the necessity of bearing in mind, that there are not very often to be found more than three arieties of gravelly or sabulous deposite: these are, first, and rincipally, the uric acid; secondly, the phosphate of lime; and hirdly, the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia. The two ast constitute a *white* sediment in the urine, while the first orms a *red* deposite. Of the white, or phosphate calculi, acids re the particular correctives; while for the red or uric gravel, lkalies prove the best remedies. Such is the general principle vhich, in the indications of practice or the institution of preven-

* An English translation of it has been published.

† "Observations on the Medico-Chemical Treatment of Calculous Disorders." By W. T. Brande. *Quarterly Journal of Science nd Art.*

tive measures, ought never to be lost sight of. Instances sometimes occur, as indeed was before intimated, of persons taking alkaline medicines, such as magnesia and lime, as supposed correctives of gravel, and solvents of calculus, which have added to, in place of diminishing the offending material, by encouraging the deposition of fresh matter. Soda Water, for instance, not unfrequently produces abundance of white sand, 'which,' remarks Mr. B. 'the ignorance of the patient and his medical 'attendant lead them to refer to the solvent power of the me-'dicine upon the stone, whereas great mischief is doing by 'giving the urine more than its usual tendency to deposite the 'phosphates, and consequently to augment the size of the cal-'culus.' To counteract, then, the tendency to the formation of this white sand, acid medicinals ought to be employed, (viz. the nitric, the sulphuric, the muriatic,) which often operate a decidedly beneficial change upon the urinary secretion in the course of a very few days. The vegetable acids also are occasionally very serviceable, and these are especially adapted to cases of disorder in children, in which the white sand appears in abundance. It is to be remarked, by the way, that both in young persons, and in individuals of a more advanced age, this white sediment often takes place as a mere temporary consequence and indication of digestive derangement; in such case, its appearance ought not to excite any alarm as to future or permanent dispositions.

As acids are correctives of the white concretions, so are alkalies of the red: and soda, potash, magnesia, and ammonia, are, according to the circumstances of the individual, to be had recourse to, as remedies for the lithic or uric calculi. Magnesia possesses the double advantage of being aperient as well as alkaline, and is often most conspicuously serviceable; but some caution is requisite even in the use of this medicinal, simple as it may appear. Very mischievous consequences have been known to result from its lodgement in the first passages, and when carried to an extreme, there is also danger of its encouraging that kind of deposite from the urine, which constitutes one of the species of the white sand. On the alkalies, both mild and caustic, and on the question of their mode of operating, we have already treated in analyzing Dr. Marcet's volume.

We need not recapitulate. Our object, it will be perceived, has been throughout, to guard against illegitimate generalizations, in reference both to diet and medicinals; and to prevent the theories and abstractions of enthusiastic speculatists from gaining ground, to the exclusion of sober theory and scientific influence.

Art. VII. 1. *Elements of Chinese Grammar.* By I. Marshman D.D. 4to. Serampore, 1814.

2. *A Dictionary of the Chinese Language.* By the Rev. R. Morrison, 4to. Parts I. and II. Macao, 1815, 1816.

3. *Dialogues and detached Sentences in the Chinese Language;* with a free and verbal Translation in English. 8vo. Macao, 1816.

4. *The Sacred Edict.* Translated from the Chinese Original. By the Rev. William Milne. 8vo. 7s. 6d. London, 1817.

5. *Laou-Sengh-Urh, or, "an Heir in his Old Age."* A Chinese Drama. 12mo. 5s. 6d. London, 1817.

WE can scarcely deem it necessary to disavow the slightest intention of affecting an intimate acquaintance with the Chinese language or literature. It would, indeed, be easy to draw up from authentic and accessible sources, and within reasonable limits, a general summary of European acquisitions upon those points; but this subject has been of late years so frequently referred to, and may be considered, on the whole, as so completely before the public, that we have felt it inexpedient to engage in the unprofitable, though not uninteresting task. Having, however, had occasion to examine the volumes before us, we cannot persuade ourselves to lay them aside, without briefly calling attention to a department of literature which has been of late so disinterestedly and successfully cultivated; embracing, at the same time, the opportunity of devoting a few pages to a simple statement of the labours of those excellent individuals who, while seeking to advance the eternal welfare of man, have incidentally conferred important obligations upon science.

A century back, it was the fashion to represent the Chinese as a race of philosophers, cultivating literature on a liberal scale, and founding their claims to honour and distinction on their diligence and success in the acquisition of knowledge. The vague and exaggerated language in which these general eulogies were pronounced by those who alone had the means of forming an accurate estimate, aided the deception; and for a time it was admitted as a fact not to be questioned, that China was the favoured seat of wisdom and learning, and that when labour and skill should have fairly unlocked the treasury of her science, the western world would be perfectly dazzled by the splendour of its stores. Labour and skill have at length achieved much of their allotted task; and the result has been, a lamentable abatement of the high claims of Chinese literature. A timid acquiescence in ancient forms and opinions, an unlimited admiration of established modes, an exclusive taste for frivolous discussions, a genius for trifling, which may vie with that of the good old times of the European schoolmen, may be traced throughout the

compositions of the accomplished literati of 'the Celestial 'Empire.' What, indeed, can be expected from the writers of a country where the most minute points of etiquette are under the guardianship of the bamboo, and where strangulation or beheading awaits the luckless trespasser upon established usage? We have recently met with the story of a miserable author, who, for some harmless, but unlicensed use of the emperor's name, was, together with his innocent family, sentenced to death: the latter were indulged with a mitigation of their judgement, but the actual offender was left for execution. While we take it for granted that the inhabitants of China possess a fair average of the general allotment of natural talent, we imagine that we hazard nothing in affirming that, with all their literary vanity and ostentation, they are the most ignorant of civilized nations.

Whatever may be thought of its literature, the language, at least, of China, seems to possess some very extraordinary fascination, if we may form our judgement from the enthusiastic expressions of those who have made themselves acquainted with it. '*Lingua mirabilis! philosophica! divina!*' exclaims Tourmont; and we are gravely assured by Dr. Montucci, that 'when we once conceive an adequate idea of the admirable 'structure, mechanism, and energy of the Chinese Hiero-'glyphics, the sublimity of the invention has so great a power 'on our mind, that we regard it as descended directly from 'heaven; and nothing is seen, in the extensive field of phi-'lology, that can bear the faintest comparison in point of merit, 'to the Chinese language and writings!' Dr. Marshman remarks, in moderate and rational language, that the pleasure resulting from the study of Chinese 'is so great, and the field 'of research which it opens, so interesting, as scarcely to permit 'its being relinquished but with life itself.'

Much of this strongly expressed pleasure, is, no doubt, to be referred to the mere gratification arising from the surmounting of difficulty; something of it is also to be assigned to the very natural, though unsuspected tendency that exists in every mind, to exaggerate the value of that which has cost intense labour to attain; but the principal source of this over-wrought delight is, we apprehend, to be found in the nature of the language itself. Originally, as it should seem, representative of specific objects, and subsequently blended with characters of invention, the written medium has become a compound of imitative and arbitrary signs; and thus, by presenting to the eye and to the mind a species of hieroglyphical enigma, it excites curiosity, and keeps attention and expectation continually on the alert. Of this, however, we speak with great uncertainty; for, although we have not hitherto been able to find anything in the

literature of China which would tempt us to undertake the regular task of deciphering and acquiring the language, yet, we are willing to believe that, making every deduction for partiality and exaggeration, there may be in both attractions to justify the eulogies of their admirers. Without engaging in inquiries, which we have so imperfect means of solving, we shall proceed to give a general account of the works which more immediately demand our attention.

Dr. Marshman has laboured under peculiar disadvantages in the acquisition of this singular language Though he had long felt an anxious wish to make himself master of its *arcana*, he was compelled, for a considerable time, to delay his entrance on this part of his studies, by the absence of all means of instruction; and when, at length, he was enabled to procure them, he was under the disheartening necessity of studying 'Chinese *in Chinese*, without being assisted by a single sentence from a Chinese author translated into any language.' By the aid of his Chinese master, his resolution and application overcame these difficulties, and it was not until three months after the completion and publication of his translation of Confucius, that he 'for the first time saw a Latin Chinese dictionary.' From the Romish missionary Rodrigues, and from Mr Manning, Dr. Marshman subsequently derived much valuable information. As a specimen of the indefatigable labour exerted in the progress of his inquiries, we may state the fact, that, for the purpose of ascertaining an important feature of the Chinese language, he actually, with the aid of his Chinese assistants, employed fifteen months in dissecting and analysing the whole of the characters in the Imperial Dictionary, amounting to 31,214 at the least; and possibly, to not fewer than 43,496 complicated forms. In the course of our examination of Dr. Marshman's work, we had made a series of notes which would enable us to give a tolerably complete abstract of its contents; but on revising them for that purpose, we find that it would be hardly practicable to make ourselves clearly understood without the occasional help of a few characters; and even if this did not make such an analysis wholly inexpedient, we should be deterred from it by the consideration that there are very few of our readers to whom it could be in any way interesting. The formation of the characters has been very laboriously deduced by the Dr. in the preliminary dissertation, but as he has stated the general results in the preface, we shall adopt his language in preference to our own.

'It is pretty evident, that from certain delineations of the chief objects of nature, sufficiently rude, it is true, but still such as a strong fancy might associate with the object, sprang the two hundred and fourteen Elements. Certain expressions of ideas once fixed upon,

these formed a basis on which to erect a superstructure. Some of them were soon applied figuratively; in other cases, certain additions placed above, below, or within the original character, were supposed capable of representing other ideas. At length two significant characters were combined with the view of representing by the union of the two, a third, which, in the opinion of the writer, partook in some degree, of the qualities of both. This once attempted, an almost boundless field presented itself to the view; each of these compound characters became in its turn a primitive or root, to which an Element —the head, the hand, the foot; fire, water, earth, stone, air, &c. being added, another idea was presented to the mind. If to a thousand of these primitives, only a hundred of the elements had been added, the result would have been a hundred thousand characters, produced by the combination of only three elements; but in perusing this essay, the reader will find, that these triple compounds are still in many instances, the primitive or root of a new character: in some cases this is extended to five, and in a few even to six elements united in one character, which, however, still expresses only one idea. Thus then the reader will find, that from two hundred and fourteen Elements, proceed about one thousand six hundred Primitives; which producing each from three to seventy four Derivatives, constitute the great mass of the Chinese written language.'

The colloquial medium of the Chinese, has not the slightest connexion with the written character; they are, in fact, two different languages,—if, indeed, the term may be applied to a series of characters with which sound is connected only in an arbitrary and conventional manner. Language, in general, is adjusted by the powers of the voice, and the analogies of sound: the written and the oral media, are calculated by each other, specific characters answering to peculiar sounds; and although those sounds vary in some respects as applied by different nations, yet, there is a prevailing resemblance which renders the alphabetic system of their various dialects, to a certain degree, intelligible to all. But in the system of China, the written marks, and the oral articulations, have no connexion with each other, except from an almost capricious application. The same character may have sounds attributed to it, as different as the utmost range of variety can supply, without in any degree altering its representative meaning, since the written medium addresses itself only to the eye. The *language*, strictly speaking, of the Chinese, contains, even when varied by the application of the four Tones, no more than 1781 monosyllabic 'intonations;' but, for the peculiar arrangement and construction of the system, with its complicated apparatus of initial and final powers, we must refer to the volume itself.

To the *Clavis* is appended, with a minute *Praxis* and free translation, the Ta hyoh, one of the four standard 'Books' of the Chinese, and which claims to be considered, of course, as

concentrating the wisdom and knowledge of the literati of China, in reference to the particular points of moral doctrine which it enforces and explains. Making every allowance for the disadvantageous medium of a translation, and giving all due credit to the original for superior terseness and felicity of expression, we must venture our opinion that this venerated treatise, of which the text is assigned to Confucius, and the comment to his disciples, is, notwithstanding its high lineage and pretentions, abundantly common-place. We are not, however, quite sure that it is, as yet, correctly understood, for on comparing the present rendering with Mr. Morrison's translation in the *Horæ Sinicæ*, we find important variations. The primary doctrine, or, at least, that which we have understood to be such, appears to be differently stated: in the *Clavis*, it is 'self-government;' in the *Horæ Sinicæ*, it is virtue in general.

'From the Son of Heaven (the Emperor) down to the humblest peasant,—to all equally, the adorning of the person with virtue lies at the foundation.' *Horæ Sinicæ.*

In the Appendix to the *Clavis*, the same sentence is thus rendered.

'From the Son of Heaven even to the common people, one rule applies, that self-government is the root of all virtue.'

In the composition of the "Chinese Dictionary," Mr. Morrison has taken as his ground-work, the "Imperial Dictionary of Kang-he," but with many and important alterations and improvements. If we may judge from the specimens before us, it will not only be a complete *Thesaurus* of the Chinese language, but will contain many most interesting elucidations of the mythology, ethics, and literature of China. The Introduction comprises a considerable mass of valuable information respecting Chinese philology, and terminates with some severe criticisms on the Dictionary of M. de Guignes, of which, notwithstanding, Mr. M. allows the general merit. That Mr. Morrison is to be ranked among the high admirers of the language with which he has made himself so familiar, will appear from the very strong terms in which he expresses himself, though at the same time he justly ridicules the frigid raptures of those who have discovered unintelligible excellences, while betraying specific ignorance of real beauties, in the Chinese character.

'To convey ideas to the mind, by the eye, the Chinese language answers all the purposes of a written medium, as well as the alphabetic system of the West, and perhaps, in some respects, better. The character forms a picture, which really is, or by early associations is considered, beautiful and impressive. The Chinese fine writing (when fully understood, by dispensing with all the minute particles and diffusive expressions, which are absolutely necessary to

give to sounds that variety which makes them intelligible in spoken language,) darts upon the mind with a vivid flash, a force and a beauty, of which Alphabetic language is incapable.'

The six sources from which the Chinese language is said to have been derived, are thus enumerated: 1. 'Resemblance to 'the object.' 2. 'Pointing out some property.' 3 'Combi- 'nation of ideas.' 4 'Sound of the thing spoken of.' 5. 'Contraries, by inverting and reversing the character.' 6. 'Borrowed, supposed, or arbitrary characters.' The following citation from a Chinese writer, in celebration of the invention of letters, is, perhaps, quite in as good a taste as the greater portion of Eastern hyperbole.

'When letters were invented, the Heavens, Earth, and the Gods, were all agitated. The inhabitants of Hades wept at night, and the Heavens, as an expression of joy, rained down ripe grain. From the invention of letters the machinations of the human heart began to operate; stories false and erroneous daily increased; litigations, and imprisonments sprung; hence, also, spacious and artful language, which causes so much confusion in the world. It was on these accounts the shades of the departed wept at night. But, from the invention of letters, polite intercourse and music proceeded; reason and justice were made manifest; the relations of social life were illustrated; and laws became fixed. Governors had a rule to refer to; scholars had authorities to venerate; and hence, the Heavens delighted, rained down ripe grain. The Classical Scholar, the Historian, the Mathematician, the Astronomer, none of them can do without letters. Were there not letters to afford proof of passing events, the shades might weep at noon day, and the Heavens rain down blood.'

The various contents of the first division of the Dictionary, are distributed under the successive radicals, of which the character Iin-man, is the ninth. From much valuable and interesting matter arranged under this radical, we select the following illustrations of the Chinese opinions respecting the formation of the human race and the peopling of the world.

'From the time that the Yin and Yang combined, and the five elements intermingled, in the centre of the universe, where moisture and heat operated on each other, a man was produced. This man was by nature intelligent. As he gazed upon the heavens, he saw, darting forth from a star, and falling to the earth, a golden blaze of light. In approaching it, he found it to be an animated being, which he supposed was of the same species. The being addressed him saying, 'The wings have long embraced you; on the breaking forth 'of the fructifying principle, I knew that you had entered into the 'world.' Then plucking up certain plants, formed garments for the lower part of the body. He named the man Hwang Iaou, and informed him of the manner of creation; of the division of the heavens and the earth; the Yin and Yang; the separating the darkness from the light, &c.; that all things were produced from an egg;

first formed in water; that there were four other human beings formed, one at each of the four points of the compass. Having said this, the being disappeared, and the four persons flew to the spot, each from a different quarter. These five persons, by a chemical process, obtained, from an immense crucible, a male being, and also a female, the latter of whom was called Shay-neu, 'serpent-woman.' These, obtaining essential influence from the sun and moon, produced other human beings, who again united, and gradually filled the earth with people. Hwang laou directed the dispersion of the first families, and supplied them with rafts to cross the seas and rivers, to whatever place the wind might drive them Pwan-koo, an extraordinary person, whose origin is not known came from the vast deserts. He was four times taller than other human beings; had horns on his head. and his teeth stood out of his mouth. He taught navigation more perfectly, and made passages through the mountains. All submitted to him, and he became the first king of men.'

The "Dialogues and detached Sentences" will be found extremely useful, not only to those who may be desirous of attaining the language itself, but to those who may feel an interest in tracing out the forms of expression, and the minor habits of common intercourse, prevalent in Chinese society. To the Dialogues are subjoined various particulars relating to weights and measures, the division of time, and different modes of epistolary and petitionary address. Both in this little work, and in his Dictionary, Mr. Morrison seems to favour the opinion, that the Chinese language is not strictly monosyllabic.

The "Sacred Edict" is a well-judged and valuable publication, and contains more matter directly to the point, in illustration of the internal and administrative system of policy by which the Chinese nation is governed, than we have ever before met with in a similar compass. The "Edict" itself forms a very small portion of the book. It is comprised in sixteen brief maxims, enforcing, 1—'The duties of children and brothers.' 2—'Respect for kindred.' 3—'Concord among neighbours.' 4—'The importance of husbandry. 5—'The value of economy.' 6—'Academical learning.' 7—'The folly and wickedness of schism.' 8—'The knowledge of the Law.' 9—'The principles of good breeding.' 10—'Attention to the essential occupations.' 11—'The instruction of youth.' 12—'The evil of false accusing.' 13—'The consequences of hiding deserters.' 14—'The payment of the taxes.' 15—'The necessity of extirpating robbery and theft.' 16—'The importance of settling animosities.' Each of these injunctions is set forth in a brief and oracular manner. The "Edict" itself was originally promulgated by the great emperor Kang-he, as a short but comprehensive digest of civil duties. It was, however, found too laconic and senten-

tious in its style for general utility, and his son and successor wrote and published an 'Amplification,' which itself, as it afterwards appeared, required a commentary. This task was undertaken, and very respectably executed, by a Chinese Mandarin, who has studiously enlivened his paraphrase and explanation, by the introduction of 'numerous proverbs, quaint sayings, 'colloquial phrases, and provincialisms,' for the purpose of making the whole more acceptable and intelligible to the people. This volume contains an able and distinct translation, with very interesting annotations of the text, and of both commentaries. We would, however, suggest the impropriety of using so European and specific a word as 'guillotine,' in rendering the Chinese term for the instrument of decapitation. In one of Mr. Milne's notes, we find the following specimen of Chinese humour. Having stated in the text that the natives of the North are remarkable for vivacity and promptitude, while the Southerns are dull and slow, their respective characters are thus illustrated.

'Formerly in China, there was a Mandarin who had two servants, the one from the north of China, the other from the south. One day the Mandarin ordered the slow south countryman to carry out his little son to take the air. The servant let the child fall into a fish-pond; and went to inform his master, whom he found writing an official document.

'Fearing to disturb him, he stood by quietly for the space of two hours, till the writing was completed. "What do you want?" said the Mandarin. "Sir," said the servant, "the boy has fallen into the pond, and I came to beg you to send some person to take him out." "What! you scoundrel," said the Mandarin, "have you stood here so long without telling!" "I durst not presume to disturb you, sir," said the servant. The Mandarin ran to the pond; but found the child had been dead for some time. He was then so vexed that he would have no more south country servants, because they were slow and void of energy. On a certain day an unexpected affair required his immediate attention, and he was obliged to run a foot. When coming to the side of a small river, where there was no bridge or boat, he said, "I have hurried away without my horse: what shall be done?" His north country servant being with him, said, "No fear, sir, I will manage it." So saying, he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and said, "If you will get on my back, sir, I will carry you through in a moment." When they were about half through, the Mandarin said, "My good fellow, this is just what I like, the promptitude of you north country lads is very valuable. As a reward for this I will give you one of my maid servants in marriage." The servant was so overpowered with instantaneous joy, that he had no patience to wait till they got to the other side, but set down his master in the stream and fell on his knees to thank him for his favour.' pp. 179—180.

The "Drama" is the first fair specimen of the skill of the

Chinese, in a species of composition which has been successfully cultivated even among the most intellectual nations, only by men of the brightest imaginations, and of the most acute and observant minds. We are not told whether this play ranks high or low in the general scale of the dramatic literature of China, but we should infer from the statements of the introductory "View," that it may be considered as an average sample of the Chinese theatre. It is, however, so entirely and exclusively founded on native modes of feeling and action, as to abate very sensibly the gratification which it might otherwise convey. It is purely national, and consequently limited in its interest, excepting as an illustration of habits and emotions differing from our own. The drama of Greece, and that of England, partake of the character of universality, because drawn from the very fountain-head of human feelings and impulses, and supplied and enriched by the continual accessions of intellect and invention. The *theatre* of France never loses sight of the buskin and the mask: the stream of imagination never runs pure; it is tinged with the muddy waters of the Seine, and savours throughout its current, not only of national, but of Parisian feeling. Even Moliére, incomparably the most original dramatic genius that France has produced, has only broken the shackles of nationality in a few of his characters, though he has scattered the scintillations of his powerful and penetrating mind throughout his hastiest and most careless scenes. Perhaps, the most perfect example of a drama perfectly native in its construction, and yet invariably blended with the common sympathies and the general features of human nature, is to be found in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Every thing in it is national and even local, down to Datchet-Mead and the buck-basket: but there is scarcely a feeling expressed that is not universal; the jealousy of Ford, the frolicsome spirits of the Merry Wives, the silly importance of Slender, are as accurately characteristic of middle life in Germany, France, Turkey, and we would venture to add, China, as they are applicable to English minds and manners. Materials for nearly a similar drama might be found in Le Sage, in Cervantes, and in the Arabian nights, if an equal genius could be found to put them as happily together.

From Shakspeare to the "Heir in his old age," is a 'heavy 'declension,' but the cursory remarks which we have been led to make, are in some degree illustrative of the causes of the inferiority, the want of general interest, with which we have charged the Chinese play. The exaggerated and even superstitious views entertained by the natives of China, respecting filial piety, are the main springs of the various movements and vicissitudes of this drama. A wealthy old man, without a son,

having married his daughter to a person possessed of the harmonious, name of Chang-lang, takes a 'second or inferior wife,' in the hope of obtaining 'an heir in his old age.' The principal wife, a well meaning, respectable sort of shrew, treats the old man's nephew with so much asperity, as to compel him to seek shelter and comfort elsewhere. In the mean time, the second wife proves with child, and Chang-lang, the son-in-law, vexed at the prospect of losing the family property, plots with the wife to effect the removal of this obstacle to his avaricious expectations and this is supposed to have been accomplished by the murder of the pregnant female. The remainder of the action turns upon the exemplary conduct of the discarded nephew in performing memorial ceremonies at the tombs of his ancestors, contrasted with the negligence and tardiness of Chang-lang; and the drama terminates with the re appearance of the last wife with a son and heir, both of whom have been preserved by the wife of Chang-lang, from the machinations of her husband, who is now dismissed to poverty and infamy. The old gentleman concludes the play with dividing his property among his daughter, his nephew, and his son, expressing his delight at having obtained 'an heir in his old age.'

Art VIII. *The Annual Biography and Obituary.* Vol. I. 1817. Vol. II 1818. Vol III. 1819 8vo. London.

IT has hitherto been, and it must always, to a considerable extent, continue to be, a subject of deep though unavailing regret, that a large mass of valuable materials for general and for literary history, as well as for simple biography, should be lost to the world, by the absence of some effectual medium for the conservation of dates and documents. But although it is very desirable that the *memorabilia* of illustrious persons should be preserved in records early collected and safely deposited, yet, whether it be expedient to have recourse, in the very first instance, to the press, in preference to some more private and deliberate *custos rotulorum*, is a question of which the affirmative is liable to many objections. The only satisfactory sources of biography, must be sought for in the cabinets of the individuals themselves whose characters are under discussion, or in the *memoranda* of their confidents; and even these would lead to most erroneous estimates, unless checked by the *per contras* of antagonists, and balanced by a reference to the general summary of their recognised acts. It is, however, quite clear that some time must elapse before these indispensable materials can become accessible, and that in the mean time every attempt to supply their absence, can lead only to meagre, partial, or uncertain results. Contemporary history

and biography, even when derived from the purest and fullest sources, are entangled with multiplied difficulties, and liable to frequent and just suspicion. The partialities of friendship, the discolourings of enmity, the difficulty of ascertaining motives as well as actions, have all of them a more deteriorating effect on memorials writtten at the time, than on such as are subsequently drawn up, if not with more complete, at least with more equal evidence; if not with more interested, yet with more equitable feeling.

These considerations have been suggested by the present respectable essay, to supply a very important chasm in what we may be permitted to term, our floating literature. These volumes are valuable, inasmuch as they preserve the general outline and the leading facts of the lives of such individuals as come within the period which they embrace; but it is obvious that no diligence can obtain due materials for so considerable a mass of biography, and that if obtained, no individual could be found intrepid enough to venture the consequences of using them with entire impartiality. Though we are, on the whole, disposed to give credit to the Editor for having acquitted himself with general fairness and sufficient skill, yet, the probability is, that scarcely a single character in the volumes can be considered as distinctly and impartially traced. For this, however, we by no means impute blame to the Compiler: he seems to have availed himself of all accessible sources of intelligence, he has communicated the results of his inquiries in a clear and unaffected style and arrangement, and we hope that encouragement may be afforded him to continue a work which, under all disadvantages, he has contrived to make both interesting and useful.

Some of the articles are, of course, much more valuable than others. We were particularly gratified with the memoir of Dr. Thomson, who seems to have been the most active bookmaker of his day. But we refer to the biographical account of him chiefly for the purpose of introducing the following extract. Dr. F., it seems, had written or edited a small octavo volume, under the title of Buchanan's Travels to the Hebrides, and in connexion with that publication, the writer of the memoir makes the following remarks.

'Here was a new field opened, for no professed modern traveller had ever entered those secluded isles, of Lewis, Harris, both the Uists, Barry, &c. some of which are distant no less than 70 miles from the main land, and none else but a missionary would ever have peregrinated thither. According to the deplorable account here given, "the wigwams of the wild Indians of America are equally good, and better furnished," than the cottages of the unhappy and oppressed peasantry of Harris. If the account which now lies open

before the writer of the present article be true, or even nearly correct, the African Society ought to send travellers thither, and Mr. Wilberforce, now that the slave trade has been happily abolished, should transfer his attention to those miserable shores. According to this narrative, the ancient manerial bondage still exists in all its horrors; the labours of fifty-two days in the year are demanded from some of the unhappy tenants; others of them are obliged to foster "their master's children," without wages; while the state of the "Scallag" is assuredly far inferior to that of the negro in the West Indies; for they both seem, indeed, to live and labour under the terrors and torture of the whip, but with this difference, that while the Æbudean slave is here represented as starving during the whole year, the slave of the torrid zone, has at least the chance of getting sleek and fat, during crop time! Humanity teaches us charitably to hope that the original Author was imposed upon; or that the Doctor was induced, by his representations, to colour and varnish an exaggerated tale! But if it be otherwise—and surely the subject is worthy of enquiry, by actual inspection on the part of the curious, inquisitive, and humane travellers of the present day—it is to be hoped that the public indignation will be aroused, and that the Scallags of those remote isles will at length be liberated from an illegal and intolerant bondage.' pp. 102—103.

In the Biography of the Duke of Norfolk, a charge is brought against his Grace, of having 'impounded' Mr. Taylor's translation of Plato, and of having 'conducted himself in a way 'that Tonson would have disdained, and Curll himself would 'have scarcely practised.' A charge like this ought not to have been insinuated, unless it could have been substantiated. Was there no impropriety, no eccentricity on the other side, to provoke such a measure? We are unacquainted with the facts, but we should suspect that the Duke must have taken some offence, probably without sufficient cause, before he could have adopted so violent a course.

The last of these volumes, though not equal, perhaps, to those of the preceding years, in interesting subjects, is decidedly superior in its execution. The *Silhouette* portraits are, very injudiciously, engraved in wood; the impressions are uncertain, and in many instances so broken and imperfect, as to convey no adequate idea of the original.

Art. IX. *A Churchman's Second Epistle.* By the Author of Religio Clerici. With Notes and Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 85. London, 1819.

THERE are few religious persons of refined or well cultivated minds, who have not had their feelings, not to say their principles, put repeatedly to a severe test by the offences that abound in what is termed the *religious world.* When the Church has for a long time enjoyed an immunity from external trials, it is inevitable that a larger portion of alloy should be found adhering to the sincerity of Christian profession. And if the period should be characterised by a general activity of zeal, a zeal deriving its impetus in some degree, perhaps, from the popularity and the secular advantages attaching under such circumstances to the best of causes, there will be the more reason to expect to find religion exhibited in combination with all the varied forms of human imbecility. It would be well if in the hands of hypocrites only, religion was doomed to become an "offence" on account of the repulsive aspect it is made to assume. But it suffers quite as much from the indiscretions, the inconsistencies, and the *bad taste,* which are chargeable upon many who have the interests of religion sincerely at heart. And these moral excretions will be the more luxuriant, in proportion to the heat diffused through the social system, and the impulse given to its active energies. In other words, the extension and prosperity of religion will too generally be attended by a deterioration of its purity in those who are brought the more prominently into contact with that dangerous ally, the world. Men who deserve the warmest praise for their exertions, may yet possibly require that some charitable allowance should be made, on the ground of human infirmity, in estimating their characters. It is not always the holiest, the humblest, or the wisest of men, who are thrown into situations of the greatest prominence, or who obtain the ascendency in religious society, any more than in the world at large.

We have known excellent individuals who have discovered a somewhat morbid sensibility in reference to these natural concomitants of an extending religious profession. It is very possible to fix our attention upon the diseased appearances of society, till every thing shall seem to wear that character, and a desponding estimate shall be formed of the state of religion, highly unfavourable to our active enjoyment or usefulness. What was at first an honest zeal for the purity and honour of the religion of Christ, may be aggravated by personal encounters with what is rude or disgusting, into an impatience of human infirmities, which is in imminent danger of becoming misanthropical. In this state of mind, the good man may feel all the

Luther rising within him; but not having quite a Luther's provocation or his courage, he may be tempted to vent his indignation through his pen, and to become a satirist. Excellent expedient for lashing men into Christianity! No doubt, even in the characters of the good, he will find matter enough to fill his pages, and to point his rhymes. And his "zeal for the "Lord of Hosts" may in this way display itself with a cleverness most creditable to his talents. But then, perhaps, he chances to open the sacred writings at that part where an inspired Apostle draws the portrait of a virtue of another complexion, and as he reads, it may occur to him that it was not a perfect exemplification of the charity which "thinketh no evil," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," "is not easily provoked," "beareth all things, hopeth all things," that he was about to engage in becoming, if not the accuser, the reprover of his brethren. One thing remains, which he may yet do, and as it will be more consonant with his best feelings, so it may perhaps be not less efficiently useful than the utmost cleverness of satire; it is to pray for those he would reform, to pray for the peace of that Jerusalem he loves.

A good man would look back upon the period at which he felt tempted to dip his pen in satire, as one of danger to his character. He *might* have written with the amiableness and sanctity of feeling with which Cowper looked upon the world from which he had escaped. It was, however, more probable that he would have been betrayed into a different spirit, and that whatever good it is conceivable he might have effected, would have been at the cost of his own character. But still, it may be allowed him, on contemplating the follies and offensive inconsistencies which still survive to justify the feeling of indignation, to wish at times that they should meet with a censor who should lash them a little into the back-ground. He may indulge a not unlawful complacency in finding the work he could not stoop or trust himself to perform, fulfilled by some coarse hand, which is fit for no better office. It is true that the task is likely to be much worse done, probably without any intelligent discrimination as to the good and the evil which are found existing in combination, and more from a wholesale party hatred of the men, than from any nicety of perception in reference to the standard of excellence. He must be grieved in many cases to find that Religion itself gets some of the clumsy blows aimed by the dashing or ignorant assailant of the alleged hypocrisy or imbecility of some of the professors of religion. He will have reason too for surprise, sometimes, at the very selection of materials made by the satirist for his purpose, and it will occur to him how much better *stuff* for ridicule he could have furnished from his own observation, without being driven all the in-

genuity of calumny in order to make out the tale. Upon the whole, he will feel that this strange ally of virtue is entitled to no thanks for his evil pains, although it may be hoped that some pious people will be made the more prudent, and some forward men the more cautious, by finding themselves laughed at.

The Author of this Churchman's Second Epistle is, in some respects, just the man for this dirty work. He discovers a singular industry in raking out materials from obscure and forgotten sources, as well as an impartial diligence in hunting through the publications of the day. He is in fact, a sort of literary scavenger. If there is to be found a quaint, or coarse, or profane phrase in the pulpit effusions of the seventeenth century, it is eagerly laid hold of in order to be pieced on to some supposed parallel passage from the Evangelical Magazine, or the Christian Observer. One must perforce admire the man for his reading. 'The Notes,' he tells us, 'with which he has 'illustrated his text, have been collected at no slight expense 'of time and labour.' Old plays, and fast sermons of similar date, are his chief authorities. Thus we have Randolph's "Muse's Looking Glass," 'a play in which there is some 'excellent *good satire* on the hypocrisy of the Puritans,' and the "Newe Custome," cited alternately with the Sermon of Mr. Feak at Blackfriars in 1683, Andrew Perne's Fast Sermon, Mr. Evans's at St. Clement's, Bridge's Prelatical Hagatye, together with Dr. Womack's "Aroubimnucha," the histories of the Anabaptists of Munster, "Bonds and Bounds," and other authentic documents equally illustrative of the dangers resulting to the Church of which this Satirist is so bright an ornament, from the British and Foreign Bible Society! But when we have given him praise for the industry discovered in his Notes, and for the smoothness of his verse, we must stop. We cannot say much for his originality, in representing the 'Evangelicals' of every sect as united in a Bible conspiracy against the Established Church, of the same kind and tendency as the supposed treason of the Puritans. It is a stale joke, and was at first a clumsy one. And then, the rogue, to class the Christian Observer, and the British Review, with the Eclectic Review, as fanatical gasometers of the same *genus*, when he knows that there is scarcely a subscriber to either of those Journals who would dare trust himself to read an article, much less purchase a number of our Sectarian work! But we must not insist upon breaches of politeness, where there are no terms kept with honesty.

It is a pity, however, we thought as we turned over some of his Notes, that this Satirist is a Churchman of any kind. Had he not felt bound to support this character, he might have dealt round his blows still more unreservedly. We could have direct-

ed him to a work, in which he would have found a far more various and extensive collection of piquant absurdities and indecencies extracted from pulpit compositions of a former period, than he has yet met with; but then, unfortunately, they are all taken from the writings of Episcopal divines, and would not therefore tell quite so well. The work we allude to, is Robert Robinson's edition of Claude's Essay; it is now scarce, but a copy may perhaps be met with, should our Author be contemplating a *Third* Epistle.

But our readers will probably expect that we should indulge them with an extract or two, and there is one paragraph in the sentiment of which we can cordially unite.

'Oh! for that day, whenever it shall beam,
Which gives us back the coat without a seam!
When from all quarters of this earth combined,
One universal Church shall knit mankind.
To build their heavenly Salem then shall rise,
With one consent. the great, and good, and wise:
All sects united in a common band,
Join faith with faith, and mingle hand with hand;
Together lift the sacrifice of pray'r,
And the slain Lamb's eternal supper share.' p. 6.

But then the Poet goes off into the following exposition of his ideas of good Churchmanship.

'Religion once, when wiser paths we trod,
Was a plain, honest, quiet trust in God.
No creeds were bandied with polemic art,
And Faith, unwarp'd by fancy, sway'd the heart.
The good man, then, with little mental labour,
Honour'd the King, fear'd God, and lov'd his Neighbour:
Their several things to Heaven and Cæsar gave,
And thought no Bishop, but the Pope, a knave.
At Church on Sundays wore his smartest gear,
His purpose not to criticise, but hear;
Knew half the service, ere it came, by rote,
Join'd the responses, took no short-hand note:
Stood up to tune the psalm with all his might,
And mark'd the text, to con it o'er at night;
Till the sixth head was seldom seen to dose,
And always waked in time to catch the close.
At meals, unless the Vicar was his guest,
Himself, ere touch'd, the smoking pudding bless'd:
Thank'd Heaven each night and morning for its care,
And to his prayer-book, only, look'd for prayer:
Seldom, if ever, could his alms refuse,
Kept Christmas cheer, and paid his Easter dues.
What by Religion now-a-days is meant?
It means—if it means any thing—Dissent.
Not that avow'd defiance which of yore,

Grav'd on his front the bold opponent bore;
But sleek and seeming friendship in its stead,
Which wears our livery and purloins our bread.' pp. 7—10.

We have seldom met with a plainer confession, as to what state of things it is that the beneficed opponents of Bible Societies, and Missionary Societies, and School Societies, would wish to have restored. Assuredly, Religion and Dissent do become in reference to such a system, closely identified.

It is not our purpose to track the Author through his abuse of the several religious so cieties above-mentioned. Now and then, he lights upon a fair subject of satire, were he but capable of treating it with fairness. As to the proceedings of that most unfortunate of all institutions, the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, we marvel that with the assistance of that 'simple-hearted man,' Mr. Goakman, our Satirist did not feel tempted to expatiate a little more minutely upon so fertile a theme. Never, it must be admitted, were the contributions of Christian benevolence more rashly lavished, than they were upon that crude, unauthorized scheme for bribing converts from Judaism. No rational man can feel surprized that the first Society came to nothing, although he may differ from our Author in thinking the roguery of Frey and others, an excellent joke. The *obituaries* of certain religious magazines, afford another theme for—we dare not say ridicule, but severe reprehension. Here too we must regret that the Author, not always being able to distinguish the language of Scripture, in his attempts to be witty, falls into profaneness. Upon this subject, more particularly upon the obituaries of malefactors, we expressed our opinion at large on the first appearance of that very tract by W. P. Davies, which is referred to in the Notes.* To that article, we do not refer our Author, but we may refer our readers. As to the old calumny thrown upon Methodism, of leading to madness and fostering crime, we imagine that there is no help against it, and that it will continue to be said and sung in spite of all the contradiction it is daily receiving from our criminal records and from the annals of disease. Nothing would be easier than to recriminate upon this "Churchman," as Jeremy Bentham has done with a vengeance; but we have no inclination to enter upon the contest. *Religious advertisements* afford another handle to our Satirist. He quotes one in particular from the Evangelical Magazine, which appeared twelve years ago, of a sufficiently scandalous description, but it might have occurred to a writer of any candour, that these things had long ago worked out their

* Eclectic Review. N.S. Sep. 1814.

own remedy. The truth is, we suspect, that he has picked up some old numbers of different magazines at a book-stall, and is as ignorant of their present character, as he is of every thing connected with the sects he inveighs against, except such meagre information as he has gleaned at random from these sources, while loitering away an idle hour at Deighton's. Few of our readers will have any idea of what is referred to in the following lines.

> 'Here Theological Booksellers unite
> To kindle dying Puritanic light,
> And scatter Pamphlets fitted for the many,
> Tracts, Tales, and Hymn-books, one and two a penny.'

Who would suppose, that this passage commemorates the abortive project of some three or four booksellers eleven years ago, to obtain subscribers to a reprint of some old divinity? The Society was never formed, and the idea of scattering Tracts and Hymn-books, was never entertained by the parties. But *à propos* of booksellers, it is fortunate that there is at least one Anti Puritan to be found in that worshipful body, to be the publisher of this Churchman's Epistle and of Don Juan.

We must now take leave of our Author. We had intended to give some further extracts, but his pages are so full of ribaldry, that we find we must abstain. Upon the whole, there is one point of view in which such a production as this, Is adapted to give some satisfaction. Reverting to the remark with which we set out, that offences of the description here satirized must needs come, one is led to reflect, on examining the catalogue drawn out with such malicious industry, is this all? And has the enemy been able to detect no worse instances of cant or impropriety in the public conduct and writings of the whole religious community, than these, notwithstanding he has pressed obsolete tracts and old advertisements into his service? We congratulate the Evangelicals of every name on this reluctant testimony to the almost unexceptionable character which it should seem they have been able to maintain. We have actually mentioned every thing in the shape of a charge brought forward by this Satirist, to which they would not have wished to plead guilty. We are ready to admit that at public meetings of the kind alluded to, as well as in the multitudinous effusions of the press, improprieties have been committed, and improprieties will be committed, which we should be glad to have put to flight so easily as by a flourish of the satirist's pen. But let the most be made of them in number and in enormity; still we reiterate, Are these all that can be adduced to swell the indictment? Then must the ever active principles of human weakness and depravity be under some powerful

control, some ruling master-motive, which renders it possible that all this extraordinary excitation of feeling and activity, this display of rude energy and inflamed zeal, should take place, without a far higher degree of eccentricity in the infinitely diversified movements of machinery so complicated. We are satisfied that nothing less than religion, the essential reality of religion, must be the spring and regulating principle of the whole.

We are tempted to add one more remark, and it is this. We are far from imagining that Religion 'means—if it means any 'thing—Dissent;' but when we meet with such a specimen of Churchmanship as is exhibited by our clerical Satirist, it seems to us that we need not look very far for reasons to justify our setting a high value on our privileges as Dissenters. It is among the very foremost of the objections to an Ecclesiastical Establishment, that it commits to such men the cure of souls. Such an individual, were he a Dissenting minister, would be detested and shunned, as wholly unfit for the office he had fearlessly assumed. He might continue to rhyme, but he would soon cease to preach. It is otherwise with our Clerk. Wherever he can obtain a cure, he may safely and unanxiously pursue

'a humble Curate's parish plans,
And marry, christen, church, and publish banns.'

Behold, then, as Robert Robinson once said, on being disturbed and insulted in the midst of Divine service by the Cambridge gownsmen,—Behold our reasons of Dissent, written with a pen of iron upon brows of brass. "These are thy gods, O "Israel."

Art. X. *A Description of Greenland*, by Hans Egede, who was a Missionary in that Country for twenty-five Years. A New Edition. With an Historical Introduction, and a Life of the Author. Illustrated with a Map of Greenland, and numerous Engravings on Wood. 8vo. pp. 340. Price 12s. 1818.

A FACTITIOUS and most extravagant interest attaches just now, and will for some time to come, to the regions near the North Pole. It is one more illustration of the prodigious attraction that there is in mystery,—a natural provision, (may we not believe?) in the mind of man, for aiding to put it under the power of the world unknown, toward which it is passing.—The feeling excited by the project and outset of the recent expeditions, was immeasurably out of all proportion to any conceivable good that any mortal anticipated from even their completest success. And it is really one of the chief consolations felt for the general failure, and for the disappointment caused by the partial success, that there still remains over those regions a cloud of mystery to indulge our imaginations in.

It seems to be now brought within moderate probability, by the perseverance of the exploring spirit, that in two or three years more, it will be decidedly known, in what form the tracts of snow and ice and sea in that dark north-west are arranged, and whether there is or is not a communication with the remoter ocean. It will then be curious to observe how soon every one will cease to care about the matter, when once the questions so long agitated are practically answered. Let the adventurers take their ships round the north-east, and the north-west extremities of America, and there will be excited, when this is known, a momentary tumult of exultation; but it will very soon come to be felt that those ultimate masses of sterility are just no better than Terra del Fuego, and Cape Parry and Cape Franklin,—or if those promontories are to have some names expressive of loyalty or patriotism,—will become of no more account than Cape Horn. If, on the other hand, a continuity of land shall be encountered in the north-east quarter, and thus an end put to all speculation and fancy, the whole subject and interest will instantly vanish like a dream, leaving all the long train of earnest imaginings, and theorizings, and strenuous practical efforts, protracted for ages, to be remembered as ' much ado about ' nothing.'

Greenland, as stretching away into that night of our geographical knowledge, shares materially in the interest which must hover over those tracts yet some time longer. It has also of its own a circumstance of great excitement to the imagination, in the thick veil that has been drawn for centuries on its eastern side, once the well-known abode of civilized and Christianized colonies. It has another attraction in having been, on its western coast, the scene of eminent Christian charity and zeal, in the missionary labours of that excellent fraternity whose energy conquers all extremities of climate, and whose patience is never exhausted by the perversities and incapacity of man. For its physical character and appearances, too, the tract is worth a description, when a man *has* staid long enough there to be able to describe it, though it would not have been worth his staying so long for such a purpose.

There can be little doubt, therefore, that this reprint of a book now growing rather old, will be an acceptable companion of the various new ones, which are from month to month making the most of our previous and our slowly progressive knowledge of the polar regions. The Author was one of those men who, on a day yet to come, will stand among the brightest and most exalted of the human race, when the far greater part of what has been accounted the most splendid, will be turned into "the "blackness of darkness." He was one of those men whose conception of happiness was what would to very many culti-

vated persons be an image of emphatic misery. His notion of happiness was that of devoting himself, through the best part of his life, to incessant, exhausting toils, amidst deprivation, rigours of climate, disgusting barbarism, obtuseness of understanding, and the profoundest heathen ignorance, in order to raise from such a region some tribute to the Saviour of the world, and to impart the blessings of his kingdom to some of these wretched outcasts. When his advanced age and failing strength could support this service no longer, he left his son to occupy the field, and spent his few remaining years in co-operating, at Copenhagen, by every aid within the compass of his knowledge and never-remitting zeal. His death, referred, by a typographical mistake, in the 'Sketch of his Life' here introduced, to the year 1758, took place about 1742, the year following that in which he published this work on Greenland, a translation of which was printed in England in 1745. We do not know that it has ever, till now, been reprinted.

To this edition, there is prefixed a well written and very entertaining 'Historical Introduction,' relating the discovery of the country, the visits and adventures of various navigators, the settlements and fortunes of the colonists, and the most characteristic particulars of both the people and the country.

The hideous bleakness of the tract did not prevent its being rendered prolific by imagination. The chief incitement to many of the earlier voyages, was 'a received opinion that the country 'contained numerous veins of gold, silver, and precious stones.' Old chronicles relate that

—'the Frieslanders, having made a landing upon the coast, discovered some wretched cabins just rising above the earth, around which lay heaps of gold and silver ore. Each of the sailors helped himself to as much as he could carry away. But, when they were retreating to the shore, in order to re-embark with their treasure, they saw some human forms, as ugly as devils, issuing out of their earthern huts, armed with bows and arrows, and accompanied with dogs of vast size. Before all the sailors could reach the shore, some of them were seized by these frightful archers, who tore them limb from limb within sight of their companions. The Danish Chronicle adds, that this region is so rich that it is peopled only by devils.'

We think we have remarked it is not uncommon for legends of wild and barbarian fancy to contain this one point of sober sense and truth,—the association of riches and evil spirits.

The few recorded particulars are collected to form a scanty history of the Icelandic and Norwegian colony on the eastern coast, and of the very memorable circumstance of the preclusion of all further intercourse with them or knowledge of them, about the end of the fourteenth century, by the formation of an impenetrable barrier of ice. Many attempts were subsequently

But at the same time he appears almost in the light of a sceptical philosopher when compared with the people among whom he lived, whose capacity of believing the monstrosities of wild and superstitious tradition was altogether unlimited. To himself he might seem to be in a very rigorous exercise of judgement, while disbelieving so many things held in most serious faith all around him; and yet, might at the same time be beguiled by that popular faith into a degree of credulity to which he would not, in a different state of society, have been liable to yield.

He furnishes an ample selection of the feeble insanies of Greenland fantasy and superstition. Their natural history has its krakens, mermaids, and other monsters. Their civil history has its race of dog-men, the form in which barbarian malice has preserved the tradition of the Norwegian colonists once settled on the west coast, and extirpated many ages since by the Skraellings, the savage race of which the present inhabitants are considered as the descendants. Their science, if such a term may be so applied, may be exemplified in their manner of explaining lightning and the aurora-borealis, which phenomena are caused, they say, by the souls of the departed playing at foot-ball in Heaven, with the head of a morse. Their science of practical application consists in spells and petty jugglery. In their religion, their ideas of their supreme being, denominated Torngarsuk, might be expected to be the types of whatever their sages, angekkoks, can conceive of sublimity. Their notions of the subject differ, but see how they vie with one another in elevation,—with one exception:

'Some of the angekkoks say he is without any form or shape; others give him that of a bear; others again pretend he has a large body and but one arm; and some make him as little as a finger. There are those who hold he is immortal, and others, that a puff of wind can kill him. They assign him his abode in the lower regions of the earth, where they tell you there is constantly fine sun-shiny weather, good water, deer, and fowls, in abundance. They also say he lives in the water; wherefore, when they come to any water, of which they have not drunk before, and there be any old man in the company, they make him drink first, in order to take away its Torngarsuk, or the malignant quality of the water, which might make them sick, and kill them.'

There is another personage of great consequence in this mythology, the 'grandame of the said Torngarsuk, 'or (as 'others will have it) his lady daughter, a true termagant and 'ghastly woman, who is said to have a hand as big as the tail 'of a whale, with which, if she hits any body, he is at one 'stroke mouse-dead.'

'She is said to dwell in the lower parts of the earth under the sea,

as the empire over all fishes and sea-animals. The bason placed
· her lamp, into which the train oil of the lamp drips down,
ns with all kinds of sea-fowls, swimming in and hovering about
At the entry of her abode is a *corps de garde* of sea-dogs,
mount the guard, and stand sentinels at her gates to keep out
owd of petitioners.'

ne but the angekkoks, or priests, or enchanters, as they
be denominated, can make any attempt to get into her
ence, and they must be accompanied and aided by a sort of
dian spirits, named Torngak. There is a curious descrip-
of the journey to the 'residence of this devil's grandame,'
he mode of obtaining the object of the enterprise, which
nonly is, to compel her to break up, or rather to break
r her, a kind of enchantment, by which she selfishly and
mantly attracts into her vicinity all the fishes and other
ne animals which are of the most importance to the Green-
rs, so that the good people would be in danger of perish-
unless something were done. Through many dreary
s, and frightful scrapes, the wizzard and his guide reach at
h—

apartment of the infernal goddess, who, offended at this unex-
d visit, shews a most ghastly and wrathful countenance, pulling
air off her head. She thereupon seizes a wet wing of a fowl,
a she lights in the fire, and claps to their noses, which makes
very faint and sick, and they become her prisoners. But the
anter or angekkok, (being beforehand instructed by his Torngak,
to act his part in this dismal expedition,) takes hold of her by
hair, and drubs and bangs her so long till she loses her strength
yields; and in this combat his familiar spirit does not stand idle,
ays about her with might and main.'

is more to the purpose, however, than even all this 'drub-
ng and banging,' to catch and pull away some kind of charm
h hangs about her face, for a description of which a reference
ade to another work of our Author. It is this charm which
ns and keeps all the fishes, and as soon as she is deprived of
ey instantly and eagerly make off to where they can meet
the nets, hooks, and harpoons of the Greenlanders.
his beldame's share of the space in the interior of the earth,
is, by the description, undesirable enough; but somewhere
hat interior, is the region which is accounted the very best
ptacle of departed spirits. And the rule of assignment of
happiest locality, is extremely remarkable, a striking singu-
y among the notions of barbarous tribes, and expressive of
ling for which we might forgive them some of their silly
ms, and some of their disgusting habits. The preference
n, in the allotment of abode, as mentioned in the following

extract, is the more remarkable as contrasted with the parallel part of the Scandinavian mythology, which confers the most delightful region of the other world on the souls of the most dreadful slaughterers, who, in evidence of their faithfully retaining their character and taste, will have the skulls of their enemies for drinking cups.

'They have got no notion of any different state of souls after death; but they fancy that all the deceased go into the land of the souls, as they term it. Nevertheless they assign two retreats for departed souls, viz. some go to Heaven, and some to the centre of the Earth; but this lower retirement is in their opinion the pleasantest, inasmuch as they enjoy themselves in a delicious country, where the sun shines continually, with an inexhaustible stock of all sorts of choice provision. But this is only the receptacle of such women as die in labour, and of those that, going a whale-fishing, perish at sea; this being their reward to compensate the hardships they have undergone in this life; all the rest flock to heaven.'

We understand the Author to mean females in the second descriptive specification,—'those that, going, &c. &c.', but we cannot be certain. The women have an active part allotted in the whale-fishery, the large boats of that service being rowed by them almost exclusively.

That the supposed difference of future destiny should not be great enough to threaten to any a state of misery, will appear the less strange if we admit our Author's estimate of the general character of the Greenlanders, whom he describes as nearly all very harmless beings.

'Though they are yet subject to no government, nor know of any magistrates, or laws, or any sort of discipline, yet they are so far from being lawless or disorderly, that they are a law to themselves; their even temper and good nature making them observe a regular and orderly behaviour towards one another. One cannot enough admire how peaceably, lovingly, and united they live together; hatred and envy, strifes and jars, are never heard of among them. And although it may happen that one bears a grudge to another, yet it never breaks out into any scolding or fighting; neither have they any words to express such passions, or any injurious and provoking terms of quarrelling.'

It is admitted, however, that such a thing as a murder has been known to happen, in which case the retribution would be a retaliation executed by the relatives of the murdered person. It is accounted just, and even benevolent, to destroy such persons as are believed to exercise a malignant power of witchcraft.

It is true, that with the praise of their harmlessness, the honest Missionary mingles the most downright imputations of stupidity. And the accounts given by the missionaries of the United Brethren, confirm this estimate of their mental faculties, even to the length, we almost fear, of invalidating Egede's judgement that

education might raise them generally to a respectable degree of the intellectual standard.

At the same time, they furnish one of the many exemplifications of the wonderful perfection to which the faculties may be disciplined under the influence of an immediate constant interest, and imperious necessity. In the exquisite perceptions and adroitness displayed in catching seals, and fish, and fowl, we see what might be attained by them in other departments of exercise and improvement, were it possible to make the interest as pressing and compulsory as that of obtaining food. The descriptions of the manner of their prosecuting this grand business of their life, are among the most curious things in the book. And it almost entirely consists of curious things, described and related in the direct lively manner of a man most intimately conversant with the matters of which he is telling. The utter simplicity with which every thing is told, the absence of all management and nicety of phrase, will require that the reader should not be fastidious when perusing the parts descriptive of the inconceivably filthy and loathsome habits of the people. It is beyond the power of civilized comprehension how human creatures could ever have been content in such a condition. And it greatly heightens our admiration of the generous and disinterested spirit of the men that could, in order to promote their welfare, subdue the violent repugnance which it was impossible not to feel to living among them —There was a kind of propriety in reprinting the book, regarded in the light of a tribute to the admirable Christian benevolence of its Author; and we cannot doubt that it will also be acceptable to the public, at this time of zeal for missions and polar geography. We will terminate this notice with that account of a sea-monster which has been so often adverted to, the veracity of which, in the strict sense of that word, is beyond all doubt, while nevertheless it is likely enough that surprise and fear might unconsciously exaggerate the portentous phenomenon. It is observable that our Author does not precisely say that he himself saw it, though it seems reasonable to infer this from the positive terms he employs in the description. Referring to the legendary accounts of a variety of enormous marine animals, he says,

'But none of them have been seen by us, or any of our time, that ever I could hear, save that most dreadful sea-monster, that shewed itself upon the surface of the water in the year 1734, off our new colony in 64°. This monster was of so huge a size, that coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the mast-head; its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long. It had a long pointed snout, and spouted like a whale; great broad paws, and the body seemed covered with shell-work, its skin very rugged and uneven. The under part of its body was shaped like an enormous huge serpent, and when it dived again under water, it plunged backwards

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1819.

Art. I. *An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal, and of the Territories annexed to this Dominion by the House of Gorkha.* By Francis Hamilton, (formerly Buchanan,) M.D. Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, &c. &c. Illustrated with Engravings. 4to. pp. 364. Price 2l. 2s. 1819.

THIS work appears to be the result of a very extensive inquiry, prosecuted with a highly meritorious perseverance and minuteness. Whoever has disposition or occasion to apply himself, quite as a study, to the examination of the state, relations, and history of the tract in question, will find it of excellent service; and we can well conceive that the collection of information from which it is shaped, may have been of material use to the Indian Government in their diplomatic and military transactions on the northern edge of the empire. To the mere general reader, who feels no concern about Nepal, beyond the wish to be informed, in an easy and amusing way, of what may be the most prominently remarkable within a certain portion more of Asiatic territory, much secluded, and previously but little traversed by our explorers, Dr. Hamilton's will not be so pleasant a book as that of the late Col. Kirkpatrick, though greatly exceeding it in the quantity, and probably in the accuracy, of information.

It is not given, like the Colonel's book, in the entertaining form of a narrative of travelling and residence. This could not have been done, we should judge, without making it far too massive a book, the Doctor's visit in the country having been of the duration of fourteen months, and his researches extremely assiduous and diversified. His work is their condensed result, consisting of a vast number of particulars, each one of which must have cost a distinct observation or inquiry, and in some instances a considerable compass and series of inquiries. That

many of these may have been of use, as additions to the knowledge which it is important that the governors of a state should have of its neighbours and enemies, will be a compensation to the Author for knowing how deficient they must be in general attraction.

It is very properly the main business of the work, to make out a distinct account of the multitude of tribes, or races, or nations, or whatever they may be called, that inhabit the rather extensive territory now brought, by a long course of conquests, treacheries, and all sorts of crimes, under the dominion of the House of Gorkha. And the reader is confounded by the number of sections and differences into which a depraved and wretched portion of the human race was in this tract divided. We should be inclined to think that the business of the Power of Evil is the most effectually done by mankind as existing in separate small assemblages, did there not appear to be a rival infernality in the process by which the many small, are amalgamated into one or a few large communities.

It was Dr. H.'s laborious task, to ascertain the respective characteristics of these distinguishable components of the kingdom which as yet serves to keep the peace between the proud ancient empire of China, and the proud upstart empire of the intruders from the West, which is hated and dreaded by all the East, and by which, with perhaps some unintentional co-operation of Russia, it is not improbable that every polity in the East is destined to be overturned. In the meanwhile, this intervening State, that prevents the collision of the two Empires, has given strong signs of being itself a most ungracious thing to be in contact with; and there is no reason to doubt that, one of these days, 'the House of Gorkha' will, very unwittingly, come to the honour of assigning some of its apartments, and some of its demesnes, to an English resident and encampment, the commander of which encampment might happen, at leisure opportunities, to fancy he had something to say even to the mandarins of the neighbouring border. When, in the regular course of things, the whole of the said demesne merges, in the next stage of time, in the improving estate of the great Proprietor from the West, it will be very curious to observe what sensations are propagated across the continent to Gehol and Pekin, and whether there is any better chance for Lord Amherst, should it be his lot to condescend to repeat his visit of ceremony. It may be presumed that the ko-tou will be dispensed with, and even the price of tea reduced, sooner than a western province of the 'celestial empire' shall admit the defilement of a British official residence, with a military force, within its confines.

But it is well to know what this intermediate State is com-

posed of; and Dr. H. has diligently investigated its materials; has inquired where and in what state they were originally found, what removals, transmutations, substitutions, and new combinations, they have undergone, and what are their present condition and relations, local, physical, superstitious, political, and military. The country too is amply described, as to the great features in which its form is cast, and its natural history, its capabilities of cultivation, and its monumental traces of former ages.

Any attempt here at an abstract of such a crowded miscellany, is out of the question. The briefest possible enumeration of particulars, would extend to a length far beyond the allowance of our pages. A few notices of the most remarkable, are all that are requisite for giving a slight illustration of the character of the book and of its subject.

'Nepal, a name celebrated in Hindu legend, in a strict sense, ought to be applied to that country only which is in the vicinity of Kathmandu, the capital; but at present it is usually given to the whole territory of the Gorkha Rajas, which occupies about thirteen degrees of longitude, and five of latitude.

'The numerous valleys among the prodigious mountains, of which Nepál in its extended sense consists, are inhabited by various tribes, that differ very much in language, and somewhat in customs. All that have any sort of pretensions to be considered as aboriginal, like their neighbours of Bhotan to the east, are, by their features, clearly marked as belonging to the Tartar or Chinese race of men, and have no sort of resemblance to the Hindus. The time when the Hindus penetrated into these regions is very uncertain.'

It is judged, that about as long since as the beginning of the Christian Era, a great Apostle of Buddhism, 'who is supposed 'to be still alive in the person whom we call the Grand Lama,' appeared in these wild valleys, to supplant the ruder paganism of the inhabitants, by notions, institutes, and habits which were, in their turn, at a much later period, to come under a Brahminical process of censure and extermination, when powerful irruptions were made from the south by the Hindoos, strictly so called. Dr. H. seems disposed to accept the authority of the tradition which dates the commencement of this process at so late a period as the beginning of the fourteenth century. The course pursued by these intrusive reformers, was not, in one part at least of the new field, remarkable for gentleness and persuasion. They proceeded on the same principles as the Spaniards in Peru; and their descendants applaud the system.

'In conformity with this common principle, all the chiefs west of the river Kali, glory in having either totally expelled or extirpated

the original inhabitants, and in having established, in its full height, the purity of the Hindu doctrines. To the east of the Kali, the chiefs have not been actuated by so pure a zeal, and not only have permitted many of the mountain tribes to remain and practise their abominations, but have themselves relaxed, in many essential points, from the rules of cast.'

To be of pure Hindoo descent, is a matter of pride, it seems, in Nepal, and the Hindoo race has, in point of rank and importance, whatever the numbers may be, the predominance in the country, under the general denomination of Rajpoots. In the different parts of it, however, their customs have become modified into considerable differences from one another. To discriminate these, through all the localities, intermixtures, and traditions of descent, was a task which we really compassionate the man who was doomed to undertake.

The Hindoos of these mountainous regions, chiefly of mixed descent, are instinct, it seems, with a more active kind of depravity than those on the plains of Hindoostan. They are described as 'deceitful and treacherous, cruel and arrogant towards those in their power, and abjectly mean towards those from whom they expect favour.' With a boundless libertinism they combine a furious jealousy, which often produces assassination.

'For this they are all prepared, by wearing a large knife in their girdle, and the point of honour requires them never to rest until they have shed the blood of the man who has been suspected. The jealous man watches his opportunity for months, and even for years, should his adversary be on his guard; and, having at length found a favourable time, with one stroke of his knife in the throat of his rival he satisfies his revenge.'

This, and the other hateful characteristics of the mountain Hindoos, have been adopted by the Magars, a powerful tribe or nation, to which the reigning house of Gorkha belongs, though it pretends to be descended from a pure Hindoo origin. This seems to be the favoured tribe, and it furnishes the main strength of the army of the State. Nevertheless, it has but very partially yielded itself to the Brahminiçal institutions. The Newars, another numerous race, addicted to agriculture and commerce, and far more advanced in the arts than any other of the mountain tribes, adhere, for the greatest proportion, to the doctrines of Buddha. A few have degenerated to the worse superstition of Seeva. Dr. H. marks some material differences between Buddhism as professed in Nepal, and as maintained in the Burman empire. It is perhaps worth while to cite the explanation given of the term Buddha, which is not the denomination of the Supreme Being, but of a powerful persons

Intelligence proceeding from him, and holding a lofty official station in the government and instruction of the world. There have been a number of these Intelligences, who, or some of whom, it seems, have assumed the human form on earth, in order to renovate the economy of the moral world. The denomination means something of this kind; but, certainly, of all things that ever were attempted to be brought into definition or elucidation, the denominations and dogmas of eastern mythology give the most deserved reward to those who can waste their time and labour on such vanities. The whole thing is a mockery of all intelligence. It is as if a man should attempt to shape defined forms of smoke.—The lower casts of the Buddhists, our Author says,

'will worship almost any thing that is called a god, which is, indeed, usual with all Hindoos of their rank. Some of our Sepoys, who were Brahmins, immediately upon our arrival at Swayambhunath, the temple of the supreme deity of the Buddhists, took flowers and consecrated water, and went round the hill, offering some to every image which they saw, and among others, to that of Sakya Singha. I happened to be standing near it with my Brahmin, who asked them if they knew what they were doing, and informed them that they were worshipping Buddha. At this the poor fellows were much ashamed. However, an old havildar (serjeant) comforted them by observing, that, on the march to Bombay under General Goddard, they had often seen this deity, and that their worshipping him seemed to be very lucky, as the army had great success.'

There is one low cast named Got, and designated as gardeners. One of them, employed by Dr. H. in collecting plants, and described by him as 'a mild attentive creature,' gave, and repeatedly confirmed to him, a very remarkable account of a religious ceremony. As to its truth respecting one point, the most odious rite in the service, Dr. H. professes that his opinion was left in suspense. No reliance, he says, is to be placed on the veracity of any class in Nepal; but we think it is apparent, from the manner in which he describes his informant, that he is much inclined to believe the whole of the following statement.

'At certain temples dedicated to Bhawani, which word means merely the Goddess, the Got attend to dance in masks; and on these occasions, ten of them represent Singhini, Vyaghrini, Indrani, Bhairavi, Bhawani, Varahi, Vaishnavi, Kumari, Brahmani, and Ganesa: while four others represent Mahakal, Nandiswar, Vyndhyiswar, and Nasadeva, who are the instructors (Gurus) of the other ten deities. From those who come to worship at the temple, the Got that represent these deities accept of spirituous liquors, which they drink out of human skulls, till they become elevated and dance in a furious manner, which is supposed to proceed from inspiration. nth e same manner they drink the blood of the animals which are

offered as sacrifices. In these temples the priests are Achars, (an order before described,) who at the sacrifices read the forms of prayer (Mantras) proper for the occasion, but retire when the animal is about to be killed by the Got who represents Bhairavi. The shrine in which the images of the gods are kept, is always shut, and no person is allowed to enter but the priest, and the Gots who personate in masks these deities. Once in twelve years the Raja offers a solemn sacrifice. It consists of two men of such rank that they wear a thread; of two buffaloes, two goats, two rams, two cocks, two ducks, and two fishes. The lower animals are first sacrificed, in the outer part of the temple, and in the presence of the multitude their blood is drunk by the masked Gots. After this, the human victims are intoxicated, and carried into the shrine, where the mask representing Bhairavi cuts their throats, and sprinkles their blood on the idols. Their skulls are then formed into cups, which serve the masks for drinking in their horrid rites. I questioned the man repeatedly on the subject, and he always related the circumstances without variation, and declared, that at the last sacrifice, which had been offered nine years previous to our arrival in Nepal, he had represented Bhairavi, and with his own hands had cut the throats of the victims.'—'Although he spoke of the human sacrifice with considerable glee, as being attended with copious potations of spirituous liquor, he was shocked when I asked him if two bulls made a part of the offering.'

There is enumerated a long gradation of casts, chiefly distinguished, as it should seem, by their respective employments, the usefulness of which is of no avail in prevention of the baseness of the classes. That which stands last in the list, as the vilest of all, is that of the dressers of leather and shoemakers. It does not appear to be stated whether it is the employment, or something less palpable and more ceremonial, that essentially constitutes the distinction of each class. This indeed is of very slight importance to the subjects of these distinctions, since in either case their allotment clings to them with the same pertinacity: the dresser of leather and maker of shoes, is not allowed to transfer himself to the business of the greatly superior classes, of barbers, washermen, and potmakers.

Those whose fate it is to be of the very lowest casts, have the consolation of looking down far below them on the incomparably baser level of Musulmans and Christians, to partake of whose repasts, or pay any attention to whose women, would be to incur a flagrant pollution and dishonour. And yet, such is the incapacity of superstition to perceive the most monstrous incongruities, Hindoo women of all ranks and casts are readily sold as slaves to either Musulmans or Christians. 'A master 'or a parent has the power of selling his slave or child, whose 'consent is not asked, who thereby loses cast, and who has no 'alternative but to adopt the religion of her new master.'

Among the Newars, being chiefly Buddhists, a widow is not required to burn with the body of her husband. Among the Hindoo part of the people, this custom seems more prevalent, Dr. H. says, than in any part of India where he has been, the vicinity of Calcutta excepted.

The inquisitive industry of our Author has collected a vast number of the maxims and rules, and modifications of rules, respecting the intercourse or non-intercourse of the different casts, the laws and licences respecting marriage and concubinage, the allowances and interdictions respecting food, and a numerous miscellany of superstitious whimsicalities relative to almost every thing in the economy of life. It is marvellous to think, and becomes still more marvellous at every renewed reflection, how wild human animals, that spurn all principles and restraints of justice, and charity, and reason, and common sense, shall yet readily yield to an endless complication of interferences, restrictions, precautions, mulcts, and sacrifices, if but an infernal authority shall advance with these claims upon them. And the demand seems the more readily submitted to in proportion as it multiplies among the people those distinctions and repulsions which make them hate one another; as if the most vital principle of vitality itself were the constant feeling of envying and hating, or despising and hating, other creatures of the same nature.

To what extent the Gorkha dominion invades the countries we call Thibet and Bootan, seems very undefined; but at any rate, a great number of people of the races inhabiting those regions, and who are called Bhotiyas, have the happiness of feeling its authority. Among these, our Author says, there is no distinction of cast. They are Buddhists according to the doctrine or dispensation of Sakya, a Buddha who cared very little, it seems, how much he contradicted his predecessor Gautama Buddha, who is held the exclusive authority in doctrine by the priests of Ava.

'The doctrine of Sakya differs most essentially from that of Gautama. The Bhotiyas, following the former, worship all the spirits, that by the Burmas are called Nat, a practice which is held in abhorrence by the Rahans of Ava. They also consider the Buddhs as emanations from a supreme deity, view many of their Lamas as incarnations of a Buddh, and accordingly worship them as living gods. There is among the Lamas no prohibition against the laity from studying any character or any book; but they must have wonderfully degraded the human understanding, when they can induce the people to swallow the belief in the deities living among them. It is true, that these are in all probability very much secluded, and rarely shewn to the vulgar except at a very great distance, and in obscurity; but still this seems to be nearly the utmost height of human imbecility.'

Our Author goes into very considerable detail in describing the modes in which law and government were administered in the several states previously to their being absorbed into the domination of the conquering family; specifying also the alterations introduced by the new government, which has placed its Subahs in the stead of the former Rajas. One is an enormous multiplication of fines for 'the neglect of ceremonies.' Five-eighths of the sum of these fines, go to five families of Brahmins, here named. But there is a very curious aggravation of the penalty.

'Besides the fine, all delinquents in matters of ceremony, are compelled to entertain a certain number of these five families; the first two fattening on the wicked of the country west from the Narayani; and the other three, on those east from that river. The number to be fed is restricted by the sentence, and the criminal may select those to whom he gives the entertainment, in any manner he pleases, confining himself strictly to the families entitled to participate.'

There are a number of grandees who form nominally a sort of council of state, an institution of very little efficacy, or use, the government having no regular organization, and being little better than a succession of despotic acts, originating sometimes in the sheer will of the tyrant, and sometimes in the management and intriguing villany of relations and favourites, though somewhat modified and restrained by the necessity of keeping on tolerable terms with the chief men of the country. Treacheries, assassinations, and revolutions, or rather personal substitutions of tyrants, form, as in other Asiatic states, the essence of the history; and melancholy indeed appears the lot, and most certain is the untimely fate, of any individual possessed (when such a rare thing does occur, once in a number of generations of ministers or Rajas) of some small share of integrity and humanity.

A very considerable portion of the book consists unavoidably of the history of the House of Gorkha, partly as deduced formally, and partly as implicated with the history and description of the many tribes and territories subjugated by this dynasty. This portion is necessarily devoid of all the higher instruction supplied to thinking and philosophic minds by some of the chapters of the history of nations, and of all interest but that which may be excited by a display of the most hateful human qualities in their most vulgar forms,—excepting also, indeed, that which may arise from the consideration, that in this long tract of valleys and mountains there has grown up a power, more vigorous by far than any other that now remains on the confines of the British empire in the East; a power which bears

a deadly hatred to that Empire, and is infallibly destined to renew, with great advantages, and in a fierce and persevering spirit, the trial of its power and stability. Many brisk and aspiring young mortals, here at home and in India, inflated with dreams of fortune or fame, are the appointed victims of the poisoned arrows, the swords, and the fire, of these barbarians, aided by the passes of the mountains, which will also introduce the invaders to the fevers of the valleys.

Having mentioned poisoned arrows, we shall transcribe Dr. H.'s notice of a plant called *Bish* or *Bikh*.

'This dreadful root, of which large quantities are annually imported, is equally fatal when taken into the stomach, and applied to wounds, and is in universal use throughout India for poisoning arrows; and there is too much reason to suspect, for the worst of purposes. Its importance would indeed seem to require the attention of the magistrate. The Gorkhalese pretend that it is one of their best securities against invasion from the low countries; and that they could so infect all the waters on the route by which an enemy was advancing, as to occasion his certain destruction. In case of such an attempt, the invaders ought, no doubt, to be on their guard; but the country abounds so in springs, that might be soon cleared, as to render such a mean of defence totally ineffectual, were the enemy aware of the circumstance.'

This is a more remarkable object than any other that occurs in our Author's account of the vegetable or the animal productions of a country, which does not seem to abound with wonderments, excepting the superlatively magnificent prospects of snowy mountains, surpassing in elevation all others on earth. The northernmost, however, and what is judged to be the loftiest ridge of Himalaya, or Emodus, as Dr. H. uniformly prefers denominating it, is not believed to be visible from the valleys of Nepal. But the inferior ranges and summits that are there seen mounting toward the sky, are invested with a majesty of which no eminences in this part of the world can give any idea. In his description of one part of the country approaching the foot of these Alps, Dr. H. notices that there are a number of considerable hills, 'such,' he says, 'as the mountains of Wales 'and Scotland;' and he adds, 'these are but molehills to 'Emodus.' He has frequent occasion to make references to these grandest features of the world. But it was not in mortal man to keep more perfectly clear of poetic or romantic fancy and diction than he has done. Col. Kirkpatrick, who was not, however, an enthusiast, occurred to us in contrast on this subject. Our Author is indeed of all travellers the most resolute to maintain inviolate the character of a matter of fact man.

It is a vast descent from those stupendous summits to the tracts, still alpine, which admit of the existence, during part

of the year, of some sheep and their shepherds. Dr. H. distinguishes a second and lower region, but still high, (relatively to the primary level from which all altitudes are to be reckoned,) as in the hollows of a minor order of mountains, which, however, would be accounted very lofty but for the vicinity of the enormous giants that look down upon them. There is still lower, what he denominates the 'hilly region,' declining toward the great plain of Hindoostan. And he brings the territory down to its lowest level, and to its utmost limit toward the south, in a stripe of that plain, of some twenty miles broad, bordering the region rising into hills. Since he crossed this outermost tract of the Gorkha dominions, a question whether it should continue so broad has been debated, at the provocation of his Gorkhalese Majesty himself, in that mode of argument by which the English have proved so many Asiatic potentates to be in the wrong. It was effectually represented to his Majesty, that there was plenty of territory for him to rule and cultivate *northward* of the range of mountains bounding Hindoostan. And truly, if the legitimacy or extent of his government were to be determined by its merits, we might wish him, and his court, and his jurisdiction, shifted backward, and still backward, till we saw them fairly located somewhere in the dreary desert neighbourhood of the Manasarawar lake.

The great diversity of productions and appearances, in so wide a diversity of climates as these different heights must create, were diligently observed and inquired into by Dr. H., under the disadvantage, indeed, of a mortifying limitation put on the scope of his personal researches by the hostile disposition toward the English, which, at the time of his visit, (1802, 3,) prevailed in Nepal. The products and distinctive circumstances of climate, vary, of course, from what may correspond to the climate of Spain or Italy, to what reminds him of the moors and hardy grains of Scotland.

Rice seems the article of chief dependence.

'From the abundance of rain in the warm season, the country, considering the inequality of its surface, is uncommonly productive of grain. Wherever the land can be levelled into terraces, however narrow, it is exceedingly favourable for transplanted rice, which ripens after the rains have ceased, so that the harvest is never injured; and, as most of these terraces can be supplied at pleasure with water from springs, the crops are uncommonly certain. This is by far the most valuable land, and is that in which all the officers and servants of the Crown are paid, and from whence all endowments are made. In some parts the same land gives a winter crop of wheat and barley; but in most places this is most judiciously omitted.'

The valley of Nepal Proper, and many of the others, ap-

pear to be rich in soil and productions. Dr. H. is of opinion that this principal valley in the territory was anciently a lake, as certain fables in the books of the natives represent it to have been. It is about twenty-two miles from east to west, and twenty from north to south. It is described as 'exceedingly 'populous,' and contains three cities or large towns, the inhabitants of which, taken collectively, Dr. H. conjectures to be more than 40,000. The houses are mean, the best (excepting the palace) in Kathmandu, the capital, not permitting him to stand quite upright in its best apartment. They are built of brick, with clay mortar, and covered with tiles. They have a tolerable appearance on the outside, but

'within, they are exceedingly mean and dirty, and swarm with vermin, which, added to all manner of filth, including the offals of the shambles, and the blood of sacrifices, that is allowed to corrupt in the streets, renders an abode in any of their towns utterly disgusting.'

They have excellent materials for making bricks and tiles, but they want lime. The masons and bricklayers are said to be good workmen. The houses of towns are generally three stories high; some in the cities and large towns rise to four.

'The lower story has no windows, and the smoke of their kitchens comes out by the door, which renders the outside even of their houses very black and dirty. The windows of the second story, are always small and nearly square. In each, a wooden trellis, which is highly ornamented with carving, but which cannot be opened and shut, admits the air and light, but prevents strangers from seeing into the apartment. The third or upper story has large windows, extending a great part of the length of each sitting apartment.'

Here are balconies and benches, the favourite lounging places of the inhabitants, who can there see what is passing in the street. The rooms are always narrow, from the difficulty of carrying from the mountains, timber of sufficient size for large beams. The grotesque structure of their temples is described and illustrated. At each of several stages, or stories, of something like a clumsy tower, there is a roof, projecting far from the wall; 'from the corners of which roofs, and sometimes all 'round the edges, are suspended small bells, with slender clappers, which are considerably longer than the bells, and end in 'a thin plate shaped like the ace of hearts, so that a strong wind 'occasions all the bells to ring.'

The country has many productions that might be available for commerce; but the wretched policy of the government precludes all advantage from such a resource.

'The trade between Nepal and Thibet, the principal one in the

country, is subject to very enormous, and at all times arbitrary exaction. In fact, all other branches of commerce, so far as I could judge, were in a state of decay, owing partly to these exactions, and partly to the recovery of debts being now very much neglected in the courts of justice, which seems to be one of the causes of the increase of trials by ordeal. A poor creditor, in general, has no resource against a powerful debtor, except sitting Dherna on him; and unless the creditor be a Brahman, he may sit long enough before he attract any notice.'

In one point of privilege, the people are in strong rivalry with nations nearer home; they are kept under a continual experiment of their utmost power of yielding revenue. The royal treasury at Kathmandu, however, is far from deriving the full benefit of the operation. For 'the Subah always farms 'the royal revenue of his district.' He has therefore, on his own account, a gang of collectors, variously remunerated and stimulated, for the several departments of it, both he and every man in authority under him, 'taking,' says our Author, 'under 'the name of Khurchah, as much as he can from his inferiors.' In control over these Subahs is placed a still higher order of officers named Sirdars, of much more independent authority and extensive jurisdiction. These, of course, are to have handsome receipts also, and more may be guessed than is here expressly said as to the manner in which they are to be obtained.

But the regal personage at the head of the State, has the prerogative, as he ought, of coming in direct fiscal contact with this favoured community, independently of the revenue machinery of Subahs and their agents of exaction.

'The amount paid by the Subah, forms by no means the whole of the royal revenue. On a great variety of occasions, besides the presents that every one must make on approaching the court, there is levied a Rajangka, which is a kind of income tax that extends to all ranks, and even to such of the sacred order as possess free lands. A Rajangka is levied at no fixed period, but according to the exigencies of the state; and many districts pay more on this account than the regular revenue, which has been often almost entirely alienated, by giving the lands as religious endowments, to various civil officers, and in military tenure for the support of the army. The Subah does not collect the Rajangka; an officer for that purpose is especially sent from the court.'

His Majesty appears to be, besides, the absolute proprietor of no contemptible portion of the soil of his dominions. Part of it he cultivates by servants and slaves, under the management of stewards; the greater part is let to tenants. There have been ample grants of land to the temples; and 'not only 'every officer, civil and military, and every soldier, but even 'the private servants and principal slaves of the Raja, are paid 'by lands granted for their support.'

These arrangements will have disposed of a great proportion of the arable land, in other words the rice grounds, of the territory. As to 'pastures and forests, they are in general commons, and any person that pleases may use them.' There are, however, comparatively but few cattle in the country. The Newars do not employ them in agriculture. Of the methods and implements of this agriculture, Dr. H. gives a somewhat detailed account. It is but rudely furnished with implements, but such as they are, they are used with great dexterity and effect. The exclusive employment of human labour, however, 'renders the operations of husbandry so tedious, that at many seasons every person in the family capable of labour must be employed; and as no one can be left to take care of the young children, these must be carried to the field. As this is often at a distance from the house, the poor villager may be often seen carrying his infants in two baskets, suspended over his shoulder by a bamboo. In these baskets some food also is taken, as the family does not return till night. An oblong mat also forms a usual part of what is carried into the field. This mat defends the children, as well as the victuals, from the sun and rain, and is sometimes used by the labourers for the same purposes.'

Most of the domestic servants are slaves. Most of them were born free, but were, when children, sold by their parents, under the pressure of want. Some of them were of good families, which the Rajah, by an act of his will, degraded to slavery, on the allegation of some crime or other. The slaves of private persons are ill fed and hardly wrought. The females, in particular, are treated with the most detestable iniquity, and in a way exactly calculated to render them as vicious as they are miserable.

We now take leave of a book which is quite indispensable to every inquirer respecting the regions bounding to the north the British Indian empire. It is a valuable correction and very great extension of the information furnished by Kirkpatrick's work, to which Dr. H. makes frequent and on the whole respectful reference.

It has a large and handsome map, two views on copperplate, and five rather interesting engravings on wood, representing views of ridges of the Himalaya. There is a fourteen months' register of the weather, kept at Kathmandu, chiefly. The average heat of July, all the days being noted, was a little more than 78° of Fahrenheit.

Art. II. *Greenland and other Poems.* By James Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 250. London. 1819.

THE romantic spirit of curiosity which has been awakened by the recent expeditions of discovery, with regard to every thing connected with the geography and the history of the Polar regions, is much more nearly allied to poetry than to the severer business of science. It would have been strange, therefore, if while the popular imagination is full of the wondrous scenery of the realms of frost, no one had been found capable of taking advantage of this general interest, while it is yet rife, by rendering it tributary to the power of verse. And yet, as we have had occasion to remark with regard to other topics of strong *present* interest*, this state of indefinite excitement is not the most favourable to the Poet's purpose, inasmuch as it makes demands upon his genius which he can scarcely hope to satisfy. He does nothing if he does not overtake, by a fresh impulse in the same direction, that which circumstances had already imparted to the public mind, or if he does not subordinate whatever feelings of curiosity or sympathy were previously in action, to the spells of his own verse. Unless he succeeds either in raising them to the height of poetic exaggeration, or of diverting them into a different channel, he will but stand in the situation of a competitor for public attention with the facts themselves, and all the circumstances which seemed to render them susceptible of poetic effect, will turn to his disadvantage: the light will be fatal to his colouring.

It is, however, a great mistake, to imagine that it is the design of Poetry, as it is of Oratory, to produce a *strong sensation*, irrespectively of the quality of the emotions so awakened, or that the power of producing this effect upon perusal, is a genuine test of good poetry. A great deal of striking versification has been got up, evidently under this impression, as if with no further intention than that of gratifying the passion for stimulants, which in literature, not less than in matters of grosser appetite, marks a blunted and vitiated taste. It has been felt that after Lord Byron and Walter Scott, nothing would go down as poetry, that was not *striking* to a degree beyond what a more refined taste would require in works of imagination. Many persons have, we believe, been led to consider it as a masculine trait of intellect, to require in imaginative pleasures a boisterous degree of excitement, as men of robust health and sinewy frame, glory in amusements of a stirring violence of character; for it is a boisterous sort of pleasure

* E. R. (N. S.) July, 1816. Art. *Southey's* Poet's Pilgrimage. —June, 1818. *Croly's* Lines on the Death of the Princess.

that the mind derives from productions which depend for so much of their effect, upon the high-wrought interest of the tale, or the still more highly wrought intensities of expression. To descend from Lord Byron to Cowper, or even to Milton, would be felt by many of that noble Poet's admirers, extremely flat and uninteresting. The strong sensation such poetry awakens, leads the reader at the moment to attribute to the author a merit absolutely transcendent; but the impression soon subsides, and when it has subsided, it is incapable of being renewed. Much may remain of the elements of poetry as a residuum, when the finer ingredient which produced the first effect, has evaporated; but the distinguishing attribute of the composition, like that peculiar quality of landscape gardening to which the artist gave the name of *unexpectedness*, has no existence on a second perusal. Poetry, however, we have always imagined to be a thing designed to outlast a first perusal, and not to die, like Eloquence, in the birth, surviving only in the effect in others' minds. We have supposed that the pleasure appropriate to poetry, was rather of that quiet, contemplative, homogeneous description which is derived from sculpture or painting, and which, when once produced, is capable of being constantly renewed by the same object; as for instance in a fine painting, the beauties of the master-pencil are often found to come out from the canvas more and more, and the interest to increase in proportion as we grow familiar with the picture. We admire as warmly as any one can do, productions of a more mixed interest, where the pleasure strictly referrible to the qualities of the poetry, constitutes but a part of the impression; but we are jealous of the effect which such compositions are likely to have both upon our writers and upon the public, in inducing a *melodramatic* taste, and we would fain contribute, by our humble influence, to promoting a return to juster notions of the purpose and business of poetry, as the nurse of high imaginings, and quiet thoughts, and pure and tender feelings. For the purposes of eloquence, as the vehicle of passion, prose is infinitely more affecting than the most nervous versification; and as to its adaptation to narrative, it would be sufficient to contrast any one of Walter Scott's metrical tales with either his Waverley or his Old Mortality, to shew how very inferior in point of vividness of effect is poetry, as a style, and, if emotion be all that is wanted to be produced, how great are the disadvantages of verse. Those of our readers who have in recollection the elegantly romantic essay upon Greenland which appeared in a contemporary Journal, will have, ready at hand, another illustration of the superior efficiency of prose composition for exciting a strong temporary interest by the power of written eloquence. Mr. Montgomery's Poem on the same subject is

far less of a novel than the paper attributed to the Secretary to the Admiralty, but it has an interest of its own which is destined to survive that which is merely incidental to his theme, the attractions of which have at once excited his imagination, and, in some degree, misled it.

Mr. Montgomery is a true poet, and so Posterity will deem him. It matters little what judgement may be passed upon particular productions of his; the result of the whole is sufficient to entitle him to no mean rank among the poetical writers who have distinguished the commencement of the nineteenth century. If he had consulted only his fame, he needed not have written any thing more than some of those exquisite lyrical pieces which incline us to pronounce lyric poetry to be his appropriate province. Those passages in his longer poems which are the oftenest read, and by which his talents may be the most adequately estimated, are such as partake most of the lyric character. We are not at all aware that this is an inferior department, or that the talents of a writer are to be judged of according as his productions are short, or long. The fact is, not so much that different kinds of poetry require different degrees of genius, as that they imply in the author different habits of thought. Had Gray executed his design of completing a long poem, it would either have been a metaphysical essay in heroics, or a series of short poems slenderly connected by the subject. He would always have been known by his Odes and his Elegy. Southey *has* written Lyrical Pieces which may pass under cover of his nobler works, but, with two or three exceptions, they would never have ensured their own immortality. He has not the lyrical fire, nor the lyrical ear. He is the most exquisite poetical *narrator* (for he will not allow us to say epic poet) in the language, but the laureatship was conferred upon him for his prose, not for his Odes, and he has understood the bargain. We have used the term, habits of thought, not from any wish to affect a metaphysical style of expression, but for the purpose of intimating, that poetry, like all the processes of art or invention, is to a certain extent an acquired habit, bearing of necessity a certain relation to the intellectual character of the individual, his original powers and educational peculiarities, but in itself, as regards the manner in which the mind *works*, the ineffable rules by which it selects, and combines, and communicates vitality to the finished expression, the rapidity with which, under a given degree of excitement, the associating principle exerts itself, together with the more or less complete state of abstraction in which the mind is held during the play of the imagination,—in reference to all these, Poetry is connected with habits of thought which are well worthy of analysis, and which may serve to explain the diversified and inconvertible forms of manifestation in which genius develops itself.

Persons who are possessed of but a slender portion of natural sensibility, but who have acquired by reading a tolerably correct taste, yet subject, as taste so acquired always must be, to uncertainty and partiality in its decisions, are very impatient of the claims of merit in any department which does not come up to their requisitions of excellence founded upon some favourite standard. This ridiculous intolerance of taste would be simply laughable were it not capable of becoming, in alliance with great talents, both vexatious and mischievous. The only use which some critics have seemed to know how to make of great names, is to assail for their separate identity others whom they have chosen to exhibit in rivalry. And it has sometimes happened that the very same writers who at one time have been dealt with as culprits, have, at another, been eulogised and *laureated*, when it has served the purpose of running down, by this unfair species of comparison, a poor writer more recently started. It is doubtless a mode of administering criticism, which brings it down to the meanest capacity, to shew that Wordsworth does not write like Walter Scott, and that there is a very wide difference between Montgomery and Southey; the inference, too, is irresistible, that the whole amount of the difference must be set to the account of inferiority of talent or perversity of taste. Our object in pointing out the characteristic diversities of the respective writers, would, however, be of an opposite description: it would rather be to shew, that to each there may be attached an individuality and a species of power, which constitute the distinctive merit of his productions; that these productions are not fairly dealt with when judged of by a superficial mode of comparison; and that the gross effect produced upon ordinary readers, is not always to determine the question of the excellence of the composition. We submit these hints to our readers more as an apology than any thing else for our own opinions in matters of taste. We have frequently detected ourselves before now, in being much more pleased than we found it safe on the score of our critical character to have generally known, with poetry not at all like Lord Byron's, and we must admit, far inferior to his, but the qualities of which were nevertheless such as to sooth our fancy with images of beauty and delight, or to lull us with the music of noble thoughts set to elegant cadence. We have been contented to have the feelings of complacency called into exercise, without being kept on the full stretch of admiration. We have been delighted to recognise the marks of native sensibility or elegance of mind, where there was displayed no striking degree of mental energy or daring. Without presuming to dispute the irreversible decree of the many-headed majesty, without even differing materially from the general opinion of the abstract merits of some of the more popular competitors, we have been glad to es-

cape from Crabbe to Rogers, from Scott to Southey, and from Lord Byron's dread self to Montgomery.

After this avowal, whatever our readers may think of our taste, the Author before us is bound to pay some respect to our opinions. But who ever yet heard of a poet that thought himself fairly dealt by? 'In the leading poem of this Collection, the Author 'frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed as to be under the 'necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it alto-'gether.' Notwithstanding this frank acknowledgement, we know human nature too well, to believe that the Author would bear with the more composure, on account of his having consciously fallen short of his original design, to be told that he has failed in any sense derogatory to his genius. It is not, in truth, from deficiency of genius, but from an original error in his plan, that he has been compelled to abandon the half achieved adventure, and to let the remaining cantos of the projected poem be to the public, *lost* Greenland. We think we can explain how it arose. Mr. Montgomery's mind had been excited to a high degree of enthusiasm by the revived speculations, the romantic stories, and the sanguine anticipations of discovery which had their scene laid in the Polar regions hallowed to his recollection by the apostolic labours of the Moravian missionaries. He had perhaps been reading Crantz's History and Journal not long before the appearance of a certain Number of the Quarterly Review, and it was inevitable that his imagination should receive a strong impression from the perusal, and that this impression should become almost a possession seizing upon his fancy, inspiring a restless desire to give it vent. It is very possible that the mind may be too powerfully excited to allow of a steady and leisurely contemplation of the object which presents itself. It was an absolutely indefinite idea that would in the first place form itself in the Poet's mind, an idea of cloud-like vastness, brilliancy, and impalpability, and it was by the very indistinctness of the half-defined conception that it acted with so potent a charm upon his feelings. Mr. Montgomery is fond of grasping at gigantic forms of thought which stretch into immensity. He is a very Ixion in his ambition of intellectual grandeur, and must have nothing less than a goddess for his embrace. 'His original plan,' he tells us,

'was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and modern Greenland;—incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives;—with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution which the Gospel has wrought among these people, by reclaiming them, almost universally, from idolatry and barbarism.'

Now we v[illegible] e to that this is, properly speaking, no plan at all; it possesses none of either the unity or the tangibility of a plan. It is a loosely floating, incoherent, superb conception of a possible something of which the Poet finds himself unable to give even the outline. It would seem to be a design for a series of poems rather than for one; but had Mr. Montgomery persisted in his endeavour to digest his scheme, had he submitted his plan to a rigid analysis, he must have found how extremely indefinite was the idea that occupied his mind, and how impossible it was to construct a poem upon so shifting a basis: it was building upon an iceberg, and he found himself presently out at sea. We do not mean to dispute that the whole of the above *argument* might have been comprised in a connected poem of moderate compass, by being duly distributed into action, recital, and episode, by which means past, present, and to come can, by the Poet, be brought together within the sphere of vision; but it is the grouping and the management of the lights, that constitute a design. A poem will rarely be found permanently to interest, that is entirely desultory, in which the successive passages carry forward no business, develop no purpose. It would be the height of presumption in us to attempt to supply the deficiency of plan in the present instance. We are tempted, however, to think, that if Mr. Montgomery, instead of loitering with Captain Ross in the Arctic seas, and playing with his subject, had pushed on at once to the Missionary Station in Greenland, and shewn us Christian David clad in his bear-skin, exerting his apostolic labours among the Polar savages, thus bringing the human actors immediately before us, instead of letting the main subject dwindle down to an historic fact almost lost in the surrounding scenery, he would have found ample scope for incidental descriptions of the phenomena of nature, and for references to the more striking events in the history of the people, at the same time that he would have had a foreground of sufficient interest for the eye to rest upon. We apprehend that in Crantz he might have found materials enough for a story; for without a story there can be no action, and unless he could have put his missionaries in action, he might as well as have kept them shut up in their snow-house. If the subject did not admit of some kind of story being framed out of it, it was altogether a bad one for a poem. But Southey would most certainly have set the whole colony in motion in a trice, and, by the help of a few incidents, have kept us occupied with the stupid wonder, the first awkward efforts, the at length ductile and expanding minds of the *Skraellings*, and the hopes, and disappointments, and persevering efforts and resources of the Missionaries, through twelve or twenty cantos as it pleased him, and have found names legitimately Esquimaux for the whole *Dramatis Personæ*. Southey, how-

ever, though sincerely disposed to do ample justice on all occasions to the characters and exertions of Christian Missionaries, would not have been able to enter into the subject as we conceive Mr. Montgomery's feelings would have enabled him to do, or to have preserved in the representation equal fidelity to historic truth. The situation of a defenceless Christian Missionary in the midst of a savage horde of idolaters, is certainly as susceptible of poetical effect as any that can be imagined, although it is one to which poetical genius would not of itself be competent to do justice. We cannot help indulging a wish that Poetry should do itself the honour of paying this tribute to Christianity, and we challenge Mr. Montgomery to seize upon the occasion it offers for distinguishing himself. A 'rapid retrospect of a moral re-'volution' wrought among a people, is not the way in which a subject can be efficiently or impressively treated in a poem of any description. Such a view in the way of reference might perhaps be introduced with effect in a lyric poem, but we soon tire of historical narration in verse, conscious that the facts are to be got at by a much more direct method. We sympathise with individuals only, and when the Poet leaves off speaking of himself, his own feelings and experience, he must introduce us to some other definite portion of human nature with which we may hold converse, or the utmost splendour of his rhymes will not long detain our attention.

But it is time that we proceed to shew what Mr. Montgomery *has* done. Although he speaks of having relinquished his original enterprise, being stopped, it should seem, by the ice, before he had traced the whole of the land he set out to discover, yet he here presents us with five cantos which form a highly interesting log-book so far of the voyage. The Preface lets the reader into the secret of the leading fault of the Poem, and we have attempted to point out the cause of the failure: it is the more incumbent upon us to do justice in detail to the spirit and the felicity of execution which distinguish the series of descriptions of which it consists.

The first Canto opens with a representation of the first three Moravian Missionaries on their voyage to Greenland.

> 'The moon is watching in the sky; the stars
> Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
> Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,
> Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
> The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
> Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
> Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
> A ship above and ship below appear;
> A double image, pictured on the deep,
> The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;

Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.'

'Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
—No;—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And 'midst the songs, that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills;
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,
When, by the' Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious Sceptre of his grace.
Then to *His* eye whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a groupe more lovely than those three
Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

The remainder of the Canto is occupied with a sketch of the gin, extinction, and revival of the Church of the United Bren: it has nothing to do with Greenland. The same remark plies to the second Canto, which is wholly a digression to Iced, but not the less interesting on that account. Nay, it will ur to the reader, that Iceland might have deserved to give its ne to an entire poem, and materials even of a preferable kind ny which were to be met with further north, might perhaps, 'e been discovered in its history. No wonder that our Poet gers there.

'Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shape of some prodigious birth;

As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd,
Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and fail'd;
Perish'd,—and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast:
—Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to shew
What wonders of creation hide below.'

'Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights:
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendours flee the day;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcase of the old chimera dead,
That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;
In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,
(Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept:)
While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapours float.'

'Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.'

'Hark! from yon cauldron-cave, the battle-sound
Of fire and water warring under ground;
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendours fill the air.
—He comes, he comes; the' infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapoury wings;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse;—refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light;
From central earth to heaven's meridian throne,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.

All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;
Around him beams the reconciling bow;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working,—to his flinty cell
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the' etherial walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty,—and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.'

The third Canto lands the Brethren in Greenland. A fine opportunity is afforded for arraying in all the pomp of verse the wonders and the perils of Arctic navigation. The incidents introduced are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in a note taken from Crantz's history. Among these are a fog at sea, which is very picturesquely described, and the breaking up of some ice fields which would certainly have destroyed the vessel, but for a tempest which drove the floating masses sufficiently asunder to enable her to pass through in safety. Mr. Montgomery has worked up the incident with very considerable effect.

'Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last:
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
(Who boasts with these to make his prowess known,
And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone?)
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,
And to the ear renews those notes of doom,
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom;

For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
As pirate-barks on summer seas to cruise.
In front this perilous array ;—behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate;
All efforts fail, but prayer is not too late;
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction,—the disciples call
On Him, their Master, who in human form,
Slept in the lap of the devouring storm;
On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulph, ineffably serene,
At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore;
On Him they call ;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd,
Amidst the frantic hurricane is heard;
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,
The Angel of the Waters ;—he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace ;—his breath
Blows, - and the enemies are scatter'd—Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave,
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder,—quickly all
The' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
Escapes the wrecks; nor slackens her career,
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,
And He, who rules the universe at will,
Saith to the reinless elements, "Be still."

At length, 'land! land!' is shouted from the top-mast, and the word, as by an electric shock, passes from lip to lip.

'Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky;
Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sun-shine on the deep.
'Tis Greenland! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there;
'Tis Greenland! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturbed delight.'

We think that the Esquimaux fable of Malina and Aninga
e Sun and the Moon) was almost too degradingly absurd to
erve to be *set* in poetry, and it can gain nothing more from
se than a *Skraelling* would from gold lace or scarlet trap-
gs: the paraphrase is most ill-bestowed finery. The ice
ık and the Northern lights are described in the Poet's ha piest
le,—a style which, although it sometimes reminds us of Dar-
ı, as, for instance, when we read of

'Refluent foam and iridescent spray'—

or the most part chaste as well as nervous, dazzling but not
gid, and always picturesque and luxuriant.
The fourth Canto is an historical retrospect of ancient Green-
d. The Poet declines, however, fighting over again the
tles—without which, what is history?—ingeniously alleging as
reason, that

'Who follows Homer takes the field too late;'

l he passes over with as little ceremony the monkish legends
ıting to the same period, of groves, and gardens watered by
od-warm rivulets which 'amidst disparted ice made laps of
erdure,' and Gothic cloisters resounding to the notes of mu-
, and cheered by wine. Yet, unless he had taken us to
Brethren's station at once, and taught us to emulate the
-denying spirit of missionaries, we see not why we might
have been allowed to loiter a while in the regions of romance;
it is cold work coasting along among the icebergs and the
lruses. We could not help thinking that with the Author
Kehama for our pilot, we should have come better off for
ıter quarters. However, we must forgive our Author in con-
eration of the following picture of the modern Greenlanders,
ich our readers will agree with us in thinking admirable. It
nted but to be *individualized*, to be a perfect portrait.

'A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime.
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The' intensest rigours of the polar air;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun:
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels;
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace,
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
And while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave:

Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey;
As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart,
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion, pulse empower'd to ride,
A human Nautilus upon the tide;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale,
When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals,
Lashing the waves to foam; until the flood,
From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar;
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.'

Our extracts are multiplying, but it would be doing injustice to the Poet to slight the remaining Canto, which has employed his very best exertions. It describes in a series of episodes the depopulation of East Greenland. Here our Author seems fairly to revel in the opportunity afforded him for bringing together upon a grand scale splendid and terrific images. Catastrophe upon catastrophe crowds upon us; the Canto would almost serve as a store-house for epic poets in this respect. The destruction of a snow-house by an inundation of the sea, entombing all its inmates; the disruption from the shore and recoil of a continent of ice, owing to Ocean's having 'burst the 'roof that sepulchred his waves,' by which immense numbers were lost; and the *Black Death*, brought to Greenland by the last ship that reached that ill-fated country, and by which its depopulation is supposed to have been greatly accelerated; follow each other over the scene in rapid succession, and all is vast and terrible. As a proof, however, that our feelings are more deeply moved by individual cases, than by the narration of the most extensive catastrophes, (a circumstance of which the Author seems to need being perpetually reminded,) the reader may contrast the effect produced on his mind by the second in order of the above named events, with that of which he is conscious on perusing the following supplemental incident.

'Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they pass'd away.
Yet some survive;—yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy-isle;
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires;
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.

No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd
O'er others with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party:—mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigour of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
By valourous enterprise on land or main.
—These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet,
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat,
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An ice-berg!—on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
Morn brings no comfort; at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
—How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;
How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
Rest in the gulph, or peace on living ground:
—Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consum'd,
They perish'd miserably— and unentomb'd,
(While on that frigid bier their corses lay,)
Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;
—Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,
While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
Lock'd in each other's arms, resign'd their breath,
And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave:
—Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
They deem'd its deck a world of liberty;
—Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,
They kneel'd and worship'd a delivering God,
Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
Among the noblest of our sister's sons;
—Is all unknown;—their ice-berg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.'

The arrival of the ship without a living crew, is certainly very finely wrought up; but we prefer to take as our last extract, the fanciful description of the freezing in of the last vessel that sailed for lost Greenland.

'Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another;—there shall come no more;
Nor this shall reach an haven:—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immoveable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,
Arches o er many a league the' indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter yoke to rend
And down the gulph the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.'

'On deck, in groupes embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew!—They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still;
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart.'

'Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night,
Meet here with interchanging shade and light;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away;
Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when the archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.'

We have more than once referred to Mr. Montgomery's peculiar adaptation of talent to poems of a different construction, intimating our preference, for the most part, of his lyrical pieces; although we must never forget what unquestionably is his master-piece, as well as one of the noblest passages in the whole compass of modern poetry, we mean, his Death of Adam, or we might say, the whole of the fourth canto of the World before the Flood. The minor pieces which make up the remaining contents of the present volume, are, we must confess, not quite such as we should select as favourable specimens of Mr. Montgomery's talents in this department of poetry; and some of them, had we been at his elbow, should not have appeared at all; not even if the Author had nothing better in readiness. Occasional poems are very seldom worthy of outliving the occasion, unless they proceed from the absolutely spontaneous movements of the Poet's mind; and yet, when such things have once found their way out to the public, we are aware that it is natural for the Author to wish to fold the stray pieces in a volume. There are none, too, in the present collection, that will not be acceptable to Mr. Montgomery's friends, and these form a powerful section of that Public to whose liberality he meekly commits himself. As a proof, however, of the good faith and the good reason with which we made the remarks we did, on our Author's peculiar merits as a lyrical poet, it will be necessary only to transcribe one poem, which, when we first saw it some time ago in manuscript, we thought, as we think still, to be as exquisitely touching as any thing we had met with. It is a simple and even a trite thought, but developed with that perfect grace, and elegance, and tenderness, which more than all that is striking in the laboured periods of heroic verse, betray the master-hand.

'INCOGNITA:

'*Written on viewing the Picture of an unknown Lady.*

'Image of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious;—now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But Oh! not one,—not one like Thee.

'Thou art no Child of Fancy;—Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;

Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One.*

'And who is she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once resplendent-form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

'Of gentle blood;—upon her birth,
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth,
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told,
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

'How long her date, 'twere vain to guess
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing colour mix;
One moment's flight for ages fix.

'Her joys and griefs, alike in vain
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of exstacy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

'Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn;
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd;
—If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

'The Dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,

Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

'Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below;—

An angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is King:
—But awe and fear that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrols
The judgements on departed souls.

'Of Her, of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
—Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

'Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.'

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

'With One who lived of old, my song
In lowly cadence rose;
To One who is unborn, belong
The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.'

'When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:

If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we:—go not *Thou* astray;
No tomb, no verse my story tell!
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well.'

Art. III. *Sermons*, preached in the Parish Church of High Wycombe, Bucks. By the Rev. Charles Bradley, Curate of High Wycombe. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 387. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1818.

WE owe some apology to the Author of these excellent Sermons, for having suffered a volume which has afforded us so much solid pleasure, to lie so long on our table, not indeed unread, but without giving it our warmest public recommendation. Mr. Bradley states, that these Sermons were not originally designed for publication; that they were 'prepared for the 'pulpit under circumstances by no means favourable to the exercise of thought, or much attention to language, and were 'sent to the Press without that careful revision which the Author wished to have given them.' He offers the 'pressure of 'daily employments as an apology for the blemishes, which he 'is unable to remove.' The reader will appreciate the modesty of this apology the more highly, on finding that there is nothing in the volume which justifies the Author's diffidence.

The Volume contains eighteen Sermons on the following topics: I. The Worshippers in the Heavenly Temple. II. The Worship and Privileges of the Heavenly Temple. III. The Dying Christian committing his Soul to God. IV. The Advantages of remembering Christ. V. The Legacy of Christ. VI. The News of Christ's Resurrection sent to Peter. VII. The Humility of St. Paul. VIII. The Compassion of the High Priest of the Church. IX. The Throne of Grace. X. The Death of Moses XI. The Goodness of God to Israel. XII. The Christian journeying to the Promised Land. XIII. The Christian's Song in his Pilgrimage. XIV The Brevity and Vanity of Human Life. XV. The Glory of the Gospel. XVI. The Constraining Influence of the Love of Christ. XVII. Christ the Healer of the Broken hearted. XVIII The Tears of Jesus at the Grave of Lazarus. These are not commonplace subjects, nor are they treated in a common-place manner. There is that degree of originality of style sustained throughout the Volume, which belongs to every individual who is accustomed to the free exercise of his own mind; a peculiarity of character stamped upon it, which shews it to be the native production of a man's own thoughts and feelings; and such a work, be it of whatever kind it may, whether sermons or poetry, whether light or serious, can scarcely fail to be interesting. These Sermons are characteristically interesting, and being a

the same time purely evangelical, serious, and affectionate, they cannot fail to be extensively useful.

Our first extract shall be taken from the Fourth Sermon, which is on those words of our Lord, "This do in remembrance of "me." After stating as the first part of his subject, 'what is 'implied in remembering Christ,' the Preacher proceeds to inquire, secondly, 'why Christ has left us this command to re-'member him.'

'1. He has done this for a reason, which ought to humble us in the dust. He has said, "Remember me," because he knows that *we are prone to forget him.* It might indeed have been supposed that such a Saviour could never for one hour, no nor yet for one moment, have been out of a dying sinner's mind; that his last thoughts in the evening and his first thoughts in the morning would be sweet thoughts of Christ; but is it so with us, brethren? Alas, no! There is reason to fear that many of us seldom or never think of Christ at all, unless when we are reminded of him on the sabbath in his house. We do not indeed endeavour nor perhaps wish to forget him at other times, but our heads and hearts are too full of other things to leave room for Christ or God to enter into them. The cares and business of the world occupy all the energies of some among us, and dissipations and amusements engross the trifling minds of others. And how is it with those of us, who have in some degree begun to think and act as rational and immortal beings? Their hearts also are ever ready to turn aside to vanity. Even they can often suffer the meanest trifles to intrude into the place of a dying Jesus; and when they have any devout and lively remembrance of his love, it is but for a moment; the savor of it is soon gone, and lightness and vanity succeed. What a cause for humiliation is here! Why do we not condemn and abhor ourselves for this base ingratitude? When we have buried a friend, whom we love, though he be no better than a creature formed of dust, we carry him about in our hearts, and every thing that disturbs our remembrance of him is for a long season sickening to the soul; and yet Jesus, our best and heavenly friend, is forgotten; his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion, and all he has done and suffered for our souls can find no abiding lodging-place in our remembrance. What reason for shame is here, and what a call for prayer! Nor is this all; here is also a lesson of caution. Am I thus prone basely to forget my Saviour? O then let me fly from every scene, from every society, from every pursuit, which has a tendency to lead my thoughts from him. Let me remember this infirmity of my sinful heart, and watch and pray against it, mourn over it, and dread to increase it.

'2 But our proneness to forget Christ is not the only reason, why he has commanded us to remember him. He has given us this command, secondly, because *he desires to be remembered by us.* True, he is now in the very highest he ens, seated on a throne higher than the thrones of angels, and wors pped by all the exalted spirits, that ill the realms of glory; and yet his eye is fixed on a people on the earth, and his mindful of them, as when he groaned for

them in the garden or bled for them on the cross. Unworthy as they are, he loves them; mean as they are, he is not ashamed still to call them brethren. He forgets the songs of angels to listen to their sighs and prayers. It is his delight to minister to their wants, to protect them in their dangers, and to comfort them in their sorrows. Yea, even when they forget him, he thinks on them; he watches over and pities them, when they are turning aside to vanity, and when they have tasted the bitterness of their wanderings, he restoreth their soul, and leadeth them again in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Now he does this, and more than this, for his people, simply because he loves them; and if he thus loves them, he would not surely be forgotten by them. By his word and ordinances he tells them that he would not, and urges them to think of him. What a stoop then is this for such a Being to make, and what an honor is here conferred on creatures such as we are! How ought it to elevate our affections and excite our love! Shall he, who made the worlds, desire to be remembered by us, and we forget him? Shall he, who inhabiteth the praises of eternity, call us brethren, and yet shall we forget such a brother in such a place?

'3. The great reason however why Christ has commanded us to remember him is this; he knows that we cannot think of him without deriving much benefit to ourselves. What then are the advantages resulting from an habitual remembrance of Jesus?' pp. 66—69.

These benefits are shewn to be 'comfort to the soul when 'wounded by a sense of sin,' the elevation of the affections, patience under trials, and the promotion of a holy hatred of sin. The discourse concludes with the following application.

'But if we would habitually remember Jesus, let us not forget the command given us in the text; "This do in remembrance of me." We soon forget objects, which are removed from our sight, and our Lord, who knows and pities this weakness of our nature, has given us an abiding memorial of himself. He has appointed an ordinance for this very purpose, to remind us of his love. The sacrament of the Lord's supper is not designed to blot out our iniquities, as many suppose; but simply to remind us of a dying Saviour. It was ordained, as our church tells us, for a continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ. "There we see Jesus evidently set forth before our eyes crucified among us," so plainly set forth, that if we have any seriousness of spirit, we shall find it difficult not to see and remember him. And yet from this ordinance many of us can often turn away without a struggle and without a sigh. What does this conduct prove? Our humility? the tenderness of our conscience? Alas! brethren, it proves much more clearly that the dying request of a crucified Redeemer is forgotten and despised. We do not so treat a departed parent or a friend. Their last requests are treasured in the memory, and we almost dread to violate or neglect them. How is it then that Jesus only is despised, when he says "This do in remembrance of me?" There is reason to fear that we must find an answer to this enquiry, not in a tender conscience, but in a cold, careless, worldly heart. There the evil lies, and there the

nedy must be applied. Ministers may reason with us and expos-
late, but our hearts must be changed, before we shall go to the
viour's table with a desire of remembering him there. The love of
e world and of sin must be rooted out of our souls, and all their
ergies and affections fixed on God. Deem not this a hard saying.
is a mere trifling with the matter to stop short of this view of it.
ie heart must be won to Christ before sacraments and ordinances
ll be loved by us, or be beneficial to our souls. If Christ is not
membered in them, and remembered too with affection, they will
: useless to us; they will bring no comfort, no holiness, to our
arts; they will leave us, just as they find us, trifling and cold,
rthly and sinful. The consequence of such a state as this is
vious; it is as sure and certain too, as it is plain. If we do not
member Christ, he will in the end cease to remember us. We
ed him now, but we shall need him much more soon; and in that
eat day of our need, which is fast approaching, he will act towards
, as we act towards others when we forget them. He will take no
terest in any thing that concerns us. He will leave us to be our own
fenders and saviours, to plead our own cause at the bar of God, and
keep off with our own feeble arm the stroke of vengeance. He
ill leave us to perish.

'We may not now think much of the misery of being thus for-
ken. We may have no spiritual feelings, and no dread of spiritual
ils in our minds. But the dream of life will soon be ended; and
e shall awake in a world, where all our dormant powers will be
used to action in all their energy, either by that fulness of joy,
hich fills the exalted minds of angels, or by the bursting wrath of
i insulted God. We shall then be forced to feel, that there is no-
ing more desirable for an immortal being, than to be remembered
y the Lord of glory in his kingdom, and nothing more dreadful,
an to be forgotten by him there. If he were to forget us even
ere, in this world of mercy, we should be undone. Thousands of
ur fellow-creatures might remember us, and millions of angels come
our help, but all the inhabitants of earth and of heaven could not
ipply the place of a departed God. All their united efforts could
ot keep for one moment our bodies from the grave, nor our souls
om destruction. Who then among us can bear the thought of
eing forgotten by the Lord Jehovah? Which of us will dare to
rget him, and be easy? O may we all be led this very hour to his
rone, and offer there, with a contrite heart, this simple prayer of
ne, who is now rejoicing with Christ in Paradise, "Lord, remember
e!" ' pp. 75—78.

'The Christian journeying to the promised land,' is a very pleas-
ig and instructive accommodation of Numbers x. 29. Heaven,
ie heavenly Canaan, is first shewn to be 'a desired place'—'a
promised place'—'a country freely given.' The conduct of the
Christian with regard to this place, is then illustrated, as involving
perseverance in seeking it, an actual progress, and a fixed de-
ermination to arrive there. The Third general remark is, that

'In prosecuting his sacred journey through the world to the king-

dom of heaven, it is evident that the Christian must necessarily separate himself from many of his brethren, with whom he would have otherwise contentedly associated. But, although he is constrained by the command of his God and the very nature of the work, in which he is engaged, to come out from among the ungodly and worldly, he does not consider himself as unconnected with them, nor does he cease to regard them as brethren. Moses dared not to return with Hobab to his idols, yet we find him manifesting great anxiety for Hobab's happiness. "Come thou with us," says he, "and we will do thee good."

'1. If we regard this invitation as the advice of the Christian traveller to his fellow sinners around him, it implies, first, that *he has a sincere and earnest desire to bring them into that path to heaven, into which he himself has entered.* The Christian is not, he cannot be a selfish being. That very love, which saves him from spiritual and eternal death, constrains him to live no longer unto himself: it enlarges his soul, and fills it with the purest and most exalted benevolence. As soon therefore as he begins in good earnest to seek heaven for himself, he begins to desire that others may seek it also. He wishes for companions in his pilgrimage, and he invites and urges all around him to join him in his journey; yea, there is not a human being on the earth, whom he would not rejoice to see treading the same way of pleasantness, in which he is walking, and sharing with him the blessedness of the path of peace.

'We are sadly negligent, brethren, in the performance of this duty. We seem indeed to have almost forgotten that it is our duty to be deeply and tenderly concerned for the eternal happiness of our brethren. We think it wrong to suffer their bodily wants to remain unrelieved, but as for the wants of their souls, we hardly think of them; we seem as though we could suffer them to perish for ever, without a single effort to snatch them from destruction. We lament perhaps at seasons their ignorance and folly, and when they die, we wish that they had died Christians; but sighs and wishes are not all, that Christ requires at our hands. He reminds us of what he has done for our own souls. He points to the manger and the cross, and tells us to let the same mind be in us, that was in him. He bids us deny ourselves for the salvation of others, to labor in the work, and, if need be, to suffer, rather than desist from it.

'And even if this command had not been given us, a regard to our own happiness and spiritual prosperity might have suggested it to us. If we succeed in persuading others to join us in our journey to Canaan, we win souls not only to Christ, but to ourselves also; we increase the number of those, who are the fellow helpers of our joy. Those, whom we prevail on to travel with us, will assist us and comfort us in our weariseme pilgrimage. We shall take sweet counsel together, and walk in the house of God in company. Who can tell how much we shall be animated by their love and zeal? how much the languid spirit of devotion within us will be quickened by their burning hearts? how much we shall be cheered in our spiritual trials by their sympathy and prayers? And O who can say what our reward will be when we enter heaven? "They, that be wise," says

the scripture, "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." pp. 225—228.

The last inference under this head is, 'That if we would ever 'reach the kingdom of God, we must join ourselves now to the 'people of God.'

'Here then is a lesson for the young. In forming your connections and choosing your associates, take those only for your friends, who will consent to walk with you in the way to heaven, and who give you reasonable ground to hope that they are already seeking that better country, and will help you forward in your journey to it. It is quite sufficient, my young friends, to have the workings of your own evil and worldly hearts to struggle with on the road. You will always find enough in their temptations to lead you from the path, without calling in to their aid the example and enticements of frivolous and ungodly companions. And even if this were not the case, even if we could take the thoughtless and sinful as the friends of our youth, without being impeded by them in our course, would it be wise to choose for our most beloved associates upon earth those, whom we should dread to meet in another world? with whom we should tremble to have our portion in eternity? It is painful to say farewell even for a short season to those, whom we love; is there no pang then in bidding an eternal adieu to our bosom friends at the grave? is there no anguish in shuddering at the very thought of meeting them again? We may see in some of the lovers of pleasure around us much to admire and something perhaps to commend; their conduct may be decent, their dispositions amiable, and their society pleasing; we may love their cheerfulness and mirth; but in a few fleeting years all these things will have passed away and nothing will be left to us from our intercourse with them, but the consciousness that we have friends in eternity, whom we shall see no more; that we have friends gone into a world, where no sound of joy has ever yet been heard, nor one ray of hope ever dawned.' pp. 231—232.

There is something, we think, very striking in the opening of the First Sermon. We do not know whether we use the precise word that is most applicable to Mr. Bradley's style, and yet, there is a force in the simplicity, and gracefulness, and occasional pathos of the Preacher's manner, which seems to us to answer to that epithet, far better than many compositions of more ambitious oratory. The text is Rev. vii. 14, 15. "These are "they which came out of great tribulation," &c.

'The figure under which heaven is represented to our view in this vision, is that of a temple, crowded with worshippers and resounding with praises. The man, who loves the tabernacles of the Lord as the saints of old loved them, will view this representation of his future residence with peculiar interest. There are indeed seasons in the life of the established Christian, in which the prospect of this heavenly temple brings to his heart a feeling, that passes the understanding of a sinful world. The veil, which conceals eternity from his sight, seems to

be drawn aside, and heaven, with all its glories, opens to his view. He beholds the splendor of the heavenly house, he hears the songs of its redeemed inhabitants, and deems himself already a partaker in their joy.

'Would we, my brethren, enter into the Christian's secret, and share his blessedness? Our affections must first be fixed where his are fixed, on things above; we must have a treasure in eternity, and our conversation must be in heaven. Let us then, this very hour, strive to stir up our languid and cold desires. While seated in this earthly house of prayer, let us lift up our thoughts to that glorious temple above, in which all the triumphant church are at this very moment assembled and pouring forth their praises. There dwells the Saviour, who is all our salvation and all our desire; there live the Christian friends, who were once dear to our souls on earth; and there, if we are the redeemed of the Lord, when the days of our tribulation are ended, will be our eternal home. O may we all one day enter that house of rest! May we all love to fix our thoughts on it now, and contemplate its blessedness! May we often experience, within these walls, a foretaste of its joys!' pp. 1—2.

After speaking of the Temple itself, the Preacher proceeds to notice the circumstances of the worshippers.

'Who then are these rejoicing worshippers, and whence came they? Many of them are natives of this glorious world, and have been for countless ages ministering servants in this house. These are described in the eleventh verse of this chaper, as standing round about the throne, and falling before the throne on their faces, and worshipping God. But these are not the worshippers referred to in the text. There is another and a more numerous class of priests, who sing another and a louder song, and occupy as honorable a place. "These are they, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

'1. This description reminds us, first, of *the former condition of these worshippers.* It tells us that it was an *earthly* condition. They were not, like the angels, born in this house. They were natives of an apostate world, and had an earthly origin. The powers of their nature were once far less exalted than those of their fellow-worshippers, and they were altogether incapable of sharing in many of their services. Their spirits were united to a frail body, a body of humiliation, taken from the dust of the earth, and rapidly tending to earth again.

'Their condition too was a *sinful* one. Their great tribulation was brought upon them by the greatness of their sins. Not that they were more sinful than the other inhabitants of the earth which they dwelt on, but they were once like their brethren, dead in trespasses and sins. They were as careless and cold, as indifferent about spiritual and eternal things, as any of us. Even in their best state they were plagued, like ourselves, with a body of sin. There is not one among them, who was not a sinner upon earth, and who has not to this very hour a remembrance of his guilt. It is this remembrance

which makes their gratitude so fervent, and their song so loud. It is this, that puts into their mouths so exalted a hymn of praise, that the angels cannot reach its strains.

'They were also in a *suffering, afflicted* condition. Not a single sorrow or care now enters their hearts, yet they were once in great tribulation. Many of them came out of a state of peculiar distress and suffering. "They had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." All of them were in some degree men of sorrows. They were as well acquainted with poverty and want, anxiety and care, as we are now. Their bodies were once as weak and as liable to pain and sickness, as our own. Their houses of mourning were as frequent and gloomy, and their graves as dreary and cold. It was the same with their spiritual troubles. They felt, at seasons, the same painful and suspicious fears, that we feel; they were assaulted by the same temptations, stricken by the same arrows, and forced to struggle with the same enemies. Not a single temporal or spiritual sorrow can ever enter into our hearts, which has not been a thousand times felt, in all its bitterness, by these rejoicing inhabitants of the heavenly world.

'2. Such was the original condition of these worshippers; it was an earthly, a sinful, and a suffering one. Let us look, secondly, at *their present condition.* Here however our knowledge again fails us. We know what it is to be sinful and afflicted creatures upon earth, but we do not know what it is to be priests of God in heaven.' pp. 5—8.

It is, however, he remarks, a state of peace—of purity—and of triumph. Speaking of their purity, in contrast with their former state of sinful defilement, Mr. Bradley thus adverts to the Baptismal Regeneration heresy.

'How then was their filthiness removed? by the water of baptism? All these priests were indeed washed in this water, but it was not this, that purified their souls. No outward means can remove the stain of sin: daily experience and observation prove that they cannot. While we are contending that baptism has this power, thousands around us, who have been baptized in the name of Christ, are giving a death-blow to all our reasoning by their worldly and ungodly lives. This and every other ordinance is indeed sometimes made the means of communicating blessings to the soul; but there is no inseparable connexion between the outward visible sign and the inward spiritual grace of any sacrament. A man may hear the gospel, and yet bring forth none of its fruits; he may go to the table of the Lord, and yet not discern the Lord's body there; he may be washed in the water of baptism, and yet be as much in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of inquity, as Simon Magus or Judas Iscariot.

'Could we but once be brought, my brethren, to see something of the real nature and extent of the depravity which reigns within us, we should that very moment be convinced, that no outward

ordinances, no human exertions, can cleanse us from its pollution; that the evil is too powerful and too deeply seated to yield to such remedies as these. We should see that the matter will not admit, for a moment, of doubt or argument. Our feelings would at once refute the most subtle reasonings. There is indeed a fountain which has power to wash away sin and uncleanness; but this is a spiritual fountain provided and opened, not by man's power, but by God's mercy. These heavenly priests have discovered this sacred laver, and in their songs they point it out to us. We find them always ascribing the change which has passed on them to one cause, and giving to one Being all the glory. "Unto him, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb;" that blood, which, the Bible tells us, cleanseth from all sin, and which can make the sinner's defiled robes as white as snow. "*Therefore*," says the text, "are they before the throne of God." This was the reason, why the everlasting doors of the heavenly temple were opened to them, while thousands of their fellow-sinners are for ever excluded from its courts:—"they were washed, they were sanctified, they were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." pp 9—11.

Here we must close our extracts. A Volume of Sermons can be judged of only in this way, and yet, the extracts have a great disadvantage in being separated from the context. That may be a very excellent and useful sermon, which contains no striking passage taken by itself. We are, however, much mistaken, if these specimens will not succeed in interesting every reader of religious taste, in Mr. Bradley's volume. We hope the Author will be encouraged by the flattering success which this has met with, a success which we cannot but ascribe to the estimation in which he is generally held, to prepare at his leisure a second volume for publication. We do not recollect ever to have seen a subscription list at all approaching, either in the number, or in the rank of the names, to that which is prefixed to Mr. Bradley's Volume. It is dedicated, in a manly Preface, to the Earl of Liverpool.

Art. IV. 1 *The Protestant:* a Series of Letters which appeared in the Glasgow Chronicle, and afterwards were published in weekly Numbers; together with the Replies of *Amicus Veritatis* and *Pax*. Glasgow, 1818—Dublin, reprinted, 1819.

2. *Tracts against Popery.* Dublin, 1818. London, 1819.

IN again adverting to the subject of Popery, we deem it right to apprize our readers, that we intend to abstain from discussions of a political nature. Our remarks will have an exclusive reference to the religious tenets of the Church of Rome. That these tenets should be gaining ground in a Protestant country, is a fact which assuredly claims the most serious attention, quite irrespectively of any question of legislative expediency. We cannot contemplate with indifference the progress of Popery, believing it, as we do, to be 'Satan's Masterpiece.' When we complain, however, of the increase of Popery, it is not simply that it has increased in proportion to the increase of a growing population, but that its chapels have been thronged by the defection of adult Protestants, and by the education of the children of mixed marriages, in the principles of their Popish parent. In England, the fact is beyond dispute; chapels are rising up every where, but especially in the Northern counties. 'The principal Jesuit of Preston,' we are informed on good authority, 'now makes a boast, that when he first came into it, (a little more than twenty years since,) a small room would have contained his whole congregation; at this time he proclaims with triumph, that two large chapels have been built, which will hold two thousand persons each, and that even these chapels will not hold their congregations.' 'Before the establishment of this college, (the Jesuit,) there were not half a dozen Papists about Stoneyhurst, but now, the greater portion of the population in that part of the country are Papists. In the summer of 1813, there were confirmed in the three towns of Manchester, Liverpool, and Preston, alone, 3000 children*.'

There now lies before us the 'Laity's Directory,' 1819, containing, among other things, a list of the principal Popish chapels in and near London, and in different parts of the kingdom; and likewise specifying, by way of advertisement, the leading seminaries for the education of Popish children of both sexes. Of the former there are fifty-seven; of the latter, fifty-five. This publication also notices a 'London Mission Fund,' 'a Midland Mission Fund,' and 'a Foreign Mission.' The object of the first two institutions, is to educate Priests for England; the latter is designed to support and extend Popery in Heathen countries. The following paragraphs connected with the notices of these

* Hist. of the Jesuits, Vol. 1. pp. 334, 335, and 339.

various Institutions, afford unequivocal proof of the nature and tendency of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, as held *at the present time.* As some persons have affected to be sceptical on this point, we wish particularly to direct the attention of our readers to the following extracts taken from one of the latest documents.

At the close of the notice soliciting the assistance of the Faithful for Westminster Chapel, it is said:

'In return for the charitable aid of a generous Public, which duty requires Mr. Sumner to solicit for his distressed flock, he engages that the solemn sacrifice and the prayers of his indigent congregation, shall on the first Sunday of every month, be offered up to the Throne of Mercy, to obtain for them the rewards of that divine charity, which our adorable Redeemer descended from heaven, solely to enkindle in the hearts of all men.'

Hampstead Chapel.

'The few Catholic gentlemen residing at Hampstead, having by the blessing of God and the sanction of the Right Reverend Dr. Poynter, succeeded in raising a proper and convenient place of worship, feel very great satisfaction in being able to inform those who have kindly assisted them and contributed to the good work, and all Catholics in general, that the new chapel was solemnly blessed under the invocation and in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on Saturday the 17th of August, 1816, and opened by a solemn high Mass on the day following, being the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is known in ancient times to have been the Patroness of this place.'

St. Thomas's Chapel, Bloxwich.

'N. B. At this chapel there is a society for the Dead, with a perpetual obligation Mass each month for the members of the society, established with the approbation of the Vicar apostolic of the Midland district.'

The Catholics of Leicester

'hope in a few months to offer up the adorable sacrifice to the Almighty for those to whom under Him they owe the inestimable privilege of continuing to exist as a Catholic congregation, and a portion of the Universal Church of Christ on Earth.'

London Mission Fund.

'Each person becoming a member, enjoys the benefit of having the holy sacrifice offered up for him the first Sunday of every month—and he also participates in the benefits of four Masses which are celebrated every week in the Bishop's chapel for its members and benefactors. Such are the advantages, and such are the objects, that are aimed at by this Institution, objects that should induce every Catholic, who is sincerely attached to the faith of his ancestors, to seize with gladness this opportunity of propitiating the favour of the Almighty, and laying up for himself immortal treasures in Heaven.'

Midland Mission Fund.

'A half-penny or a penny a week will be most thankfully received. Fifty Masses are said annually for the Benefactors; the Rosary also is said once a week by the young men for the same institution: and when they are Priests, they will say four Masses annually as long as they live, for those who have contributed towards their promotion to Holy Orders.'

Foreign Mission.—The following is one of three prayers which are to be recited every morning by the associates.

'Remember, O most pious and tender Virgin, that it is a thing unheard of in all ages, that ever any one was abandoned by you, who ran to you for succour, implored your help, or begged your Intercession. Animated by this confidence, I, a wretched sinner, place myself in sighs and groans before you, entreating you to adopt me for your child for ever, and to take my eternal salvation into your own care: do not, O Mother of the Divine Word, despise my petition, but listen to me and hear me with a mother's tenderness.'

Once more: St. Aloysius Charity Schools are recommended on the following principle.

'Can he who would secure an advocate at the awful tribunal of Eternity, find one that would address the Sovereign Judge with more persuasive eloquence, than a smiling host of innocent babes?'

All the public documents of the Church of Rome, exhibit in the most undisguised manner, those very doctrines which were broached in the darkest and most superstitious times. *Purgatorian Societies* are spreading every day; and it is a circumstance which deserves consideration, that were only one fourth of the Irish Catholic population to subscribe a penny a week, (the requisite sum for constituting a member,) the revenue of the Priesthood would be increased by no less a sum than £.215,666 13*s*. 4*d*. Miraculous cures are to be heard of both in Ireland and in England; the priests avowedly profess to cure the falling sickness; aye, and Protestants *(proh pudor)* have been known to apply to them. The Catholic party in Ireland venture in some things further than they could do in this country; they still print in their catechisms, the curtailed form of the Ten Commandments, so that the prohibition of image worship contained in the Second Commandment, does not appear; and we are full sure that no cemetery in England contains such a mortuary inscription as the following, copied from a monument lately erected in a grave yard in the city of Cork: 'Sacred to the memory of the benevolent Edward Molloy, the friend of Humanity and the Father of the Poor. He employed the wealth of this world, only to secure the riches of the next—and leaving a balance of merit in the book of Life, he made heaven a debtor to Mercy.'

Such is the system, which in these countries 'has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.' The favour which is shewn to Popery by those who are indifferent to its nature and

character, has led many to suppose that its spirit has been essentially meliorated by the diffusion of knowledge and the general improvement of the age we live in; the case rather is, however, that the spirit of Protestantism has degenerated. It seems now to be regarded as a violation of decorum, to talk of Popery as our Users and Bedels formerly talked. The time is gone by, when opposition to Popery, as an unscriptural religion, was so much the characteristic of the English divines, that a celebrated expounder of prophecy did not hesitate to ascribe to the English Church the office of the Angel who cried: "Come out from among her, my "people."

The Work which stands at the head of this article, appeared, the first part of it, in the Glasgow Chronicle, and the remainder, in weekly numbers. The Writer gives the following account of its origin and progress.

'My controversy with the Papists, originated in a paragraph supposed to be written by one of them, in the Glasgow Chronicle, relating to an Oratorio, which had been performed in their chapel for the benefit of the Catholic Schools. A few remarks upon that paragraph, brought forth a reply from *Amicus Veritatis*, and another letter from me, produced a second from a person under the same signature, and one by another papist under the signature of *Pax*. The controversy was continued in the Glasgow Chronicle, until it began to assume a shape, and take an extent of range such as to render it impossible that the Editor of a public Journal could give a place to the discussion with any degree of regularity—I have therefore determined to publish a paper every Saturday.'

This controversy turns much upon the nature of Indulgences, which the Protestant asserts to mean remission of sins, whereas, his opponents maintain, on the authority of the Douay Catechism, that it means only remission of the temporal punishment due for sin, after such sin has been forgiven by the Sacrament of Penance. All history, however, testifies against this interpretation; for it is not possible for any fact of the kind to be more fully established, than that the Church of Rome taught, and that the people believed, that there was an efficacy in the Pope's pardon, to deliver from eternal death; and notwithstanding the evasions and casuistry of the modern advocates for the doctrine of priestly forgiveness, whosoever is acquainted with the habits and modes of thinking prevalent among the Irish Catholics, must know that they are taught to expect, and do expect, deliverance from future punishment, through the pardons they receive. Tetzel's proceedings in Germany were, it is true, condemned, as *Amicus Veritatis* asserts; but they were condemned only because it suited the policy of the Roman Court to disavow him. Had any objections been felt against the doctrines he taught, as contrary to the Gospel, why not condemn the opinions of other individuals, who elsewhere

taught the same doctrines? It is vain to argue, as *Amicus Veritatis* does, that the Bull issued at Cork in 1813, contains 'nothing applicable to the subject in question;' it offers a plenary Indulgence applicable to the souls in Purgatory, and this most undoubtedly must be viewed as an encouragement to sin.

In one of the "Tracts against Popery," this subject is handled more at length. The Writer does not contend that indulgences are a license to commit sin, but he asserts that the priesthood of the Church of Rome claim a power authoritatively to pardon sin; and he proves his assertion by the production of the following documents: 1. Tetzel's form of absolution. 2. An extract from the 'Tax of the sacred Roman Chancery.' 3. Statements of the cargo of two Spanish vessels, freighted for South America, one captured in 1709, by Capt Dampier, the other in 1800, by Admiral Harvey, then commanding the Southampton frigate, which in both cases consisted of bales of indulgences rated at various prices. They were sent as a regular article of trade, and when Capt. Harvey sold his prize at Tortola, some Dutch merchants purchased the entire of the indulgences, for £200, with a view of smuggling them into the Spanish settlements. 4. A Bull of Indulgence for a Jubilee Year, by Pope Ganganelli, in 1775. And lastly, the Cork Bull already alluded to. From these documents he concludes, that these sacerdotal pardons are to be paid for; that they are granted through the merits of the Virgin and the Saints; that they are more effectual at Rome than elsewhere, and at jubilee times, than at any other. These two publications present a mass of statements on the subject, which are unanswerable; and accordingly *A. V.* in his reply to the Protestant, contents himself chiefly with asserting that these documents were forged.

Amicus Veritatis attempts to retort upon the Protestant Church, the charge of granting indulgences, and supports it by adducing a paragraph from Luther's writings, alleged to contain 'a perpetual indulgence for the commission of adultery in certain cases,' [N°. 2 and 6.] We have seldom witnessed a more impudent curtailment of a quotation, than that given from Luther's works. It stops short at a word which, in the original, is followed by a comma, as if it were the end of the sentence, thus omitting entirely the subsequent part of the period, which contains Luther's third reason for divorce. It would appear from *A. V.'s* quotation, that he taught that a man might without ceremony take his handmaid and put away his wife; whereas, Luther's doctrine on the subject will be found consistent with the Established Laws. We are further supplied with a copy of Luther's dispensation to the Landgrave of Hesse,

to keep two wives, which is furnished as a set-off to the Papal Bulls. To this the Protestant very properly replies:

'I am not answerable for this. If I professed to believe in Luther, if I maintained that he was infallible in doctrine and practice, then, no doubt I should reckon myself bound to defend all his doctrines and all his doings. But I know that Luther was a fallible man like myself: and his authority goes no further with me than that of the Pope. I respect indeed the truths which he maintained against the Church of Rome; and I respect the memory of the man who with so much intrepidity maintained them; but I respect them not as his truths, but as the truths of the Bible.—But suppose I admit (which I am rather inclined to do) that the whole is true, as Bossuet has stated, and as A. V. has quoted it, what then? Why it goes to prove what I maintained in this and my last letter. The Landgrave would not have applied for an indulgence or a dispensation to keep two wives, unless he had known that the Church was in the practice of granting such indulgences.' [No. 4.]

'He (PAX) also defied me to prove that by indulgence is meant remission of sins. Without quibbling about the Popish meaning of the word indulgence, I have proved from a variety of documents, that the Pope and his Bishops claimed and exercised the power of granting the remission of sins, to those who paid them for it. I have proved in the words of a celebrated divine of the Romish church, that of the greatest crimes, there were some that persons might have liberty to commit for money; while absolution for all after they had been committed, might be bought. This fact, and the existence of the book which contained the price of pardon for certain sins, are asserted by Claude D'Espense; and A. V. slurs over this without any remark, while he calls all my other documents forgeries.....PAX, in a parenthesis, gives us a piece of very important information: "A person in Sin cannot desire the benefit of an Indulgence." It is well known that Indulgences have been given to thousands. It is then to be understood, that all the persons to whom they were granted were in a state of sinless purity? Certainly; otherwise, according to PAX's own shewing, the Indulgence was of no use; and those who bought such favours were swindled out of their money. From this plain avowal of the Popish doctrine, we are led to the conclusion that every person to whom an Indulgence is granted, is a sinless person. He was brought into this state by means of the sacrament of penance and the absolution of the Priest; he is taught to believe that the Priest really can grant such absolution, and that there is a virtue in the sacrament of penance fully adequate to cancel all his guilt. Now, suppose it possible, that persons so absolved and purified, are still sinners, notwithstanding the mysterious process which they have undergone,—a supposition by no means irrelevant,—and supposing they should die in this state, they are undone for ever; and the Church has swindled them not only out of their money, but out of their everlasting happiness. It was foretold of this Church, that her traffic would be in the souls of men; and who can tell how many millions of souls she has sold to everlasting perdition?' [No. 7.]

'Speaking of the book which contained the Tax of the Apostolic Chancery, which was put in the list of prohibited books, by the Council of Trent, he (A. V.) says, "no book is prohibited but such as contains doctrines contrary to the tenets of the Catholic faith." Now, it is a fact that the same Council of Trent put the Bible, as well as the Tax of the Apostolic Chancery, in the list of prohibited books. The Bible, therefore, by A. V.'s own acknowledgement, contains doctrines contrary to the Catholic faith.' Ibid.

These quotations will furnish a tolerable specimen of 'The 'Protestant's' talents for controversy, and of his dexterity in turning his opponent's arguments against himself. The style of the entire publication is sufficiently popular, and it has already met with very general circulation. It has been reprinted in Dublin; and the Sunday school society for Ireland has acknowledged a donation of £21. 18s. as a moiety of the profits accruing from the sale.

The Compiler of the "Tracts" informs us, that they 'were 'intended for the instruction of the lower class of Protestants 'in Ireland, whose ignorance of the real nature and tendency 'of popery, renders them liable to be perverted by the sophis-'tical arguments of the adherents to the Church of Rome.' 'They are sold separately, and subscriptions will be received 'by the publishers to defray the expenses of gratuitous circu-'lation.' These Tracts bear the following titles: 'The Pro-'testant religion no novelty.' 'The sacrifice of the Mass com-'pared with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.' 'The Popish 'doctrine of Indulgence compared with the Scripture doctrine 'of the Remission of Sins.' 'Prophecies relating to Anti-'christ.' 'The conformity of opinion between the modern 'Jews and Catholics.' 'Tradition.' 'Purgatory.' 'Latin 'Prayers not fit for Irishmen.' 'The Protestant's excuse for 'not worshipping Images.' 'Extreme Unction.'

As the consummate ignorance of the Protestants in Ireland, respecting the true character of Popish doctrines, is one chief cause of their being easily perverted by the emissaries of the Church of Rome, we cannot but anticipate good effects from the circulation of these Tracts. We are glad to perceive that every thing of an irritating tendency has been avoided, and that Protestants are cautioned against Popish errors, without being taught to entertain animosity against their countrymen of that persuasion. That these Tracts do not touch upon any subject that has been matter of controversy among Protestants, is, we think, another recommendation of them. It was judicious in the Writer, to confine himself to the general doctrines of the Reformation, when he undertook to exhibit the contradiction which the Church of Rome manifests to the Scriptures. Let us not be misunderstood, as if we conceived that the subjects of

difference between the several Protestant communions, are not as capable of the same advantageous contrast with Popery, as those upon which all are agreed; but we think that in our controversies with the Church of Rome, our minor differences should be forgotten, and our whole force united against the common foe of the religion and liberties of mankind.

The first Tract supplies an answer to the popular question, 'Where was your religion before Luther?' The inquirer is met by the shrewd retort, Where was your face before it was washed? The Writer proceeds to shew that every thing which the Protestant believes, is believed by the Catholic; and both agree that such doctrines are to be found in the Bible; but as the Catholic believes many things in addition to those, which are chiefly founded upon Tradition, when a Protestant turns Catholic, he must believe many things which he did not believe before; while the Catholic, on becoming a Protestant, only rejects certain additional things, and is not taught to believe any thing that he did not hold before. The question then is, Were these doctrines taught by our Lord, and afterwards rejected by Protestants? or, Were they never taught by Him, but afterwards added by Catholics? Upon proof of the latter, he concludes that the Protestant religion *is no novelty*. At the conclusion of the Tract upon Latin Prayers, we have this summary of the argument:

'The Protestants, by having prayers in their own language, prefer and choose, first, the practice of the ancient Christian Church; secondly, true devotion rather than superstition: thirdly, what comforts the soul, rather than an unmeaning and unintelligible ceremony; fourthly, a rational service rather than one that is a mere mockery; fifthly, what affects the understanding rather than what affects only the eye; and lastly, the Protestants prefer and choose to follow the wisdom and spirit of God, rather than the blindness and folly of men: therefore they believe that Latin prayers are unfit for Irishmen.'

As a specimen of what these prayers are, our readers may take the prayer to St. Anne, the Virgin's Mother.

'"O great Saint, in honour of God's regarding and exalting thee in His Eternity to those most high and sublime estates of—Mother of the Mother of God, and Grandmother of Jesus Christ, in the state of Grace consummated in the hand of your Grandson and your Lord; in homage of the right and power which you had of Mother over your daughter, and of Grandmother over her son, and of true submission and reverences which they render to thee; we pray, &c." The book in which this prayer is to be found, received the *imprimatur* and recommendation of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, Paris, July 10, 1648.'

Adverting to the fact with which we set out, that Popery is on the increase, we must repeat our conviction that too little has

been done by our divines of all persuasions to check its progress. We wish we could see the controversy revived in all its vigour, which was carried on by the Reformers, before a spirit of division among themselves called off their attention from it: we are well assured that it would be attended with the most desirable results. We should expect (and we believe, without fear of disappointment) that it would be carried on, at least on the part of Protestants, in an amicable and conciliatory manner, "not "bringing railing accusation;" and were our opponents not to follow the example, their violence would be doubly injurious to their cause. The diffusion of knowledge would render it impossible for any priest openly to defend many of the doctrines of Popery; and though the common people may not clearly understand these doctrines now, yet, were they fairly laid before them, their common sense would lead them at least to despise the sophistry by which alone they could be palliated or defended. We see something, among the priests themselves, like a consciousness of the effects of light breaking in upon the people. Some of them encourage education and the reading of the Scriptures, and many (even of their heads) have borne public testimony against several practical abominations which were charged upon them by Protestants. If we can but succeed in calling the attention of the Catholics to the principles of their own Church, our object is attained: we have no doubt about the eventual result.

Art. V. *Maurice and Berghetta:* or the Priest of Rahery. A Tale. 12mo. pp. 356. Price 7s. 1819.

WE must find all the fault we can with the Author of this Tale, at the outset; for our readers will have but little patience to hear our remarks, when they have once entered upon the narrative itself. With his design we do not find fault. It has been his object 'to fix and embody' in the imaginary character of an Irish priest, 'national and professional features' which we are happy to believe have a real existence in many a living original, and 'to place such observations on the manners 'of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal 'shape than that of a regular dissertation.' The eminent opportunities which the distinguished individual to whose pen this little volume is attributed*, has had for collecting such observations, and the deference due to his opinions, would lead us to receive, with no ordinary degree of attention, the result of his reflection and experience, though presented in the somewhat equivocal form of fiction; and it is impossible not to be highly interested in the portrait which the Author has drawn, he assures

* W. Parnell, Esq. M. P. for the County of Wicklow.

us from nature, of an Irish peasant, in the [illegible] of Munster. We respect in the highest degree the motive [illegible] have induced a Protestant writer to take this method of doing 'the best to reconcile differences' between the two hostile classes into which he finds his fellow-countrymen around him unhappily divided. But still, we must protest against the compromise of Protestant and of Christian principle, which appears to us to be involved in the terms in which he addresses himself in the dedication to 'the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland.' We trust we are not in any danger of being ranked among those 'who value 'the Church more than the Gospel.' It is a fatal error, which has done more to prejudice the cause of pure Christianity, than all the heresies in the Romish catalogue. But we could never bring ourselves to speak of the differences between Protestants and Romanists, as having been 'exalted into disproportionate 'importance by controversy,' or deceive ourselves with thinking that the time will come when they 'will be as little regarded as 'the differences respecting meats which divided the Church in 'its early ages.' We could subscribe to such an opinion, if applied to points of mere ritual and discipline. But after the statements in the preceding Article, relative to the idolatrous and antinomian corruptions which still constitute the very essence of the system we term Popery, our readers will not be able to peruse without extreme astonishment so incautious an admission on the part of a professed Protestant. If all priests were like the Priest of Rahery, we grant that the time would appear to be approaching, when the members of the two communions might take their stand together upon 'the great foun-'dation principles' of Christianity. And far be it from us to doubt that within the pale of the Romish Church there are thousands who "have not defiled their garments;" men whose devout minds and holy lives must shame the professors of a more Scriptural faith. Although Popery, as a system, must be viewed as completely nullifying the doctrines and counteracting the tendency of the Gospel, yet, as held by individuals, it has no such fatal operation, and it must never be forgotten that there is truth enough, essential truth, enveloped in the concretions of errors under which it is concealed, not merely to neutralize the poisonous ingredients of the compound, but, when it combines in the minds of individuals with a sincere faith, to effect the renovation of the character. The virus is in these cases held suspended in the form of passive notions, and never passes into the moral circulation. Nor is it to be wondered at, that while the grand truths of the Reformation can, on the one hand, be held by Protestants, without any practical influence answering to their native tendency, the errors of Popery should, on the other hand, sometimes lie dormant in the mind of professed Catholics,

for want, in like manner, of being heartily believed, though they are formally assented to. In either case, the impotency of mere speculation is attested, but no obscurity is thrown on the nature of the principles which are thus held in inactivity. The disadvantage under which the pious Romanist labours, in comparison with the Protestant, is this, that in order to be a Christian, he must be half, or three parts an infidel; he must practically disbelieve three fourths of the creed which his Church has imposed, and take up with the small part of it which he finds in the Scriptures. And how delicate is the crisis of his faith, when, in the process of disengaging his feelings from the thraldom of those parasitical notions which have entwined about the principles of Christianity, he arrives at the point at which doubt becomes disobedience, and unbelief, perilous! But disadvantageous as is such a predicament, it is far more hopeful than that in which the more enlightened Protestant is placed, who has received into his mind the whole truth in its unadulterated purity, without having the faculty of devout belief once called into exercise; who finds nothing in the entire assemblage of doctrines of which he can rationally doubt, but who, by a paralysis of the affections, is unsusceptible of the general influence of that conviction. Can we be surprised if, on witnessing the ingenuous reception of an erroneous creed, attended by 'the 'warmth, the sincerity, and the benevolence of religion,' and the profession of Protestantism accompanied with neither the holiness nor the consolations of the Gospel, the looker-on should, like our Author, fall into a mistake with regard to the matters of difference between the respective parties, or that he should even look with complacency on the errors of the men whose faith he may be led to envy?

But it is a mistake, and, if it proceeds, as too often it does proceed, from a latitudinarian indifference to these distinctions as mere geographical vanities of national character, it is a fundamental mistake, to speak of Popery as in itself of innocuous or of beneficial tendency. To maintain this in opposition to the testimony of all history, and in the face of the existing fact of the present moral condition of neighbouring nations, involves a degree of temerity which it is difficult to reconcile with a respect for the understanding of the individual, who could in the British Senate take his stand upon so baseless an argument. Yes: we have been told by a Noble Peer, as one reason for abolishing all restrictive statutes against the Roman Catholics, that there have been very good men in that communion, and that a system *cannot* be bad which admits of such men being found among its abettors; an argument which would certainly be of equal service to any future apologist for the faithful servants of the Prophet of Mecca. It is a most unhappy circumstance that

the political question of Catholic Emancipation cannot be agitated, without, as by a sort of fatality, throwing into distortion the opinions of the opponent parties; without betraying the one side into the service of infidelity, or of error, and driving the other to assume the language and the attitude of intolerance. Is it not possible to feel at once that the Irish are our brethren, and that Rome is, and ever must be, our enemy? It would, in our minds, present as forcible an argument as could possibly be used in favour of abolishing all the laws which distinguish between the political condition of Catholics and Protestants, that such a measure would clear the ground for bringing the combined efforts of Protestants in this country, to bear more directly and more effectively upon the demolition of Popery itself, by all the moral means which alone can be legitimately employed in the warfare.

Our Author's Preface contains statements which cannot fail to excite the strongest emotions of interest in favour of the much injured country whose cause he advocates. He complains with justice of the flippant mis-application of certain maxims of political economy, which belong to the pernicious class of *half-truths*, in reference to the depressed state of the suffering population; and after adverting to the horrible distresses of 1817, arising from the joint effects of fever and famine, he adds:

'But these evils, it is to be hoped, are temporary. The ponderous mischief that constantly weighs down Ireland, exists in the laws which injuriously distinguish Catholics from Protestants. These, by giving the Protestants a factitious pre-eminence, have rendered them ostentatious, extravagant, expensive beyond their means, and by a certain consequence, corrupted and dependent on government. These, by violently depressing the Catholics, have degraded what may be considered as the public mind and character of Ireland.—Suppressing all demand for the public activity and intelligence of the prominent part of the nation, they have struck at the very existence of these qualities, while they have nearly annihilated all public honour and honesty, by making them essential in Protestants, and of no avail in Catholics.'

In order to give its full weight to this striking representation, it is necessary however to be satisfied, not only that the fact answers to it, to an extent commensurate with the general terms of the proposition, but that the cause assigned is the adequate and the only one to which the phenomena are referrible. Few persons, we imagine, will feel convinced that no share in this demoralizing process has been contributed by the Roman Catholic system itself, when, in countries in which it is dominant, and where the predicament is reversed with regard to that description of religionists who in Ireland enjoy the ascendency, the same degradation of the public mind aracter is ex-

blotted as the genuine effect of an imbecile, intolerant superstition. That the bad effect of Popery is aggravated by laws which tend to deprive Protestantism of all its counteractive efficacy on society, while they impart at the same time to the Roman Catholic body the vigorous compactness and re-active force of a depressed sect, it requires but little pains to demonstrate. We repeat that we can have no doubt of the injurious operation of those laws, and the only question with us, is the safety of their repeal under the complicated circumstances of a foreign government, identified, too, with a Protestant hierarchy. No one who calls to recollection how the Reformation was introduced into Ireland, can be astonished that in the minds of the lower classes the idea of heretic, and of usurper, should be closely associated. At this moment, in the vernacular idiom of the lower Irish, the one word which serves to denote a Protestant, an Englishman, and an enemy, is—*Saxon*. This is not the only instance in history, in which a false religion has avenged itself for the wrongs perpetrated on its votaries, by the boastful adherents to what claims to be considered as the true, by feeding, and perpetuating, and consecrating the implacable sense of injury originating in political aggression. The haughty Highlander nourishes his contempt for the intrusive 'weavers' of the border towns, by the same mingled feelings of religious and political jealousy. We wish we could think, that the repeal of the laws which exclude the Catholics of Ireland from the common rights of civil society, would have the effect of obliterating in any degree these baneful distinctions from the minds of the population; but the unhappy policy which has burdened the country with a Church Establishment, alien from the principles and the affections of by far the greater mass of the people, and rescued from contempt, only by the secular prerogatives with which it is invested,—an Establishment which, so far from retaining its hold upon its own subjects, is doomed to see the children of mixed marriages flock, in a large majority of instances, to the mass-house, and which would be almost unknown to the generality, but for the *tithes*,—the policy which has imposed this system of things upon a conquered and still foreign country like Ireland, has provided a source of jealousy and danger which the repeal of the invidious statutes will not avail to remove.

There are some other remarks of our Author in the Dedication, on which we should be disposed to comment, were we not sensible that we are trespassing on the patience of our readers. Confidently anticipating the abolition of the privations to which the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland have, he says, been exposed, he tells them that the character of the Romish clergy will soon come to 'partake more of that of the upper orders of society;'

the political question of Catholic Emancipation cannot be agitated, without, as by a sort of fatality, throwing into distortion the opinions of the opponent parties; without betraying the one side into the service of infidelity, or of error, and driving the other to assume the language and the attitude of intolerance. Is it not possible to feel at once that the Irish are our brethren, and that Rome is, and ever must be, our enemy? It would, in our minds, present as forcible an argument as could possibly be used in favour of abolishing all the laws which distinguish between the political condition of Catholics and Protestants, that such a measure would clear the ground for bringing the combined efforts of Protestants in this country, to bear more directly and more effectively upon the demolition of Popery itself, by all the moral means which alone can be legitimately employed in the warfare.

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'The causes which lead to this disturbance, as it must be considered in the order of society, appear to be principally these.

'1st.—That landlords in Ireland generally throw upon the tenants the business of building, while the leases they give, fall short of the length which a building lease ought to be. The peasantry have generally to build their own houses, and being either possessed of no capital, or naturally unwilling to lay out any that they have to the reversionary profit of the landlord, they build houses of the most wretched description, usually of mud with clay floors, too often without windows and chimneys. It is impossible, that domestic habits should be formed in these horrid habitations, and the natural result is, that the whole family feel happier any where than at home.

'2d.—Being generally illiterate, or at best possessing no books, they have no means of amusement at home during the long winter evenings; and as a substitute assemble either at a neighbour's house, or a dancing house, where the conversation and amusement are of a very questionable description. The establishment of lending libraries in Ireland has already been found to check this evil.

'3d.—As individuals, the Irish peasantry have been degraded and oppressed, and they are not connected in any manner with the civil business of the country, an evil that is aggravated by their exclusion from vestries.

'An Irishman of the lower orders, individually, is dejected, timid, and spiritless; it is only in combinations and social confederacies that he feels himself a man, and that his natural energy and vivacity display themselves.

'This seems to be the principal cause of the uncommon avidity with which the lower orders in Ireland seize every pretence and opportunity for assembling together, and also for their proneness to every kind of illegal combination: legally, they have no opportunity of escaping from their individual insignificance; in these, at least, they find that they are of sufficient importance, to make themselves feared.

'And yet the tendency of all modern legislation, that concerns Ireland, is to render this exclusion of the lower orders from all participation in civil affairs more strict, and their separation from the higher orders more marked!

'The peasantry in Ireland, compared with the same class in England, are distinguished by a very striking superiority in benevolence and charity. That they have long been a suffering race, may partly account for their compassionate temper and generosity. Virtues, like grosser commodities, generally exist in proportion to the demand for them; and in no country has suffering humanity presented a more importunate claim for mutual commiseration and assistance than in Ireland. But the difference, in its extreme degree, we should ascribe principally to the operation of the poor laws in the one country, and the absence of all legal provision for the poor in the other. It is evident, that, where the domestic and neighbourly affections in the one country are seldom called into exertion, they will exist in a very torpid degree—and where in the other country the

remedy for all the casual evils of life is sought for in their exertion, they will be in the same degree abundant and energetic! pp. xxxv—xlii.

We are glad to have got to the Tale itself; but when an Author writes a long preface, it is doubtless with the wish that it should be read; and as this is precisely that part of a book which stands the worst chance of engaging the attention of a casual reader, we have wished to deserve the Author's thanks, by pointing out the important matter for discussion which it contains. The Tale begins thus:

'I am priest of the Island of Rahery. I shall soon follow the good and beloved that I baptized and buried, for my heart is not at home in this world, praise be to God. Yet while it is his good will that I should live in clay, let me still be enacting, if nothing for his glory, sinner that I am, something for his service.

'Shall I not be called to account at the great harvest, what good seed I have sown, what full ears I have to show? there will be confusion for my own sins, and burning blushes for yours; sons and daughters mine!

'How may I insense you with that wisdom, which is like coals of fire upon the lips of the old, and which burns under the snows of age? My voice is grown weak and has a silly sound, and therefore you do not heed my exhortations. You see me about to die, and you already look upon my jurisdiction as a fire-side chronicle. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, or the foolish by the wise, but the living will condescend to learn from the dead, for them they neither envy nor hate. The memory of the good multiplies into virtues, and the moral fruits of succeeding ages derive their nutriment from the ashes of the past.

'—You all knew Moriertagh O'Neal and Berghetta his wife: are you not the better for their having lived amongst you? and can I give your children a greater blessing than by setting before their eyes an exemplification of such industrious and sainted lives?'

We should be regulated very much by the effect of this simple exordium on the reader's mind, in advising him whether, or not, to proceed with the narrative: at least, before we committed ourselves by retracing it in his company, we should like to watch his eye while listening to these first accents of the venerable priest; because, as we proceed, we shall come to many a passage, the effect of which upon our own feelings, was irresistible by its touching simplicity and force of character, but the precise merit of which we should find ourselves at a loss to render intelligible to those who had not themselves detected it. Throughout the tale, it was the voice of the Priest of Rahery that we seemed to be listening to, and in some of the sentences the old man's tone as we fancied it, or something in the cadence of the sentence, struck upon our hearts, like the music of bells, or the choral voices of children, which some persons cannot

hear without a certain choking sensation at the bottom of the throat, and a fullness about the eyes, which it costs an effort to get rid of. We are by no means sure that the volume has all the merit which it appeared to us to possess, but when we closed it, it was with an impression of contemplative melancholy which it is a luxury to feel, and critics as we are, we could almost have wished to have written it.

Maurice is a descendant of the antient house of O'Neal. Of all the posterity of his family, nothing remains as his possession but a beautiful old pedigree written in gold on vellum, a mud cabin, and a score of acres of hungry ground. His father, David O'Neal, owed his death to the prescription of an old crone who dealt in charms, and drugs, and simples. His complaint, the erysipelas, was driven in on his brain, and he died raving.

'I never saw any thing so moving as the grief of his darling children, while the poor wife sat like one amazed. But there was no want of stir where Mrs. M'Cormick was, and now she would dole out a scrap of consolation to the widow, and now give fifty directions for the waking of the body. I knew that it was no use to oppose this pagan rite, neither had Mrs. M'Cormick lost any of her predominance by the failure of her prescription; his time was come, and that being the case, a saint would have failed to cure him; so I took my departure, grieving much for the widow and orphans.

'The next morning I saw one of their neighbours standing before my window.

'"What news?" said I.

'"Please your reverence, I made bold to step over and ask your reverence's interposition to save something for the desolate orphans, for Rose M'Cormick insists there must be another wake to-night, though the dead body's friends are considerate and to a man against it; otherwise there will not be a copper left for the childers maintenance."

'"Another wake!" cried I, "sure the woman's beside herself, did ever any one hear, even in this island of superstition,—of a dead body being waked twice?"

'"Oh your reverence is out," rejoined the man, "sure you have not heard, then, that the wife, Peggy O'Neal, died this morning."

'"Ah, well-a-day!" cried I, "how's that?"

'"Sure, there was an inhuman noise all last night, and the cratur was almost distract, she wrung her hands piteously; but Rose M'Cormick said, it would get up her spirits to keep her with us while the gambols were going on, and, indeed, where else could she go? the spare room was full of horses, the stable being but small; but it was all one, she regarded none of our plays and the like, but kept her eyes full on the corpse, lying laid out in the room all the while; and early this morning, just before we parted, whether the noise was too much for her, being a delicate one always, or being kept too long from her natural rest having tended the sick so many nights before,

or it might be pure grief, her heart burst, and she died with but one groan."

'I sent by this man a message to the big woman, that a public wake might be dispensed with, and only herself and a neighbour or two to watch at night, that something might be saved for the orphans. —What was her answer?—"Heavens send that Father O'Brien is not a worse Catholic for his foreign breeding; but let that be as it will, it shall never be said that this poor dead thing, born a M'Cormick, and married to an O'Neal, shall be buried without a wake, and that a decent one too."—So refractory was she grown, in the conceit of her old customs and superstitions.

'Well, I buried the two, and a great funeral Mrs. M'Cormick made of it; proud enough she was, and looked as if she was drunk; and nothing particular if she was, for there were two thousand people there, men and women, and not one but was drunk or noisy. "Better," thought I, "my friends, if you had staid at home, and minded your industry." But the Irish are full of ostentation, and mighty fond of being wherever there is a crowd, and then they flatter themselves withal, that this is being vastly good Christians. But I said nothing, for I knew they looked on me in the light of half a foreigner.' pp. 16—20.

The old priest, immediately after this, was ordered by his superiors to dwell in the Island of Rahery, and a year passed away, during which he heard nothing of David O'Neal's orphans, except what he could gather from Rose M'Cormick's angry invectives against the boy for refusing to let his sister go with her, and locking the door with her on the outside. This year was to the priest 'the most important' of his life, for attending a sick creature, he was surprised to find a number of well-bound books in his house.

'They had belonged to a traveller, who had come to see the Giant's Causeway, passed over into Rahery to shoot gulls and sea parrots, overheated himself, and died of a pleurisy.

'I borrowed some of them, they were all religious, and, though written by Protestants, yet having no heretical matter, and treating only on the main principles common to both churches, they made so deep an impression on me by convincing me that I had no religion in my heart, that my thoughts became one continual prayer to the Great God, that he would change my vain worldly selfish hard and proud temper into a tender and pious one—You my dear flock must judge from my conduct if my prayers were heard—The first proof of a change was setting out for the main land with a resolution to bring David O'Neal's orphans home to me.'

'When I got to the house, I concluded the poor things had been forced to give it up to some new possessor, more the pity when it had been so long in the family, for the house was new thatched and white washed, and a very pretty garden with flowers and cabbages in it, things unseen before on the headland of Bengore.'

'As I approached, a young lass came out so tidy and genteel withal, that I could scarce recognise her for O'Neal's daughter, Una.'

"My pretty one," said I, "I am glad to see you in such good case; then your poor father left more behind him than was supposed."

"Indeed he did not Sir," she replied, "we were poor enough at first, but Maurice is such a good manager, that he has brought every thing about, and we are now comfortable and decent without being obliged to any one."

"Maurice," exclaimed I, "why the boy is but a child! what could he do?"

"What can he not do?" replied Una, with a proudish look that became her well: "but will not your Reverence walk in, and I will go for Maurice to the field, for he never returns from the time he goes out to his work."

"No don't go yet," said I, when I was seated, "for this all seems very amazing, and I want to ask you a question or two more. The house is staunch and clean, more so than ever I saw it in its best of days; you are tidy and smart too, and a garden into the bargain, and yet I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how the lad could even crop or stock his land."

"O, he found a good tenant, and set the land the first thing he did, for he said the value of the time lost on the ground, without money to do things as they ought to be done, was more than any good that was got out of the ground—and it was better to set the ground and work for wages, and then he should be certain that both the farm and his own labour would pay something."

"Then what do you do for a cow—what do you do for potatoes?"

"We never eat potatoes."

"Never eat potatoes, pretty one—then how do you live?"

"Maurice lives on meat and wheaten bread, and drinks nothing but water, unless he takes tea with me in the evening."

"Meat! tea! wheaten bread! Why how do you pay for it all? I believe your old grand-aunt, Rose M'Cormick, has taught you to dream for gold."

"I earn two-pence a day by spinning, and Maurice thirteen pence a day by his work. We get good meat for two-pence a pound, and bread for a penny, so after paying the week's expenses, there is enough to buy clothes, something for charity, and to help a neighbour; and we have a strong box, with two guineas already in it, in case of sickness, and accidents; all the rent of the farm will go for some years to pay our grandfather's debts."

"My pretty maid," said I, for I would not interrupt her, "if I did not know the veracity of your family, I should think you were rhodomontading. Maurice earn thirteen pence a day, when the best man in the parish only gets sixpence!"

"Yes; but Maurice works task work, and he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off; but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home; besides, I should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes; have to pay

for medicines two or three times a year, from colds; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house, unless he is with me Now he takes his cold meat and bread with him and asks no more till he comes home to supper."

' " God love your brother, child," said I, " I never heard the like before where is he? for my heart will not be at ease till I see him."

' " He is about two miles off, but if your Reverence will have patience the while, I will run and bring him; he will not mind my going alone, when he hears that you are at home, where there has been nothing holy for a long time."

' " Run you shall not," said I, " but stay here till I visit a neighbour or two, and by that time your brother will be back; and if you have a wad of straw in any corner, I will sleep here to night, preferable to the best house in the parish."

' " Then come and see your bed," said the charming maid, giving me her hand, " many's the envious heart there will be to-night, when it is known the honour we have got; but we will not rejoice the less for that "

' She showed me a tidy room and a white bed, that might have served a Cardinal.

' " This is my room," said she, " which you shall have, with a pair of sheets of my own spinning "

' " And where, love, will you sleep?"

' " Oh never mind, I have settled it all just as I know my brother would have it; here you sleep, that's all; I shall sleep in his bed, and he will sleep on the wad of straw by the kitchen fire—but it will go hard with him if he had not a spare bed by another year."

' I went my ways, as I said, and though I had a great opinion of the blood of the O'Neals, which in spite of poverty and depression still would speak out in some of it's ancient splendour, yet what I had seen and heard surprised me. The girl was grown the handsomest creature I had ever seen, something of the kind I had seen in Spain, her eyes were large, and of a velvet black, with very long eye-lashes, her teeth beautiful and regular, and her cheeks rud-red. She had no brogue or accent, but an ease, jauntiness, and gentility of manner, quite uncommon—and the boy seemed to have all the industry of his forefathers, with more conduct to boot.

' I went to rate half a score of my flock, who had been leagued in plundering a wreck, and after dining with one of the most respectable of them, I returned in the evening to O'Neal's tenement.

' Maurice was returned from his work, and at the first sight my heart warmed to him; his face and forehead were full of nobleness, and I ceased to be surprised at what his sister told me of the prodigy of his labour, for he was very large and robust for his age, with a look of great sagacity and graveness, indeed, to describe his countenance once for all, it seemed to feel more and think more than any visage I ever saw.

' After I had inquired into his affairs, and found them pretty much as his sister had represented, she made tea for us, and no court

lady could entertain her company with more ease and agreeableness. No, thought I, the stock of the O'Neals will never degenerate, graft it as you will with briars, still it's flowers are roses.' pp. 25—33.

Una had received some instruction, on Sundays, from an English gentlewoman, who had been left by the death of her husband, an officer, so destitute, as to be obliged to open a school. Maurice accepts for himself the Priest's offer to instruct him in the Greek and Latin Writers, and engages to row from the little Bay of Bengore to Rahery every Sunday, after leaving Una at Mrs. Clifford's, and to return on the Monday morning. His progress is as rapid as usually attends upon application with a hearty good will, and in three years the scholar is as wise as his master. During these three years, he had also been earning and saving money so fast, that it seemed to grow in his hands; 'but in his hands thrift was the fuel of kind deeds.' His first care is to place his sister Una in a safe and honourable situation, as companion to a lady of an old Catholic family, resident in London, which he hears of through Mrs. Clifford. Maurice resolves to accompany her to London, and he sets out furnished with letters of introduction from the Priest of Rahery, addressed to pious ecclesiastics in Dublin and London. 'And here,' says the good Priest, 'I pin to the paper the first letter I ever 'received from Maurice.'

Maurice's letter, or series of letters, is too long to be extracted. It describes Lady M'Cartney's surprise at Una's appearance and manners, mixed with some incredulity as to the lowliness of her station, till Maurice, perceiving the stress she lays on good birth, exposed to her his family pedigree, which the Priest recommended him to shew to her, upon which she became much interested in Una, and received her as a daughter. It then proceeds to detail, with much simplicity and naiveté, the observations he made on the objects which most arrested his attention in England; especially every thing connected with English agriculture struck him with admiration. He becomes acquainted with a young farmer, the son of a man of large property, who will not believe that Maurice is a common Irish labourer, and that 'that glorious girl' Una is his sister, till Maurice relieves his perplexity by telling him of the former greatness of the O'Neals. and proves his words by offering to thresh or dig a ditch with him. Being satisfied on these points, young Headcroft invites Maurice home to his father's sheep-shearing. 'And 'oh,' continues our hero, 'what a sight to me was an English 'farm-house and farm!'

'Every thing within so clean, lightsome, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept; the garden and shrubbery so trim; the men so decent, the maids so tidy; the ground so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped;

and such waggons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a waggon and the eight noble animals that drew it, I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable cats of garrons, and legs of corn, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, "Cheer up, my lad," said he, "if that is all, I will bring father's waggons and team over to you, and set all things to rights," and he was quite in earnest; but I who knew how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English waggon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the waggon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the waggon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock frock and drive it himself.' pp. 49—51.

'With us labour is called slavery; here they have a pride in it, and young Headcroft told me, that he should not be able to hold up his head, if he was not able to mow, reap, thresh, drive a waggon, and do every thing else better than the other lads. At first I own I neither liked young Headcroft, nor any of his family, they seemed so little agreeable; but they improved every day, and when I began to reflect on all the vicious and pernicious qualities of our "hail fellow, well met, and lively boys," I was obliged to give the preference to the homely English. What will Merritt M'Cormick think of the young fellows here, when he hears that they do not know how to dance? and yet, when I saw them in their clean white smock frocks, sitting quietly in the farm kitchen on Sunday, and listening to old Mr. Headcroft reading the Bible, or reading some religious book themselves, I wished that I could be sure that Merritt was at the same time as well employed. Yet there certainly are great faults in the character of this people, for they were striking in all of them. They are always thinking of themselves, and eat up with conceit and selfishness. They either pride themselves in a coarse unfeelingness, or fall into an affectation of humanity, which equally proves them des-

titute of all heart and nature. I heard of and observed instances of extreme obduracy between the nearest connections, which were shocking. Even Aunt M'Cormick, beast as she is, would share her last meal with a cousin, and would never say an uncivil word to a stranger. They are also great vaunters, and when they do talk, every thing they say is with an air, but clumsily concealed, of exalting themselves, or something belonging to them. The same selfishness makes them gluttons both in meat and drink; all their farming merits and virtues, which are without end, seem to have no other object but the gratification of this gross sensuality. And the only unpleasing object you see about the farm is the possessor, who, at a middle age, is literally crammed with ale and meat; and is swollen into an enormous disproportion of flesh, to which I never saw any thing similar in Ireland. It is the strangest shape! a pig, when he gets fat, fattens at all points, and still keeps a certain symmetry; but an English farmer flattens down as he gets bloated, and if it was not for the immense number of these shapes that you see, who keep each other in countenance, I should think that they would be ashamed to appear abroad. These people too have no look, language, or manner, that expresses affection, but they are great critics of proprieties; and I found from young Headcroft, that the unguardedness of my Irish manners had led me into a great many offences against what they considered good breeding. All their conversation too consists in common-place observations, which extreme inanity seems to arise as much from the coldness of their hearts as from the poverty of their imaginations. Yet notwithstanding these great deficiencies in manners and character, in point of conduct, and the virtues of their station, they far exceed us. I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair: at the latter, every species of the grossest fraud is practised; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is gaged in to avoid imposition: but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we want,—their women never drink. Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this. As I found that to work well was the only thing that gave a man credit here, I set out with the mowers,—as you know that I am reckoned a first-rate hand among ourselves; but I soon found that I had need of all my Irish indifference to success, to keep me in countenance; for though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them; and while they cut close, and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable; being used to our straight handled scythes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine; so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, "Lord love thee, lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and break thy back at this fashion; what queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?" So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my scythe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than

ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.

'In the evening I had my revenge; for while the men were boasting after their fashion of their feats of activity and strength, I took up half a hundred weight, and challenged them to try who would throw it the farthest. I threw it a few steps; all the men tried again and again, but could not throw so far. Young Headcroft strained with all his might, but fell far short: and after several attempts, each being less successful than the first, he grew peevish and angry. I again took the weight, and exerting myself for the honour of my country, if honour it can be called, with that peculiar spring of the whole body from the ground, which you, dear sir, have seen on many a market day, I flung the weight three times as far as I had done at first. They all seemed astonished, and would try no more: but young Headcroft said it was all a trick, he was sure. "No trick at all," I replied, "but only practice: what made you mow better than I this morning makes me fling a weight better than you this evening." However, he was so much put out of his way by being outdone, even in so trifling a matter, that it was not till I had put myself under his tuition again, and he had an opportunity of showing his superiority in many ways, that he recovered his temper.' pp. 54—61.

In another English family, to which accident introduces him, Maurice meets with a far more favourable specimen of the English character.

'I wish,' he says, 'I could scratch out all I have said against the English, for this family of the Mapletons convinces me, that we have nothing half so good in Ireland, and I believe there are many, many such in England; but quiet, virtuous people are little noticed. Here good people seem contented to be known only to God; but in Ireland the best must converse, and walk about and smoke tobacco.'

When Maurice came away, 'the Headcrofts wished him 'good bye, that was all;' not one of them gave him a shake of the hand, only young Headcroft 'looked disconcerted.' Young Mapleton, too, who followed him to town with a present of a large cheese, 'would have parted with a leaden good bye,' but 'Maurice knowing his nature, shook both his hands, then he 'wept out, and if it had not been for duty to his parents would 'have followed Maurice to Ireland.' These are traits of homely English nature worth being delineated.

On his return, Maurice turns to good account the result of his observations. He immediately looks out for task-work, and earning much and spending little, he begins to grow rich, and has leisure to while away the Christmas holydays, under the thatch of the good Priest of Rahery.

'I had a dear friend, the friend of my prime time, a real prince, Hi Sullivan Bere: he was directly descended from the great Hi Sullivan Bere, who fell with the fall of his country. His descendant is

the reign of Carolus secundus recovered a good share of the property, from the negligence of the undertakers, who resided abroad in England, and the family lived in great splendour and hospitality, with every knee bent to them in the castle, on the rocks of Berehaven. This Hi Sullivan Bere was my foster brother; and this tie, esteemed so binding in Ireland, neither age, nor absence, would entirely break, but regularly every new year's day, we exchanged letters of inquiry and good wishes. In all his letters he spoke to me of his son, and I in return boasted of mine, for so now I called and felt that Maurice was. It was sufficient for him to know, that Maurice was the head of the house of O'Neal, to respect and wish to see him; his being a day-labourer only appeared an accident in the eyes of one always talking with old times: he did not the less esteem him a high-born Milesian prince. I determined to send Maurice there, because I knew he was secure of the respect of the old chieftain, and I thought he could not fail of the friendship of the young one; and so in the event it proved.'

Accordingly, in the month of May, after Maurice had sown his land, and when he could best be spared, the Priest, having desired the neighbours to keep his house and land safe from harm, despatches him with a letter, and a superb Spanish colt, as a present to Hi Sullivan, to the castle of Berehaven. The night before he departs, Maurice confides to his venerable friend, that he loved. "And whom?" says the Priest. "Berghetta "Tual," is the reply." "God be thanked, you have chosen "well, but she is quite a child." "She will not be," replied Maurice smiling, "by the time we marry."

Maurice's letter from the Castle, gives a picturesque description of the establishment of an Irish chieftain.

'My head is turned, dear father, but not by the magnificence of this place, though that is sufficiently amazing. The castle itself, with its woods and mountains, and the great sea breaking on its rocks, is awful indeed. As soon as I appeared in sight a horn sounded from the castle; would you credit it, that the great Hi Sullivan Bere should receive a day-labourer thus? I was led through a double row of followers, that extended from the entrance to the hall, where Hi Sullivan Bere himself was, who, as soon as he saw me, rose and embraced me, and kissed my forehead. It was no wonder that I stood abashed before him. The grandeur of the hall, the crowd that gazed on me, the magnificence of his dress, which seemed covered with jewels, but still more his gigantic figure and commanding air confused me; nor did the great attention with which he treated me much restore me.

'"O'Neal," said he, "I should call you prince, king, but that no title, not even that of an emperor, can add honour to the name of O'Neal. You are the O'Neal, the last honoured representative of a race of kings and warriors, whose origin is lost only in the clouds of time. On this spot your forefathers, and my forefathers fought

together, and the marble pavement of the chapel is still discoloured with the blood of the O'Neals and Sullivans."

'He shewed me all the state rooms of the castle, which were hung with the finest tapestry and velvet, though rather decayed, paintings of his ancestors, and curious suits of burnished armour. He gave me the history of each hero to whom they belonged, to which I listened with a pleasure I had never known before.

'At dinner (he dined early) there were gentlemen, his near relations, and some neighbouring gentlemen, every one of whom dined standing in his presence, and I alone was seated at his table. After dinner the harper entered, and played and sung a song to the glory of the O'Neals, and to their misfortunes. I could not but blush at the beginning, but the conclusion was so pathetic, and the music so moving, that struggle as I would, I could not prevent the tears rolling from my eyes.

'Yet all this distinction did not for a moment make me forget myself, I knew my real station too well; but that is not the case now, nor will you be surprized when I tell you the pains, that the young Tanist, James Hi Sullivan Bere, has taken to turn my head. I was soon beginning to tire of the castle, for I was no company for the prince, who, though the best natured and most eloquent man alive, took no pleasure in books, or in improvements, or in any thing else that I could perceive, except stalking. He loves nothing but antique Irish customs, which seem to me to be the brood of folly and idleness, and he is rather too partial to tobacco and whiskey: but among his followers it was worse; they did nothing but lean along the walls on a wet day, or bask in the sun on a dry day, and when they gathered at meals, or at night, their conversation, though always witty, was seldom better than gross.—Then outside the castle the whole country was sad. All the clan despised industry; there were no fences or corn fields, but the whole country overrun with goats, old horses, starved milch-cows, and mangy sheep. Here too one could never be alone, for all the herds clustered round you, from miles around, to see who you were, and ask the news. I had no refuge but the sea shore, where an O'Sullivan was never found, for they looked on the sea as an element fit only for Englishmen and smugglers, and they even disdained to catch the fine fish that frequented their coast. I was walking on the fourth evening, and wondering that they did not gather the sea weed for manure, when I saw the bare-footed boy from the castle running past.

'"And where are you and the wind going, Rory?"

'"To take the skiff and fetch the young Tanist from on board, don't you see the yellow flag on that ship's head. That's he just returned from France, after leaving the old gentleman, his tutor, safe at home."

'"Then you had better take me with you, Rory, for I know my way over the waves better than you."' pp. 97—101.

The boat is upset through Rory's ignorance of the coast, and Maurice with difficulty saves O'Sullivan and the boy from being drowned. O'Sullivan, being deceived by Maurice's

accent, is at first distressed at the idea of being so deeply indebted to an Englishman, but his joy is great at recognising in him the O'Neal whom his father had talked about, and a lasting friendship is formed between our hero and the young Tanist, who soon after comes to pay a visit to good father O'Brien.

Every Saturday, Maurice put his earnings into Berghetta's hands; 'while she still, with a gentle, apprehensive look, would say, "I fear Maurice that you work too hard." At length, they are all intent on coming happiness, Maurice and Berghetta, and her widowed mother, and father O'Brien, when the news is brought by some travelling mendicants, that the claim set up to the Berehaven estate by the heir of the original undertaker, had been established, and that Hi Sullivan Bere, driven from his castle and possessions, had expired not long after at a tenant's house. Maurice's friendship is soon put to a severe test. One hundred pounds would procure for James Hi Sullivan, a commission in the French service.

'Maurice was the next day more downcast than his friend, yet though I guessed pretty nearly what was passing in his mind, I left him to himself.—In the evening, however, he came to me with his eyes laughing as usual, and cried, "O Father, you do not know what a grievous perplexity I have been in to day, and all because I doubted that Berghetta was perfect.

'"Was it not natural, the instant I heard that our dear friend wanted a hundred pounds, that I should destine my savings for him? what delight I felt at the idea of being able to assist him! and he so little expecting that I was able to do so: but then, this was to sacrifice Berghetta, and bring her destitute into all the cares of a growing family, a thing I had determined never to do. I considered this over and over again, till my head ached; at last I thought of doing what I ought to have done at first, consulting with Berghetta.—Hear her angel-reply.

'"How can you hesitate for a moment, Maurice, even though our wedding is delayed, or should never take place? we are placed here to perform our duties; when does God ever tell us to consult our wishes? how miserable shall we be, if we set our hearts only on happiness? Misfortunes will certainly come, and then we should not have a good conscience to support us. But do not,' continued she, 'let the sacrifice be made to your friend, but to God.' and kneeling down, she drew me to her side, and uttered aloud an innocent prayer, 'that God would give me every day fresh resolution to abandon the allurements of the world, and to draw me nearer to Heaven.'" pp. 138—139.

At last, Maurice is rewarded, and if ever he 'felt conscious of 'royal blood in his veins, it was now, when the possession of 'Berghetta seemed to place him in a prosperity above kings.' Rory, who has faithfully devoted himself to James Hi Sullivan

in his reverse of fortune, exhibits his dexterity as a serving man at the wedding.

'Our jest was now to convict Rory of a surpassing admiration of Berrett; his eyes were scarcely ever off her, and whenever she spoke, he listened with his lips wide apart, and when she ceased, he would recover himself with a deep drawn sigh. He had never seen any thing like her in female kind; the gentleness and distinctness of her utterance. the sweetness of her voice, and the simple wisdom of all she said, captivated his regards; but when he became acquainted with the piety, which was dominant over all her feelings, he regarded her as a saint. Then she would sing for him the old Irish songs her father had brought from the Wicklow mountains, which tallied with many that Rory had learnt in Connaught, about the exploits of Fin the son of Combal, or, as they call him, Fin M'Coul. He was quite beside himself, and would chafe and leave us when Maurice pretended to be jealous, and sometimes raised a blush on Berrett's cheek.

'Oh happy days! how shortly did you abide!' pp. 166, 167.

The tale of happiness is soon told, while, as the Priest of Rahery remarks, 'misery is full of circumstance.' Five years passed away, in the course of which, Berrett, or Berghetta, became the mother of two boys and a girl. The widow Tael seemed to have recovered her youth and strength in her daughter's happiness. But while sitting in her chair by the fire-side, she dies suddenly. Faintings and a temporary loss of reason, succeeded on Berghetta's part, and with a view to rouse her from the state of melancholy into which she declined, father O'Brien proposes that they should all journey together, to bury her mother with her husband at the Refeast, at the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow. What follows is written with great pathos, but we must not deprive the reader of the pleasure of meeting with it for the first time in the course of the narrative. Maurice returns a widower to his lonely home. The first effects of this unexpected calamity upon his feelings, and its permanent influence upon his character, are described with exquisite truth of feeling.

We shall very briefly indicate the outline of the remainder of the tale. Some years after, Maurice receives a visit from James Hi Sullivan, Una, and Rory. He is distressed to discover on what secret enterprise Hi Sullivan has revisited Ireland, which is no other than to excite a rising among the lower people for the purpose of recovering, by their means, his ancient possessions. Maurice in vain attempts to dissuade him from prosecuting his wild design, pointing out to him the danger he is exposed to from Merritt M'Cormick, who turns out a spy and informer; but at last, Hi Sullivan is persuaded to accept of terms which, as the result of Maurice's negotiation, the owner

of the castle offers him, as the price of relinquishing all claim to the estate. At this crisis, the castle is set on fire by Merritt M'Cormick, who uses the name of Hi Sullivan to excite his followers to this detestable conspiracy, and then, on being himself apprehended, accuses Hi Sullivan of being the instigator of the deed. Then follows the arrest of Hi Sullivan, his rescue by Maurice, his imprudent return to the town for the vindictive purpose of seizing the wretched informer, his recapture, and death. His clan, however, obtain forcible possession of the corpse, which is brought to the chapel in the Island of Dorsies. There, Merritt, who is with difficulty saved from the fury of the clan, is kept concealed. The men to whose custody and protection he is committed, eager to punish him in any way short of causing death, place the body in the little cell in which he is confined, and close the entrance. In the morning, Merritt is found a maniac, and he never regains his intellects.

Maurice slowly recovered from the wounds he received in Hi Sullivan's rescue, and his death inflicted a lasting pang on his heart.

'His attempt at suicide, his total neglect of the offices of religion, filled Maurice's mind with the dreadful idea, that he might have passed into perdition, and they might be separated for ever. He raved of this when he was ill, and when he was able to converse, he opened all his apprehension to me. What comfort I dared give, I gave, and in some degree succeeded in soothing Maurice; but to his question, whether the prayers and penance of a poor sinner like himself could now have any influence on the salvation of his beloved friend, I could only answer "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much."—This was sufficient for Maurice; and as the most painful act to himself that might be agreeable to God, he resolved to take Merritt to his house, and to provide for him in his present helpless state. This he continued to do till his death, though to the last he always shuddered when he first entered his room in the morning. Maurice too practised the most rigid abstinence and severe penances, not for the value of the observances themselves, but that, he said, he felt most happy when he had mastered every consideration of himself, and could offer a pure prayer to God for his friend.

'Yet it was a long time before he recovered apparent tranquillity, and when his rustic friends would wonder, that he sunk more now, than when Berghetta died, he said, "Heaven and hope were with me, even the day that Berrett died; but here are Hell and fear, and I cannot shake them from off my soul."

'Still he had two sureties of comfort—his children who warmed his heart—and his labour that deadened thought.' pp. 262—264.

The interests of the young boy, son of the proprietor of the castle, the only inhabitant who had been saved in the conflagration, call Maurice to England. He revisits Headcroft, and Mapleton. Some years after, the former dies, leaving Maurice

all his large fortune, on the ground of his being 'the only per-'son who had cared a rush for him in reality.' Maurice has the satisfaction of seeing his children placed in affluence, and dies of a decline brought on by an infectious fever.

The remainder of the narrative is occupied with the fortunes of Una and Maurice's children, who settle in Spain, and are admitted to a station becoming the family of Hi Nial. To those whose interest in a tale depends upon incidents of a romantic cast, the latter portion of the volume will comprise the most amusing part of the history. The simply domestic and natural character of the earlier parts, however, engaged our feelings the most powerfully, and we sympathized with the Priest of Rahery when he says, in closing the Tale, 'I forced my thoughts to 'pass from the living to the dead—to my loved Maurice and 'Berghetta, to the ever honoured Hi Sullivans, father and son; 'with whom I felt that I had a nearer interest than with the 'young beginners in a life that was closing fast upon me.' Una endeavours to persuade the old priest to take up his abode in Spain:

'But I could not part from Ireland. Like the doating love of a parent for a sickly child, the more this hapless country grieved my heart, the more I was attached to it, and besides it would have ill become me to abandon the duties of my poor parish, now that life was grown too short with me to enable me to begin the care of a new set of souls with any chance of success.'

We give one more extract. The Priest of Rahery is speaking to the Duke, who has married Geraldine Hi Nial, Maurice's daughter.

'"You have been early taught, my son," I began, "to regard what is called the Reformation as Satan's work; to look upon our separated brethren as wilful and unpardonable heretics. But our ecclesiastics state too absolutely, that the Reformation was purely evil. It was God's work. It was a separation to be deplored, as it affected our Protestant brethren; but it was a reformation to be hailed with joy, as it affected our own Church. It was the reformation of Catholics, as well as of Protestants. Was not reformation wanting, when political pride and aggrandizement infected the bosoms of our pontiffs and cardinals? When the most holy privileges of religion were set up for sale, to supply means to their depravity, when a Pope (Leo X.) was heard to say, 'quantas divitias nobis attulit ve.us ista fabula Christi! was there not need for a reformation? Did not God in his mercy divide us among ourselves, and place in Protestants watchful and clearsighted censors upon our Church? Consider the characters of our pontiffs, cardinals, and ecclesiastics, before and since the Reformation, and acknowledge the wisdom of God in dividing to save.

'"And after all is not this value which we set upon unity and conformity exaggerated? Does it not spring rather from an attach-

ment to our Church than for our religion? What is the natural effect of passive assent and uniformity? what but indifference? It looks well, it has a fine appearance, and does to boast of; but it is spiritless, heartless, lifeless Look at Spain and Italy, where you have most of it, and see infamy of crime top orthodoxy with it's head. We reproach the Protestants with their sects, though even the worst of them are faithful Christians; but we do not notice those great sects of Atheists and Deists, which preserve the name of our religion, because they care for none. and which perhaps might not have rushed into such frightful extremes, if some division of religious opinion had been allowed No, my son, I do not call our separated brethren heretics; praise be to God I can see much good in the diversity of sects, though I cannot approve their opinions. It shows, at least, that religion is the business of such men's bosoms, and that they differ because they are in earnest.—Any thing is to be preferred to coldness and indifference. I have in England seen a little chapel raised by Socinians, and consoled myself by thinking, that a great fermentation must have taken place, before that subtle scum was thrown up. No, my son, I do not hate heretics; I consider them as instruments in the hands of Providence, to shame us when we are corrupted. an to spur us on to exertion when we become lethargic; and I humbly hope, that, if they act up to the light which God has granted them, we shall meet them in that Heaven, where doubts and disputes will be no more."' pp. 347—350.

These are admirable sentiments, let them come from whose lips they may. We know not what priest there may now be in the Island of Rahery, but we have the gratification of recollecting, that as proceeding from the Author of the Tale, they belong to one individual at least who is not an ideal character.

We do not often devote so much room in our pages to a Tale, but this Tale comes with that demand upon our attention, which is made by even the lighter productions of a superior mind. If the reader adverts for a moment to the works of the two most popular contemporary writers in this department of literature, Miss Edgeworth, and the Author of Waverley, he can scarcely fail to perceive the striking peculiarity of character which distinguishes this little Tale from the style of either,—a prevailing tenderness and pathos of manner, perfectly masculine, perfectly Irish, which would seem to indicate in the Author all the warmth of imagination and ingenuous sensibility which are said to characterize his countrymen. If we have any fault to find with the Tale, it is only with the high fortunes that are attained by Maurice's children. An air of improbability, of romance, is thus thrown over the sequel of what is otherwise a truly natural story. And why should it be necessary to make the reward of virtue seem to consist in grandeur, even though it be virtue of the lineage of Hi Nial?

initiatory works, especially those of the high class, which are the most open to the charge of having a debilitating and vulgarizing influence. But for the present we must advert to the excellent little volume before us, which perhaps we ought not to have introduced by the kind of remark we have here made. Mr. Burder writes well for children. We can give his Elementary Discourses our most hearty recommendation, and we have little doubt they will take a permanent place in the nursery library. A single quotation will sufficiently exhibit the character of the volume.

'This good news concerning Christ's coming into the world to save sinners is also declared to be *worthy of all acceptation.* Acceptation signifies receiving. To accept a saying is to believe it, to receive it, and to make all the use we can of it. There are three sorts of sayings: some sayings are false: others are true, but foolish; and some are both true and wise and good. I hope you know to which of these three sorts the saying I have been speaking of belongs. You may easily tell. Consider. It is a saying of God, and it is concerning salvation, and therefore must be true and wise and good. For these reasons it is called "The glorious Gospel of the blessed God." The word Gospel signifies good news: it is a glorious Gospel, because it tells us of such glorious things, and it is God who sends the Gospel to us. Now children, you may see why it is worthy of all acceptation, that is, why it ought to be believed and made use of by all who hear it. When you hear a piece of news which is not true, as soon as you know it to be untrue you care nothing more about it, whether it be bad news or good. Suppose a mischievous person tells you that the house is on fire; you are frightened perhaps for a minute, but as soon as you look about you, and find that it is a false alarm, your fear is all over and you think no more of it. Suppose again, that, being at school a long way from home, a person should say that your father and mother were come to see you; you would be glad to hear it; but as soon as you found out that it was not true, all your joy would be at an end, and you would see that the news was not worth hearing. Whether news be good or bad, if it be not true it is of no use. But remember that whatever is said in the Bible is true. Some things in the Bible are what we are apt to think *bad news.* I mean when it tells us that we are sinners, and are in danger of being lost for ever. But the news, being true, is worth hearing, though you may not like to hear it. If the house you live in were really on fire, it would be kind for any one who knew it to tell you, that you might get safely out in time. In like manner, as it is quite true that we are wicked, and, being wicked, are in danger of endless pain; God is very kind to tell us of our danger beforehand, that we may escape from it.

'But even of things which are true, some are better worth knowing than others. That is the best news which will do you the most good. If any one were to tell you how you might spend one day in a happy manner, you would think it worth while to listen to him. If another should show you how you might be happy for a whole year, you would

beckon that better news still. But if a third person should make known to you a plan by which you might be sure of living a hundred years, and of being happy all that time: you would consider that to be the best news of all. Do you think, children, that no one can tell you any news so good as that? If you think so, you are mistaken. I have been telling you to-day much better news. I have been telling you that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief, and that this is a faithful saying. Is it not better to hear that, than it would be to hear how you might be happy for a hundred years? "I don't know," some child may answer. "I don't care," you mean; for if you cared about it, you might easily know. Hearken. What will become of you when you die? "I shall go either to heaven or hell." Shall you be happier then than you are now, or not? "If I go to heaven I shall be much happier, but if I go to the place of punishment I shall suffer a deal more pain than I ever suffered yet." And how long shall you stay there? "Always. No one ever comes away either from heaven or from hell. When I die I shall go to that place where I shall stay for ever." What do you mean by *for ever*? Do you mean a hundred years, or a thousand years, or a million years, or what? "More than all those put together I cannot tell how much *for ever* means; I can only say that it signifies what will never come to an end." Do you not see then that the best news you can possibly hear is what the apostle Paul tells us in the text concerning Jesus Christ's coming to save sinners? Certainly it is, since it informs us how to escape everlasting misery, and how to obtain everlasting happiness.' pp. 196—199.

Art. VII. *Memoirs of the Last Months of the Life of Mr. Thomas Vaughan*, late of Pentonville, and a short Time Deputy Purveyor to His Majesty's Forces under Lord Wellington. 12mo. pp. 140. Price 3s. 6d. 1817.

WE are unwilling that this judicious narration of a satisfactory instance of religious conversion, should utterly escape our notice. It is distinguished from most obituaries of the kind, by the cautious good sense with which it is drawn up. The Author, indeed, who was not introduced to Mr. Vaughan till some time after a considerable change had taken place in his views and feelings on the subject of religion, appears to have been extremely slow to admit the conviction that the object of his Christian solicitude was really a convert. Towards the close of his illness, however, all doubts on this point ceased to exist; and the Writer states that he found it no act of self denial, to visit every evening his sick chamber. When, at length, Mr. V.'s decease put a period to these interviews, he 'felt their cessation a disappointment rather than a release.'

The language which we find an individual, to whom religion is a thing entirely new, using to express the feelings of self-abasement and penitence, is the more satisfactory, when, as in the present instance, 'no time has been allowed for him to acquire

'the customary language of the Christian world;' 'much less,' adds the Writer, 'had his intercourse led him to lopt any portion of that familiar and disgusting phraseology by which the dignity of Christianity is degraded, and its lustre not unfrequently obscured. The language of Mr. Vaughan was peculiarly his own language.' We do not indeed find any very striking or original remarks proceeding from him; but the exercise of his mind in the prospect of dissolution, was not the less exemplary on that account, as being unequivocally expressive of what the Writer aptly terms 'a holy revolution of character.' The reflections which are subjoined to the brief Memoir, are of a very useful tendency. The Author is evidently a man whose visits of counsel and sympathy to the sick, the suffering, or those who stand in need of religious advice, must be highly valuable. The daily visit to a dying chamber, is one of those unostentatious services of benevolence, which too few are found ready to discharge, who are prominently active in other religious or charitable engagements. But what is pure and undefiled religion, considered as a practical reality, but a life of separation from the world, devoted to the relief of the widow and the fatherless, the instruction of the ignorant, and the consolation of the unhappy?

A series of notes is appended to the Memoir, in which the Writer briefly touches upon some subjects referred to in his conversations with Mr. Vaughan. We think that they would have been more likely to obtain the attention they merit, had they been interwoven with the Narrative. The Writer's chief object appears to be, to obviate the objections, or at least to soften the prejudices, of uninformed but well-disposed persons into whose hands the volume may fall, against those parts of the Christian doctrine to which there frequently exists the strongest repugnance. We subjoin, as a specimen, the conclusion of the Note on Election, without meaning to commit ourselves as perfectly co-inciding with the Author's views on every point. In referring, however, to Mr. Robert Hall's "Help to Zion's Traveller," he has, in our opinion, directed his readers to one of the most judicious and unexceptionable expositions of the Scriptural doctrine of Salvation, that could be put into the hands of an ingenuous inquirer.

'Still we mean not to deny that there are difficulties connected with this mysterious subject—difficulties of which, perhaps, it is in vain to expect the solution on this side the grave. But we contend that difficulties ought not to weigh as a feather on the infallible testimony of the Holy Spirit. To reject the doctrine of personal election, or any other doctrine of Revelation, because of the objections to which it may be exposed in such a world as this, is to adopt precisely the course of the Deist and Socinian. It should ever be remembered, that, of

the doctrines proposed for the reception of faith, many are of such a nature, or are so revealed, as to make its exercise an act of simple and direct homage to the Divine authority; which could not be the case were those doctrines, with all their relations and results, perfectly cognizable by the human understanding An entire subjection of the mind to the authority of the Scriptures is a main branch of the obedience which they require; and, yet, what is this but a practical and habitual acknowledgement that God is wiser than we? Still, the pride of human reason made it necessary that one great evidence of human allegiance to Divine authority should consist in a concession of that which it is the highest presumption to withhold, viz. *faith* in the testimony of Infinite Truth; authenticated by such credentials as Infinite Wisdom thought good to prescribe on a perfect view of the nature of the human mind, and all the Divine and moral purposes of the Revelation itself. The Christian should enter fully into this simple and rational principle of belief. When he is satisfied with the credentials, he should credit the testimony, the whole testimony, and, on matters of pure revelation, nothing but the testimony. For as to *Reason*, what shall we say, but that its dictates are as various, and as variable, as the passions, prejudices, and habits of mankind? To speak of it as a moral standard, is to trifle. This is the office of the Bible only, which bears as every moral standard should bear, the characters of permanence and immutability. But it is the office of the Bible not only to try, but to reveal—to disclose what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived—what never could have come under the notice of Reason, or entered into the range of her discoveries. Shall, then, the whole system of Redemption, together with its moral sanctions and principles and obligations, or even a *single article* of that system, be tried at her bar! Rather let Reason obediently submit to the jurisdiction which Revelation has imposed upon her for the express purpose of bringing down every lofty imagination, and binding every thought in captivity to the obedience of Christ. Happy are they who have learnt with humility and faith to bow to *his* authority, and to enter with cordiality into the spirit of his prayer—"I thank thee, Heavenly Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto *babes!*"—*i. e.* to young children, who neither *object*, nor *cavil*, nor *dispute*, but in simplicity receive the lessons which are given to them.' pp. 108—110.

Art. VIII. *The Speech of Charles C. Western, Esq. M. P.* Upon his Motion for a more frequent Delivery of the Gaols. 8vo. pp. 16. London. 1819.

THE motion of the Honourable Member for the county of Essex, which this Speech introduced, relates to a most important branch of that reform which is so loudly called for in the administration of our Criminal Jurisprudence. The great obstacle which continually presents itself to any attempts to introduce classification and a better discipline within our jails, is,

the crowded state of the prisons. From the return made by order of the House of Commons, it appears that eighty five jails, which are stated as capable of containing only 7263 prisoners, had in them *at one time*, 10,628.

'By the 24th, of the King, the number of classes or departments pointed out to be essentially necessary, amount to eleven in number; and even these are not sufficient to keep offenders of different descriptions properly separated from each other, and to prevent the fatal mischief of associating the young offender with the hardy and inveterate practitioner. Now, out of three hundred and thirty eight prisons of all descriptions, it appeared that seventeen only were classed or divided according to law; ninety had only two divisions, merely to separate males from females; fifty-eight had only three, fifty-one, four; nineteen, five, and so on—The same statute gives directions for materials to be found and prisoners set to work; but, in two hundred and seventy four of the prisons no work at all was done; in sixty-four some work was done, and in some few of these sixty-four a considerable deal had been accomplished.'

Now, Mr. Western shewed that if there was but another jail delivery some time in January, it would diminish to very nearly *one half*, the total number of untried prisoners for whom it is now necessary to provide room in the jails, and to maintain so many months longer. The following facts appeared from the papers laid before the House of Commons. At the last Maidstone assizes, out of 177 prisoners for trial, 29 were in prison before the 1st of October last, and 83 before the 1st of January. A jail delivery in January therefore, would have reduced the number for trial, from 177 to 94. At the last Lent Assizes at Chelmsford, the total number tried was 166, 25 of whom were in prison before the 1st of October. Of these 25, *eleven were acquitted*, six of them being discharged by proclamation.

'Two were in prison eight months; three, seven months and eight days; three, six months and eighteen days; whilst, on the other hand, sixteen convicted of felony, were considered to be sufficiently punished by imprisonment *under* six months.'

Mr Western dilates upon the unquestionable injustice of this long detention before trial, so contrary to the spirit and even the letter of our Statute law. More than one third of the prisoners tried are in general acquitted. Of the twenty-nine tried at Maidstone, who had lain in prison since the first of October, *seventeen* were acquitted, nine of them by proclamation, having no bill found against them, or not prosecuted. At the same time, twenty-five convicted felons were sentenced to imprisonment, the longest period of confinement being six months. Nothing is more common than for the Court to address the prisoner, and

tell him, that in consideration of the time he had lain in prison, his sentence was, a further imprisonment for one month only.

'Two men thus brought to the bar, who had each been in prison five months,—the one convicted, is told that his sentence is one month imprisonment only, in consequence of five already suffered; the other is put up afterwards, and a jury of his country return a verdict of *not guilty*, yet has he endured *five sixths* of the punishment of the one who was convicted. There were three at Maidstone, who, after being above *seven* months in prison, were discharged by proclamation.

'Upon the whole, it appears that 405 of those persons who were tried at the last assizes, had been in gaol before the first of October, whilst 800 persons, convicted of felony, suffered under their sentence a *lighter* punishment than the 405 had experienced before trial.'

It is impossible for eloquence to add to the force of these facts, and, indeed, nothing can be more dispassionate than the tone in which Mr. Western argued in support of the motion he brought forward. It must, we think, be adapted to impress a foreigner with a high idea of the British House of Commons, to notice the calm business-like way in which the most important legislative measures are transacted, and to contrast with the frigid declamation and set speeches of certain foreign assemblies, such sober unaffected argumentation as this Speech of Mr. Western.

Art. IX. *The Poetical Remains of the late Dr. John Leyden*, with Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. James Morton. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1819.

IT has been said, that men are judged of, during their lives, by their worst performances, and after their deaths, by their best; but certainly, Dr. Leyden would be an example of the very reverse of this assertion, if, passing over his extraordinary talents as a linguist, and the variety of his literary attainments, we were to form our opinion of his merits, and measure out the portion of fame due to him, as a poet only. Yet it was in that capacity that he first interested the public, and it is as a poet that the major part are still, from the force of early impressions, inclined to consider him. The biographical sketch, however, prefixed to this volume, will, short as it is, serve to place both his character and his pursuits in a more important light, and we shall therefore proceed to lay such parts of it before our readers, as may enable them to form a more correct estimate of his uncommon powers, and of his praiseworthy application of them.

It is to the honour of Scotland, that her domestic annals so greatly abound with instances of genius, surmounting every disadvantage of the poverty which one of her most favoured bards has termed the 'unconquerable bar,' and making its way through clouds of obscurity, apparently impenetrable, to scatter its reful-

gence over the most distant lands. To the number already recorded, she may proudly add the name of Leyden, whose character comprised all the moral excellences which make intellectual attainments a source of happiness to their possessor, and of advantage to those who contemplate them. He was the eldest son of his parents, who resided during his infancy and youth in a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, a village on the banks of the Teviot, in the county of Roxburgh. In this secluded spot, at the foot of Rubenslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill, his father lived sixteen years, as shepherd and superintendant, with a relation, preferring the humble situation of a servant, from a conviction of the cares and anxieties which are almost inevitably entailed upon those who take the risk of property on themselves.

'Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to shew itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments. One or two popular works on Scottish history, next fell into his hands, and he read with enthusiasm the history of the heroic deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and of the brave resistance of his countrymen to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the last kings of the house of Stuart. After he had read all the books in his father's possession, the shelves of the neighbouring peasants were laid under contribution; and amongst other works which they furnished him with, he was greatly delighted to find the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Sir David Lindsay's Poetical Works, Milton's Poetical Works, and Chapman's Translation of Homer.' p. 3.

At nine years of age he was sent to the parish-school of Kirktown, where he remained nearly three years, and learned writing, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin, varying his pursuits occasionally, during two long accidental vacations, by tending his father's flock. His parents were themselves sufficiently gifted by nature, to be sensible of the extraordinary endowments with which their son was favoured; and in order to give him every advantage in their power, they placed him at Denholm, under the tuition of the Reverend James Duncan, pastor of a congregation of Cameronians, a religious sect professing the faith of the Church of Scotland, but refusing to acknowledge the authority of a sovereign who had not subscribed the solemn League and Covenant. After enjoying the benefit of this worthy minister's instructions about two years, he was sent to Edinburgh to study for the clerical profession, and gained great

applause from Professor Dalzel, the very first time that he stood up to be examined in the Greek class, for the skill which he displayed in that language, and which speedily checked the ridicule which his rustic appearance and Teviot-dale accent had excited against him among some of the students. He now began to cultivate the Hebrew and Arabic languages, and to shew that fondness for Eastern learning, which afterwards became his distinguishing characteristic. He ventured also to appear before the public as a poet, and gave it his first printed effusions, in the form of an "Elegy on the Death of a Sister." This appeared in the Edinburgh Literary Magazine for April, 1795. In the course of the same summer, he described, in his picturesque verses, entitled "Ruberslaw," the wild and romantic scenery which had surrounded his earliest days, and which, with all the traditions and border legends connected with it, he afterwards delineated more fully in his "Scenes of Infancy." He had by this time formed an intimacy with many literary persons, and through the kindness of some of them he was enabled to take pupils, by which means he materially augmented the means of his own improvement. In 1798, he entered upon his office as a preacher, but he does not appear to have displayed any remarkable talents, nor indeed to have felt any very decided call to his vocation. Under such circumstances, it is no great wonder, that being disappointed in his hopes of some moderate preferment, he was tempted to change the object of his pursuit altogether, and to listen to the dictates of an eager desire after knowledge, which prompted him to seek for it in any region, however remote, where it might be found. The celebrity of Mungo Park's Travels in Africa, which were published about this time, induced Leyden to turn his thoughts towards that quarter of the globe, and he soon afterwards published a very interesting volume, entitled, "A Historical and Philosophi-
"cal Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements in Northern and
"Western Africa at the Close of the eighteenth Century."

'His extraordinary talents and acquirements began now to be very generally known, and procured him the regard of some of the most distinguished persons in the Scottish metropolis, and an introduction into the first circles of society in a city in which, perhaps more than in any other, literary merit is the highest claim to distinction. He was honoured, in particular, with the friendship of the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and Miss Graham of Gartmore, not more distinguished for rank and fashion, than for taste and understanding. He delighted in their society and conversation, and notwithstanding the repulsive sharpness of his native accent, and upon most occasions, his almost studied neglect of fashionable manners, made himself highly agreeable to them.' p. 23.

The border history and popular superstitions with which

Leyden's mind had been stored by his maternal relative, to whom his father acted as shepherd, and who delighted in repeating to his nephew the same stories which had amused his own youth, now became a source both of fame and of emolument to him. He assisted Mr. Heber, well known as a scholar and an antiquary, in his Investigation of the History of Ancient Scottish Literature, edited a reprint of the "Com-"playnt of Scotland," which was originally published in the year 1548, and which he enriched with a valuable glossary and preliminary dissertation, and compiled a large part of the "Min-"strelsy of the Scottish Border," for Walter Scott, who was then only beginning the foundation of that fame which he has now established on so firm a basis, and who was indebted to his friend, for the Dissertation on Fairy Superstition, in the second volume; and also for two odes and three legendary poems, which may be ranked among the most interesting articles in the collection. That entitled The Mermaid, is, in particular, highly poetical. These, however, and other literary undertakings, from all of which he obtained consideration and renown, were not sufficient to occupy his adventurous and inquiring spirit, and he began to turn his thoughts towards a journey of discovery into the interior of Africa, provided he could obtain the patronage of the Sierra Leone Company; but at the earnest entreaties of his friends he was persuaded to change his plan, and to make Asia the scene of his literary and philological researches, thereby affording an additional proof of the strength and versatility of his talents, which enabled him to qualify himself in a very short time for the office of assistant surgeon, which he obtained by the interest of a friend, and to which he added the nominal honour (for under its present regulations it certainly is nothing more) of a diploma from the University of St. Andrews.

Leyden's feelings, on his first landing at Madras, shall be given to our readers in his own language, as they were described by him in a letter to a friend, which sets forth in a striking point of view the simplicity, energy, and vivacity of his character.

'We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat, on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore, with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand; but the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palankeen, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palankeen, by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent per-

severing of the black people; for every one is a beggar, as long as you are reckoned a griffin, or new comer. I then saw a number of jugglers and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal; and among the rest, I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broad-sword, or even a horseman's sabre; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town, in the self-same palankeen. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours, the dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen; and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house-leeks in their leaves, and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tape worms than any thing else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic as quite to confuse you; and their complexions of all kinds of motley hues, except the healthy European red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied, that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me, on every side, that to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship board, with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five months' voyage. The first night I slept ashore, I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little bustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and with great *sang-froid* lay down to sleep again as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a blood sucker here which nods with its head when you look at it, and it saluted me with a nod from the window, like Xailoun's cousin, the Karduwan, in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation.'

It was in India particularly that Leyden displayed that wonderful facility in acquiring languages, which made Lord Minto say, with great force, that it was more like the 'gift of tongues,' than any art of human attainment. Wherever he went, he visited the temples and remarkable buildings, copied and translated the ancient inscriptions, and in every place sought after materials to illustrate the history, the customs, and the religion of the natives. He particularly distinguished himself by translating some inscriptions in an obsolete dialect of the

Tamul language, and in an ancient character called the 'Lada Lippee, or Verraggia, which no European had ever been able to decipher, and which was scarcely known even to the most learned Indians, but which he found out by comparing together several different alphabets. He also succeeded in interpreting the Tambuca Shashanas, or brazen inscriptions, belonging to the Jews of Cochin, the meaning of which seemed lost in remote antiquity. A dissertation of his, on the 'Languages 'and Literature of the Indo-Chinese nation,' may be found in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, which is a wonderful monument of his genius and industry, more especially when the short time which he had been in India, when he wrote it, is taken into consideration. In 1807, he was admitted into the Asiatic Society, and made Professor of the Hindostanee language. Shortly afterwards he was induced to give up the Professorship, for the office of judge of the twenty-four Pargunnahs of Calcutta, which arduous and fatiguing situation, uniting the functions of a soldier and a magistrate, obliged him to head the troops employed to rid Bengal of the numerous bands of free-booters with which it was then infested. In this capacity his courage and personal activity enabled him to acquit himself with as much credit, as some of his favourite border heroes; and upon one occasion, when he returned from a successful expedition into one of the provinces, he publicly received the thanks of Lord Minto and the Government. When he had held this situation two years, he relinquished it, and was appointed one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in the city of Calcutta, in which capacity a great deal of laborious duty devolved upon him, though probably the opportunity it afforded him of constantly practising the different languages of the East, would render it much less irksome to him, than to any other person. About two years afterwards, however, this appointment also was laid aside, for that of Assay Master at the Calcutta mint, a situation which afforded a very considerable salary, and very easy duties. 'I have laid aside,' says he, in a letter to his father, on this occasion, 'the scales of justice for those of 'mammon, and instead of trying men and their causes, I have 'only to try the baser, but much less refractory metals of gold 'and silver.' To comfort his parents, who were ever anxious for his safety, and to whom he was a most dutiful and affectionate son, he spoke in this letter of his anticipated return to Britain, and told them that he expected to have no more changes during his stay in India. But at the very moment when his hopes were brightest, and his fortune seemed most auspicious, when he was advancing rapidly to that fame and distinction of which he had been, from his infancy, ambitious, and when his merits had become sufficiently known to cause

him to be deeply and universally regretted, he was removed from this transitory scene, in the 36th year of his age, after an illness of only three days, contracted by imprudently entering a room at Batavia that had been shut up for some time, in his search after some oriental manuscripts and Javanese curiosities.

His sorrowing friends, Lord Minto and Mr. Raffles, saw the last sad offices done to Leyden's mortal remains. His character is summed up in an affectionate and yet impartial manner by his Biographer, who brings in addition to his own personal knowledge of him, the most honourable testimonies of his worth, from those who were well and long acquainted with him, foremost among whom stand his kind and uniform patron, Lord Minto, his accomplished countryman, Sir John Malcolm, and the late governor of Java, Sir Stamford Raffles.

'In his stature, Leyden was of the middle size, well proportioned, and of a slender, rather than robust form. He had a clear complexion, brown hair, and dark eyes, full of animation and intelligence. His looks and gestures were quick, and expressive of habitual cheerfulness and activity. He possessed considerable muscular power, and athletic skill, and was fond of displaying his prowess in feats of strength and agility, for which he had been famous in his early years, among the rustic youth of the vicinity.'

He was distinguished for the manly simplicity and independence of his character. Moral and intellectual worth was the standard by which he judged of men, without any regard to the adventitious circumstances of rank and fortune. With that ignorance of the world which often accompanies a man of studious habits, he retailed his literary acquirements to all alike, never waiting to know whether they were likely to be acceptable or not; and as his communications were often on abstruse subjects, and always in a loud voice, and a strongly provincial dialect, it is no wonder that they were occasionally listened to with impatience, or that joined to the stubbornness with which he contested all points wherein the question of right or wrong appeared to him concerned, they should subject him at times to the censure of being vain, presumptuous, and even superficial. But the very reverse of this was his character: his friends have borne testimony to his worth, and the world is enriched by his labours. His early education was founded upon the pure principles of religion and morality, and the fruits of it were evident in his conduct. He was moral on the best principle, because he was religious. He loved the religion which he had been early taught to reverence, and the principles and evidences of which, had been for so long a period his chief objects of study, and his conduct testified the sincerity of his belief, for he uniformly abstained from every kind of vicious indulgence. He abhorred every

species of gambling so much, that he did not [illegible] even a wager won, to be money honourably or innocently [illegible]ained.

'But in no point of view was he more estimable, than in his deep felt gratitude to his parents, in the constant reverence and affection with which he treated them, and in the care he took to increase their comforts, as soon as fortune had put it in his power. They have survived the overwhelming affliction of his death, and still live to cherish, with pious sorrow, the recollection of his endearing virtues.' p. 75.

Of his father the following anecdote will not we trust be unacceptable.

'Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that had been left, said he was authorized by Mr. Heber, (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed,) to say that such as were likely to produce a profit, should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. "Sir," said the old man, with animation, and with tears in his eyes, "God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country!—as it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age, but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood, and I pray, therefore, of you, and Mr. Heber, to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.' p. 83.

The rapacity and avarice of some compilers and publishers of the present day, might take a salutary lesson from this high minded Scottish peasant, of whom the Editor of this volume justly remarks, that his natural and elevated sentiments speak volumes on the benefits which have resulted, and must continue to result, from the general diffusion of education.

'Had the father of Leyden,' he says, 'been uninstructed, it is impossible, in the different spheres into which fortune cast them, that the ties of mutual regard, of parental pride, and of filial love, could have been so supported. Ignorance might have admired and wondered, but it could neither have appreciated nor delighted in those talents which were every moment carrying the object of its regard to a greater distance; and knowledge could hardly have been restrained by the impulses of natural affection, or the consciousness of duty, from an occasional feeling of shame, at a low and vulgar connection. But it is not only the ties of kindred that are fostered and preserved

r this approximation to equality of mind, in those who are placed the most opposite conditions of life. The history of every nation roves that those societies which are most ignorant, are most regnant with the elements of dissention and mischief. This ct, is, indeed, at length, universally admitted, and in our own appy country knowledge is now boldly imparted to all ranks; r it has been discovered that though it may cause the lowest to spire, it moderates his ambition to proper objects, and prevents is being made the dupe of the designing. Thus, its general effect to render him whom it reaches, the friend of order, and to soften, it cannot disarm, those angry passions that are kindled by the equalities of human life. The reason is plain,—the distance between an and man is lessened; the lowest see that superior knowledge, a uality of which they have sufficient to appreciate its value, is the ual concomitant of superior station, and are therefore content in eir sphere. The highest feel compelled to grant to the intelligence f their inferiors, that respect which they might feel disposed to efuse to their condition; and these reciprocal sentiments, by estaishing mutual regard, strengthen all those ties by which rational eings are best united under a rational government.' p. 85.

Of Dr. Leyden's poetry we prefer those pieces which are ost immediately connected with the scenery and legends of is native country. It is with these, however, that the public is ost acquainted, yet we cannot resist the temptation of laying efore our readers a few lines from the Scenes of Infancy, herein he alludes to the tradition which assigns many of the est popular border songs to a nameless minstrel, who was in is infancy unknowingly carried off by the Scotts of Satchell, one of their predatory excursions, amid a heap of household rniture, and was fostered in the clan by Mary Scott, comonly known by the epithet of the Flower of Yarrow, and who as married to the celebrated Watt, or Walter, of Harden, bout the latter part of the sixteenth century.

'The waning harvest moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the gloom
Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:
Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.

and the progress that he made, in spite of all dvantages, in every thing that he undertook, are most enc ing proofs to the industrious and the enterprising, of what may be done: but it must be done by a mind like his, which could not be idle. This was forcibly expressed in his answer to his attendants, during a dangerous illness, when he was told by them that if he did not suspend his studies, the most fatal consequences must ensue: 'Whether I live or die,' said he, 'the wheel must go round to 'the last.'

Art. X. *Daily Bread:* being a Series of Considerations useful to the Support of the Christian Character. fcap 8vo. Price 5s. 1819.

THESE pages, we are informed by the Advertisement prefixed to them, 'were penned by their recluse Author, as a 'pocket companion for the use of a young friend going abroad, 'and were printed in the year 1810 for such purpose, and for pri-'vate distribution into amicable hands.' They are now reprinted at the desire of a friend. The Author's intention was, to supply his friend with a work which

'by its brevity and gravity might be a faithful remembrancer, without much application; something that might support, like *Daily Bread*—a short meal, but sweet of digestion; where plain truth, good counsel, and solid comfort, should be found in short sentences.'

Compositions and Collections of this description, aphorisms, *Aureæ Sententiæ*, and Golden Sayings, used to be much more popular fifty years ago, than they are now. The bustling, gregarious, enterprising spirit of 'the religious world' in the present day, ill comports with those retired, meditative habits, and the taste for axiomatic wisdom, which characterised the sober but too inactive piety of a former period. It has now become the practice to seek to make the imagination, more than the memory, the medium of conveying religious truth to the mind; and instead of Considerations and Maxims, we are now presented with the attenuated morality of a Tale. We must be excused, however, for indulging some degree of predilection for our early habits. Without adopting the common error of the aged, that "the former days were better than these," it will be allowed to us to maintain, that some things pertaining to old times have been ill exchanged for the modern habits and practices by which they have been insensibly superseded. And among those obsolete things, we are disposed to reckon, not so much the works themselves to which we allude, as the qualities of mind which they served to nourish as well as to indicate in the reader.

The present volume comprises more than a thousand distinct remarks or Considerations, arranged under sixty distinct topics. They are, of course, of unequal weight and value. It may often

occur that a sentence which to the Writer forms an expressive memorandum of feeling, or which, as by an arbitrary sign, stands to him for the condensed result of serious thought, fails of conveying its imaginary import to the reader. At other times, what may by the potency of simple truth have appeared very striking, when the mind was all alive to its moral and eternal interests, and when the most trite considerations were the most welcome and the most impressive, may seem, as casually presented, the mere common places of piety. Considerations of this nature must be dwelt upon as texts for voluntary thought, in order to answer their purpose; and if but one in ten strikes upon the reader's conscience or feelings, so as to awaken a train of reflections, the design of such a volume is sufficiently answered.

Of the execution of this little work, our readers can be enabled to form a fair judgment by no other means than by an extract.

'54. Reliance on God in Christ our only support.'

'It is impossible for a thoughtful person not to feel concern for the errors of former life: this should occasion watchfulness, but never produce a sensation of despair.

'To keep strait forward, to strive to recover our losses, is necessary; to stop and lament, is an aggravation of the case.

'Despair has no trust in God,—which the Christian religion commands.

'Christ, in all his offices of divinity and humanity, gave himself, to prevent his lost creatures from despairing.

'Though sin incurred the wrath of God, his mercy has so prevailed, that our fears ought to be hushed.

'Dreadful is the nature of sin;—nothing less than the death of every man, and the death of Jesus, the Son of God (equal with the Father), in the nature of man, could abate its baneful consequence.

'"Save us, O holy Jesus, from our sins, past, present, and to come!" might be continually on our lips, when we feel the danger we are in of offending the purity of God.

'We cannot contemplate ourselves, without being sensible of great defects: but when we contemplate the immaculate Jesus,—it brings tears of joy for so great a deliverance, with tears of sorrow for our transgressions.

'To behold in love Christ's holiness, and to raise our hopes to Him, is more productive of a good life, than to weep over our infirmities.

'The evils of life may be dismissed, or moderated, by a sense of God's goodness, and a desire of conformity to His Will.

'No good end can be obtained without the effectual means; Christ recommends importunity, to obtain his heavenly grace,—the gift of his Holy Spirit.

'What great skill is acquired, by persisting in the study of science! How great then may be our improvement, in the walk with God!

'What surprising revelations were made to the prophets who devoted themselves to God:—as to Abraham, whom God spoke to, face

to face, and called his friend ' to David, a man after his own heart to Daniel, who was greatly beloved. To St. John and St. Paul, God revealed Himself personally.

' Without an entire devotion to God, there is no perfect faith, no solid assurance of obtaining his love and securing his protection.

' To be devoted to self, to the world, and to a sense of religious duty is to have three masters; in this state there can can be no acceptable obedience.

' Those that sacrifice all to the world, must give up themselves to God's commands.

' Those that devote themselves to God, will receive much self-comfort, and the enjoyment of life by the blessing of Heaven.

' Every unkindness is anti-Christian; so must therefore be every species of revenge, every self appropriation, every crimination of others.

' We may rely on Christ, to accomplish his great work in his good time; His universal kingdom must be established; He must put every thing under his feet; He will attract all unto Himself His Spirit has commanded us to love our enemies; by his immeasurable mercies he will find means to fill his enemies with his love.—He hath said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Then will Christianity appear in its plentitude of glory!'

Art. XI. *Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Restoration in* 1815. By Helen Maria Williams. 8vo. pp. 178. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1819.

WE ought not, perhaps, to surmise that this volume was intended to be subjoined as a continuation to the "Considérations sur les Evénemens de la Revolution Française;" and yet it is difficult to repel the suspicion of an attempted imitation. But in truth, Miss Williams will appear to more advantage any where than close on the foot-steps of Mad. de Staël. We are glad to perceive the sobriety of the principles professed in these pages; but there is room to wish for less antithesis, less attempt, and more simplicity of style.

Of these sixteen Letters, eight relate to the affairs of the French Protestants. To advocate the cause, and to explain the situation of this outraged and still trembling body, seem to have been Miss Williams's prime intention on the present occasion. The political portion of the volume is feeble, meagre, and somewhat stale: we wish the space it occupies had been given to descriptions and statements relative to the present circumstances of religious opinion and profession in France, which Miss Williams must in several respects be qualified to supply, and which, she must be aware, would be perused with high interest by a large class of her countrymen. We find nothing of much importance, that is new, to add to the narrative of the Protestant sufferings, which has been already widely circulated in England. We shall

present to our readers some statements of a more general nature, on the subject of religion in France.

'The same spirit of patriotism that has contributed to the improvement of science in this country, (France,) has also produced many new plans of general amelioration. The meaning of what we call public spirit in England, was never so well understood in France as at present; nor did the rich, at any former period, show themselves so disposed to become, what M. Le Montey calls "Les intendans des pauvres." The royal family have contributed to bring charity into fashion. They are eminently beneficent. No man in Paris has more occupation than the secretary who distributes the alms of the Duchess of Angouleme.

'A Bible society has lately been formed by the Protestants, of which M. Jaucourt, a peer of France, is the president, and which our excellent Ministers support with all their influence. We must long remain at a distance from the London Bible Society, that glorious Institution, of which the benevolent effects are diffused from where "the sun rises in the east, to where he goes down in the west;" but we bend before such divine philanthropy, and we shall learn to imitate what we admire.

'The establishment of the Bible Society at Paris has been the object of a violent attack, in a periodical Journal by the Abbé La Menais. He asserts that the Bible Society is the last effort of an expiring sect—"que les societés bibliques sont des societés d'anarchie religieuse, qui mene à l'anarchie politique.—'Est-ce que nous n'avons pas assez des Jacobins,' he exclaims, 'nous faut il encore des puritains? Les fiers reformateurs de la religion Chretienne ne savoient pas eux-mêmes ce qui c'est que la religion. Luther n'a fait que changer l'unité de culte en une democratie d'opinions.*" Such are the modest terms in which this Christian priest sends forth an act of accusation against a society which spreads abroad the Christianity of the Gospel in preference to that of the Church of Rome; but it is not by reading or by reason that such catholics qualify themselves for the interpretation of Christianity:—

"Tout Chretien qui raisonne à le cerveau blessé,
Benissons les mortels qui n'ont jamais pensé."

'This attack of the Abbé La Menais on the Bible Society has been admirably repelled in a letter published in the Moniteur, and written by M. Stapfer, formerly minister of public instruction in Switzerland, eminently distinguished by his intellectual endowments, and rare erudition, and no less for that pure and enlarged philanthropy which comprehends so many other virtues, and which is itself the dearest of them all.'

If the Bible Society should call out into print, as much animosity in France, as it has done in England, and this is not im-

* Bible Societies are societies of religious anarchy, which lead the way to political anarchy. Have we not then Jacobins enough, must we also have Puritans? The audacious reformers of the Christian religion did not themselves know what religion is. Luther did but change the unity of worship into a democracy of opinions.

probable, we shall be presented, under some small varieties of phrase and allusion, with a sort of *second edition* in French, of that vituperative outcry and alarm which we have already read in English. The abbés and the curés will need only to translate what has been invented, digested, and prepared by our archdeacons, rectors, and curates. And we think some effort of ingenuity will then be called for on the part of these latter gentlemen, to make it apparent, that the very same arguments, the same prognostications, the same criminations, and comminations, taken up and repeated on the very same occasion by the professed defenders of the Romish faith, have not, in their own case, been dictated by like feelings, and employed to subserve the same cause, namely, the old cause of Spiritual Usurpation. This plain fact, at least, will be manifest,—indeed it is already manifest, that the means and the style of attack which have served Protestant priests in their opposition to this Institution in England, are found to suit both the occasions and the tempers of Romish priests, for the same purpose, in France. We see that the Bible Society is bringing into union and co-operation men of different external professions, not only among its friends, but among its enemies. It is fast dividing the world, not according to names, but according to tempers.

We hope it is true, that

'although enlightened persons in France give no quarter to superstition, a general respect for Religion now prevails in this country. No glory can any longer be acquired by the miserable boast of infidelity. In the first years of the revolution, those deplorable doctrines were so prevalent, that they had descended even to the vulgar. "Il faut une religion pour le peuple," said a cobler to his friend. At present the sneer of irreligion is as distant from the tone of good company, as it is from the principles of right reason. The infidel now bears his gloomy system as well as he can in silence, and no longer obtrudes his incredulity on others; on those who, perhaps, in the bitterness of adversity, lean for their sole support on a creed that tells them of pity that partakes—of mercy that consoles misfortune; and of goodness that will remember virtue. The French, become wiser and better from adversity, cherish a respect for religion; but so far separated from bigotry, that some attempts which have been made to revive that spirit among the people have excited general indignation. Catholic missionaries are sent by nobody knows whom, to wander, nobody knows why, over France with pilgrim-feet, and preach the dogmata of the Catholic faith, as if they were as little known on the banks of the Garonne, as of the Mississippi. They plant great iron crosses in the principal squares or streets of the towns or villages where they pass, and on which they engrave figures of hearts, inscribing on each heart the name of one of the faithful. These crosses become objects of idolatry to weak heads, who often form the majority; and were Flechier now living, he might be

tempted to exclaim, as he did in the time of Louis XIV—"Si Israel devient idolâtre, je briserai le serpent d'arrain." '

In a supplementary letter, Miss Williams alludes to some 'reports highly injurious to the French Protestants, which 'have been circulated, and even published, by some English 'travellers, on their return home.' We shall quote some paragraphs from this letter; and subjoin one or two remarks.

'The strange blunders, and fantastic fictions, which some travellers have put into print concerning France, only excite a smile. Their reveries of French society and manners, and their exaggerated narratives of places and persons, have a whimsical air of romance, in which truth is set boldly at defiance, but where deception leads to no serious consequences. Far different is the feeling awakened in the mind by erroneous accounts of the state of Protestantism in France. On a subject so sacred to every sympathy of the heart, error assumes the character of calumny, and of calumny so much the more odious, as it comes in aid of oppression, and seems as if it would bruise those who are already broken.

'Unfortunate and devoted Protestants of France! why did not these scrutinizing travellers turn their chariot-wheels more towards the south? They might then have seen the traces of your blood along their path; and as they passed by your desolate dwellings, have heard the wail of your widows, and of your fatherless children. Till now your calamities were softened by the persuasion of the sympathy of the English nation. You refused, as Frenchmen, her intervention, but you exulted in her applause:—and it is she who sends forth accusers against you—even while the palm of the martyr encircles your brows! For one word, one sign of renunciation of your faith, would have sheathed the daggers of your assassins; but no apostate was found in your ranks:—you shrunk not from death in testimony of the truth. Oh, if those who thank Heaven that "they are not as other men are," were called upon to bear such trials as the Protestants of France have borne, who among them shall dare to assert, that he would have fortitude to imitate the example they have left?

'While the passing stranger discerns nothing in the conduct of the Protestants but indifference to sacred things, how many proofs may be brought forward of the increasing fervour of their piety! Never since the Protestant churches were opened, was public worship so regularly attended at Paris, as it is at this period; and it is remarkable that, amidst the public burdens that have so heavily oppressed this country, the donations for the poor have augmented. If we turn our eyes towards the provinces, we see, in all the great towns of France, the Protestant churches liberally supported; and in small towns, and villages hitherto without places of public worship, churches are building by private subscription.'

Some details then follow, in confirmation of this statement.

'The facts I have related are, I trust, calculated to appease the wrath and indignation of those travellers who have come to spy the nakedness of the land, but who will surely, in a true Christian spirit,

rejoice to find that there is less sin than they imagined. But a further vindication must be attempted: the French Protestants are arraigned for the crime of profanation of the Sabbath day. It is perhaps little philosophical not to mark the distinction between voluntary deviations from duty, and practices which seem to be connected, as it were, with the geography of a country, and to depend in some sort, on the natural temper and disposition of its inhabitants; practices by which, if offence is given, none at least is intended. The general custom throughout France is to celebrate Sunday not as a day of rigid seclusion, but of liberty and gladness, and the Protestants are French; the same usages therefore prevail amongst them as among the Catholics. The religious duties of the morning performed, the evening is given to amusements. For myself, brought up in all the severity of dissenting principles, every impression of childhood, every remembered habit of early life, impel me to reverence the strict observance of the Sabbath. To me the calm stillness of that day of repose in England would be delight. But how many Protestants do I know, who shrink not on that day from the sound of "the viol and the harp," who even contend that the dance upon the green is more harmless than that listless inaction, which is proverbially said to be the parent of vice; and who at the same time never omitted an important duty. Ah! in that balance of moral good and evil, in which human actions will one day be weighed, may not the French Protestants, if the sacrilege of the dance should sink one scale, place their sufferings, their resignation, and their devotedness in the other? Who can tell if "the Recording Angel" when he inscribes the levity of Sunday, may not "drop a tear upon the word."

'Let me conclude, by repeating that no doubt can justly be entertained of the devotedness of the Protestants of France to their religious duties, and their stedfast attachment to that faith which persecution has served to endear. I may add that, whatever opinions may have gone forth against the French Protestants in England, they are the objects of general respect in France. Independently of that philosophical respect which mankind grant to a belief founded on examination, other powerful sentiments concur to give the Protestants favour in public opinion in this country. While the Protestants were persecuted, the French were enslaved; and despotism and intolerance are always found in the same page of French history. When the nation accomplished that modern political reformation, called the Revolution; in the code of public liberty, that of the Protestants found its place. Every liberal Catholic feels that the liberty of worship is a part of French liberty that belongs to all; and that whenever the rights of the Protestants are disowned, every other right is shaken to its foundation. France has received that unfortunate portion of her children to her bosom; she feels a warm solicitude for those new-comers, to whom she has given welcome, and desires to wipe away the stain of their long persecution. She knows that national and Protestant liberty, which have one common origin, are the natural guardians of each other, and are destined to perish or live together.'

Miss Williams ' s t to have herself seen the volume* which she refers, as having l orth this somewhat rhap- lical apology for the Prot s of France. She would ve done much better, had she r l the supposed accusations, ore she attempted to reply to tı If Mrs. Williams has oe done this justice to herself, will have regretted to find ıt the style of her defence i so little suited to the occasion. e will have perceived that there is nothing of bitterness in ı spirit, or of calumny in the substance, of the brief report ich Mr. Raffles has made of the state of religion among the ench Protestants. He adduces the exterior facts only, which sented themselves to his observation; and he grieves to infer m these facts, that the Protestants are but too little dis- guished, in their religious habits and temper, from the ughtless mass of their countrymen.

We might be allowed to appeal to something more solid than rm professions, when we say, that the sufferings of the ench Protestants have excited the most lively sympathy in se very classes of the English nation, the severity (if we must ı the word) of whose religious principles, would lead them ı most deeply to lament, and the most decidedly to condemn, the ged laxity of manners among those whom they are fain l to call their brethren. We must repeat it, that it is the ritanical, the 'Pharisaical,' the 'little philosophical' re- ionists of England, who, without waiting a moment to make ı restrictive inquiries which bigotry might suggest, have ited with substantial succours, the widows and orphans of ecuted Frenchmen.

The tried constancy of the Protestants of the South of France, worthy of respect, and it has received a large concession of ise and congratulation. But it must be remembered, that ı simple circumstance of constancy in attachment to principles, en under persecution, proves little, or nothing, as to the properly *ligious* character of the sufferers. Not only men of all prin- les, but men of debauched morality, the sordid and the in- perate, have been seen to adhere to the profession of prin- le, under the extremity of trial. A good man—one who has *eviously* earned the title of a 'servant of God,' suffering ıme, or loss, or death, for conscience' sake, commands the y utmost sentiment of reverent esteem of which a fellow ature can be the object. But a man, either of questionable ue, or one not distinguished from the mass of mankind by ı habitual regards to the Supreme Being, if seen to suffer on ount of his courageous adherence to an external profession

* Mr. Raffles's "Letters from France."

to the high places of dissipation? Do they find no works of charity and labours of love, or delightful exercises of a free spirit of devotion, with which to fill up all the moments of the hallowed hours? Does it rather seem, that the hasty rites of religion are felt to be a needful tax, paid down to the Exactor of duties, in barter for a large indulgence to the desires of a vain and worldly spirit? And what if such a state of things must be brought into comparison with times that are past, when, under these same bright and pleasure-giving skies, in this same laughing clime, amid this same joyousness and frivolity, there was seen a goodly company of men doing honour to the high standard of Christian excellence; men, worthy of the world's hootings and hatred—strenuous in mind—serious in spirit—pure in conversation—pure in belief; and even less distinguished from the men of the age in which they lived, by the extremity of their sufferings, than by the moral greatness of their minds!

We are forward to refer to the fact, of many individuals among the Protestants of France, who seem to have awaked to a consciousness of the lethargy and error that have so long rested upon their churches. We will hope these individuals are destined to lead the return of their countrymen towards pure and living Christianity. But certainly the expectation of those who are watching passing events with attention, has a different direction. It seems to be thought, that those who have betrayed Christianity into the arms of false philosophy, have thereby, as *public bodies*, become unfit instruments of a general renovation. The Church of Rome, unutterably corrupt as it is, has been over-ruled to retain in its confessions the essential aliment of spiritual life From the bosom of that Church, perhaps, we may ere long see arise, in France, another Fenelon, another Pascal, another Jansen They may struggle awhile in the chains of that communion, finally break forth into liberty and light, and lead after them their repentant country.

Art. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its Plan.*

The Rev. B. Brook, having submitted the MS. of his proposed History of Religious Liberty to the critical examination of several individuals highly respected for their talents and piety, who decidedly approve of it, considers the work as now ready for publication, and it will be put to press as soon as the number of subscribers shall be sufficient to defray the expense. The Author has no concern to promote his own secular advantage, or to gratify any particular party: his sole object is to promote the best interests of man, and the wide diffusion of undefiled Christianity. Those persons, therefore, who wish to encourage the work, are particularly requested to forward their names without delay, either to the author or to the publisher, that it may be ascertained what number of copies will be wanted.

Preparing for publication, in one large volume, 8vo. a Greek and English Lexicon. By John Jones, LL.D. Author of a Greek grammar, &c.

In the press, Travels in France in 1818. By Lieut. Francis Hall, 14th Light Dragoons, H. P. Author of Travels in North America.

Mr. A. Maxwell, the Author of "Plurality of Worlds, or Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, philosophical and critical, occasioned by a Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the modern astronomy, by Dr. Chalmers"—is printing a second edition, corrected and enlarged, in the 8vo. size, to range, or bound up, with the popular discourses of Dr. C.

In the press, The Spectator in a Stage Coach.

A Seventh Volume of Beddome's Village Sermons, is nearly ready for publication, in 8vo. and 12mo.

In the press, a new edition, with additions, of Scarpa on Aneurism, with a Treatise on Ligature of Arteries, translated by J. H. Wishart, Esq.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a "Synopsis of Latin Grammar," after the plan of Ruddiman, to which is appended a new system of Prosody, compiled and printed for the use of the Grammar School, Manor House, East Barnet, Herts.

The Rev. Mr. Roby, of Manchester, has in the press, Anti-Swedenborgianism: a Letter to the Rev. John Clowes, A.M. Rector of St. John's, Manchester, &c. in reply to his strictures on those passages in the Author's "Lectures" which refer to the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg and his disciples. Also, Academical Institutions: a Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the Blackburn Independent Academy.

Homilies for the Young, and more especially for the Children of the National Schools, by the Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. Lord Kenyon, are in the press.

A new and corrected edition of Mr. Cary's 'incomparable translation of Dante,' to use the words of Mr. Coleridge, is printing in three handsome vols. 8vo. and will appear very shortly.

A Volume of Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant, will appear in a few days.

The first volume of a cabinet edition of the Poets of Scotland, containing Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, and other Poems, will be ready for delivery early in September.

The Family Mansion, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, is in the press.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, under the patronage of Earl Fitzwilliam, and the magistrates of the West Riding of the county of York, plans, elevations, sections, and description of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum lately erected at Wakefield, by Watson and Pritchett, architects. To consist of nine folio plates, engraved by Lowry

and Landseer. The description will include an enlarged edition of "Practical Hints on the construction and economy of Pauper Lunatic Asylums, by Samuel Tuke," written originally to illustrate the instructions given to the architects who prepared designs. Price to Subscribers, 2l. 12s. 6d.; proofs on royal paper, 3l. 3s. The profits to go in aid of the funds of the York county hospital.

A limited edition in 8vo. on demy and royal paper, will soon be re-published, of a rare work, the History of the county of Cambridge, by Edmund Carter.

Mr. Smart, professor of Elocution, has in the press, a work, in which he exhibits the principles of his art, in connexion with a new and philosophical account of the nature of instituted language.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Letter to Sir James Mc Gregor, containing an account of the Variolojd Epidemic, which has lately prevailed in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, with observations on the identity of chicken pox and modified small pox. By John Thompson, M.D Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. John Preston, comptroller of the customs at Great Yarmouth, is preparing for press, in royal 8vo. a work entitled, "A Picture of Yarmouth," with numerous engravings.

Mr. J. C. H. Allen is preparing for publication, Isabel of the Isles, a metrical romance of the fifteenth century, with notes.

Sir James Bland Burgess, bart. will soon publish, Reasons in favour of a new translation of the Holy Scriptures.

The twelfth edition of the Ambulator, or Tour round London, with numerous additions, corrections, and improvements to the present time, will soon appear.

A new edition of Dix's Land Surveying, is nearly ready, with many corrections and addit ons, and many of the diagrams newly engraved.

Shortly will be published, 1. Elements of Gymnastics, or Bodily Exercises and Sports, as adopted by Pestalozzi.—2. The Elementary Drawing-book. By Pestalozzi.—3. Picturesque Promenades of a young family in the Environs of Paris, with many engravings.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, Author of British Monachism, proposes to publish in 4to. an Encyclopedia of Antiquities, being the first ever edited in England.

Mr. E. N. Hayman, common brewer, has in the press, a Practical Treatise on the Art of Brewing; in which is exemplified the method of brewing the several sorts of malt liquor, and inculcating the use of the Saccharometer in their production.

M. Devisscher, Author of the French Grammar in twelve lessons, will soon publish, New French Scholastic Conversations, or Parisian Lessons, in a series of questions and answers, with vocabularies and examples, in English and French.

Dr. Millingen, surgeon to his Majesty's forces, will soon publish, the Army Medical Officer's Manual upon active service.

An Epistle in Verse, written from America in the year 1810, by Charles Leftley the younger, is printing under the editorship of a gentleman of Liverpool.

Mr. James Ilbery is preparing a History of Waltham Abbey, from the earliest period to the present time, with biographical notices of various eminent characters.

Robert Southey, Esq. will soon publish, in foolscap 8vo. the Fall of Paraguay, a poem.

Mr. Wm. Amphlett, formerly of London, and now resident on the banks of the Ohio, has in the press, the Emigrant's Directory to the Western States of North America.

In the press, The Wandering Jew; or, Hareach the Prolonged, being an authentic account of the Manners and Customs of the most distinguished nations, interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men of different periods, since the last destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, in a narrative supposed to have been written by that mysterious character. Illustrated by numerous engravings and maps. Collected and arranged by the Rev. T. Clark.—Also, an Abridgement of the most popular Voyages and Travels. Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. In one thick volume, 12mo. By the Rev. T. Clark.

Mr. John Scott, Author of a Visit to Paris, &c. is just returned from the Continent, after an absence of upwards of two years, with abundant stores of information, which he is preparing for publication, under the title of "Italy in 1818 and 1819," comprising Remarks, critical and descriptive, on its manners, national character, political condition, literature, and fine arts.

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y the Works styled Theological
te Thomas Paine.
eventh number of the Journal
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the Count de Forbin's Travels in Egypt, in 1818, illustrated by many curious engravings.

In the press, The Saviour of the World, a Poem in irregular verse, on the Death, Resurrection, Descent into Hell, Ascension, and Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Joseph Higgins, a Layman of the Church of England.

XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1819.

Art. I. *Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*; with his original Correspondence: collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other Authentic Sources. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans. By William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts. 3 Vols. 4to. London. 1818, 9.

THERE have been several remarkable periods in the history of Modern Europe, at which France has seemed to be on the point of realizing the favourite dream of her successive monarchs, an absolute Continental supremacy, when precisely at the critical season most advantageous to her projects, and when the attitude she has been enabled to assume, has been the most formidable, Great Britain has been made the conspicuous instrument of humbling the pride and power of her great rival. It would be instructive as well as interesting, to compare the very differing circumstances of these crises in the fate of Europe, and more especially to trace the characters of the illustrious men to whom, in those signal transactions, were committed the responsible stations of command. Our present task, however, will be limited to the illustration of one such period; and without entering into a minute recapitulation of events so familiarly known as those which marked the career of the leading personage of that day, we shall give a rapid outline of the more prominent facts which served to develop the character of Marlborough as a statesman and a general. To this view of his character his present Biographer, indeed, almost entirely confines his attention; it being among the defects of these Memoirs, that they supply but little information respecting his habits in domestic life.

John Churchill entered into life under circumstances peculiarly advantageous to the development of his splendid powers.

The poverty of his family imposed upon him the necessity of exertion ,while the services and sufferings, not only of his father, but of his grandfather, in the royal cause, entitled him to the patronage of the court, which was, probably, the more efficient through the interest of his sister Arabella, who submitted to become the mistress of James, Duke of York. At the early age of sixteen, he obtained an ensigncy in the Guards, and when only twenty-two, commanded a company of grenadiers. In this capacity he served under the orders of Turenne, and from that consummate officer acquired the elements of his future mastery in the art of war. Discreet and intrepid in his military conduct, and a model of manly beauty in his person, he became a favourite both with Turenne, and with his own immediate commander, the Duke of Monmouth. After acquiring the admiration of the French general, and the gratitude of Monmouth, who ascribed to Captain Churchill's intrepidity the preservation of his life, in 1674, when only twenty-four years of age, he was appointed by Louis XIV, colonel of an English regiment serving with the French army. His subsequent courtship and marriage are very cursorily described by his present Biographer. We are indeed told of the 'romantic tenderness' and of the 'keen sensibility' expressed in his letters, and of the traits of character clearly to be traced in the epistles of the lady; but no specimens are inserted, though we should have supposed that, without any infringement upon the most rigid delicacy, such extracts might have been selected as should have tended to exhibit the peculiar feelings and views of Marlborough, in this interesting portion of his life. We suspect, however, that this correspondence would not bear the light; that the epistles of the gentleman were fond and foolish, and the rejoinders of the lady petulant and capricious. The union took place in 1678. At this time, Colonel Churchill was in the most intimate confidence of the Duke of York, and employed by him in negotiations of the utmost secresy and delicacy. On one occasion, when despatched by James to London for the purpose of urging decided measures on the part of Charles, it is affirmed that

'arriving at court, colonel Churchill found the king too much alarmed to embrace the violent counsels of his brother; yet the dexterous negociator acquired a new title to the confidence of his patron, by the extreme address with which he executed his commission, and the impression which his representations made on the mind of the king.'

It is certainly possible that Churchill proved himself a 'dexterous' agent, but it does not appear, either in the illustrations or in the result, that he acquitted himself with the 'extreme address' ascribed to him by Mr. Coxe. He failed in every point; nor would it seem, by the termination of the business, that he produced the slightest 'impression' on the mind of the King.

This sort of presumptive eulogy, which affirms without proving or supporting, is highly objectionable; and we regret we have to say that there is too much of this kind of writing throughout the work. During a considerable period, Colonel Churchill was the close confidant of James II. When the Gloucester yacht was wrecked in Yarmouth roads, and 'so many persons of consideration perished,' the Duke himself invited his favourite to enter the boat which preserved the few who escaped; and when James was re-called to court by his brother, he procured for Churchill a Scotch barony, and the command of 'the royal regiment of horse guards.' At the same time, the foundations of his future fortune were more deeply laid by the appointment of Lady Churchill to an honourable post near the person of the Princess Anne. On the accession of James, fresh marks of his favour were conferred upon Churchill, and he was despatched to Paris with the official intelligence of the death of Charles; on which occasion, he is said by Burnet, to have expressed to Lord Galway his determination to abandon the King, if any attempt should be made to change the 'religion and 'constitution' of England. In 1685, he was made an English peer. According to Mr. Coxe, he was the principal cause of the defeat of Monmouth in the preceding year. Soon after this, he commenced a correspondence with the Prince of Orange, and when the measure of James's folly and wickedness had reached its consummation, took that decided step which his present Biographer ascribes to 'a sense of patriotism and religion,' but the motives of which, we confess, appear to us extremely doubtful. We are disposed partly to agree with Hume, that such 'conduct was a signal sacrifice, to public virtue, of every duty 'in private life, and required, ever after, the most upright, disinterested, and public spirited behaviour, to render it justifiable.' We do not understand the 'motives of delicacy' which induced him to absent himself from the Upper House, when the question concerning the vacancy of the throne was debated: it might seem that after having appeared in arms against James, the rest could be very little objectionable on the score of indelicacy.

On the accession of William, Marlborough was employed under the Prince of Waldeck, in the Netherlands, and distinguished himself by his courage and conduct, in the important affair of Walcourt. After his return to England, in the same year, he was successfully engaged in the reduction of Cork and of Kinsale. In the commencement of 1691, we find a curious instance of his 'dexterous' versatility, for he is accused, on very good and sufficient evidence, of negotiating with his old master, making large professions of repentance, and holding out vague promises of effectual service. Still, however, he stood high in

the opinion of William, and was designated by the Marquis of Caermarthen, as the 'general of favour.'

'In May, 1691, he accompanied the king to the continent; and was employed in accelerating the military preparations, and assembling the troops for the ensuing campaign. On this occasion he experienced that jealous opposition from the States General and their officers, which afterwards defeated his more important undertakings. Among other suggestions he strongly recommended measures for the security of Mons, the barrier of Flanders; but his advice was rejected, and the place was lost. During this campaign his merit attracted particular notice; and induced discerning judges to prognosticate his future celebrity. Among others, the prince of Vaudemont, being asked by the king to give his opinion on the characters of the English generals, replied, "Kirk has fire, Lanoir thought, Mackay skill, and Colchester bravery; but there is something inexpressible in the Earl of Marlborough. All their virtues seem to be united in his single person. I have lost," he emphatically added, "my wonted skill in physiognomy, if any subject of your majesty can ever attain such a height of military glory, as that to which this combination of sublime perfections must raise him." William acknowledged the propriety of the observation by replying, with a smile, "Cousin, you have done your part in answering my question; and I believe the Earl of Marlborough will do his to verify your prediction."' Vol. I. p. 44.

The numerous intrigues connected with the variances between Queen Mary and the Princess Anne, Marlborough's disgrace and committal to the Tower, his subsequent correspondence with the exiled family, together with his restoration to the ostensible favour of William, and his appointment to the office of governor to the son of the Princess Anne, are distinctly, though briefly narrated in the present work. In 1698, Marlborough gave his eldest daughter to the only son of his friend Lord Godolphin; and in January 1699—1700, he united his lovely and accomplished daughter Anne, to Lord Spencer, the only son of the celebrated Earl of Sunderland. This latter marriage was afterwards productive of considerable uneasiness to the parents of Lady Anne, for Spencer, instead of yielding himself implicitly, as they expected, to their political direction, proved to be steady in his rejection of all control.

'Lord Spencer in person was highly favoured by nature, and no less liberally gifted with intellectual endowments, which he had improved by assiduous study. He was remarkable for a sedateness above his years; but in him a bold and impetuous spirit was concealed under a cold and reserved exterior. Imbued with that ardent love of liberty, which the youthful mind generally draws from the writers of Greece and Rome, and educated amidst the effervescence which produced the revolution, he was a zealous champion of the whig doctrines, in their most enlarged sense. Associating with the

remnant of republicans who had survived the common-wealth, he caught their spirit. He was an animated speaker; and in the warmth of debate, disdained to spare the prejudices or failings even of those with whom he was most intimately connected. His political idol was lord Somers, though he wanted both the prudence and temper of so distinguished a leader.' Vol. I. p. 74.

In 1700, the king tried the experiment of dismissing the Whigs, and committing the conduct of Government to the management of the Tory party. Of the new parliament elected in this year, Robert Harley was chosen Speaker, and in this instance, as well as on future occasions, his political advancement was 'zealously promoted' by Marlborough, who could not anticipate that in this subtle and tergiversating intriguer, he was patronising a future rival, who should retaliate upon him the injuries of the deserted James. Previously, however, to the King's death, the royal favour was restored to the Whigs, and in his later arrangements for the administration of government, William was guided by the counsels of Somers. The last advice given by the King to his successor, is affirmed to have been, that she should employ 'Marlborough as the most proper 'person in her dominions, to lead her armies, and direct her 'counsels.'

The accession of the new sovereign was the auspicious opening of the golden period of Marlborough's life. His Countess and himself had remained attached to the Princess through all the changes of her fortunes; and although it is sufficiently clear that their devotedness to her interest was little more than a shrewd political calculation, it was repaid by the weak and warm hearted Anne, with all the fervour and sincerity of pure and strong affection. She considered them as martyrs to her cause, and gave herself up to their direction. The ministerial appointments were made in great measure under the influence of Marlborough, who, though not a very warm partisan, leaned to the Tory side. But his great object was, no doubt, the advancement of his own fortune and power, by obtaining the direction of the war against France; and he succeeded in those preliminary arrangements which ultimately led to the accomplishment of his purpose. In the mean time, minor acquisitions were not neglected; the Garter, the Captainship-general, and the direction of the Ordnance Department, for himself, sundry profitable offices for his Countess, and a variety of good things for his family and immediate connexions, were among the earliest distributions of the new Fountain of wealth and honours. We fully coincide, however, with Mr. Coxe, in his opinion, that the influence of the Countess of Marlborough has been much overrated. Her vile and imperious temper seems to have disgusted the Queen, at the very commencement of her reign, and the following remarks appear to us, in all respects, just.

'Swift observes, that the alienation of the queen from the duchess of Marlborough commenced at her accession. This opinion, which is correct, he evidently formed from the information of Mrs. Masham and Mr. Hatley.

'The duchess herself, in her Conduct, has so far overrated her influence, as to assume the merit of having procured the nomination of the principal whig ministers, after the queen's accession, and her assertions have been implicitly adopted by those writers who are not acquainted with the secret history of the times. The fact is, that on points of minor consideration, the recommendation of the favourite was often attended with effect, but in the great arrangements of state she had no real interest. She felt and even resented this mortification, though in vain; and she has made it a subject of complaint in one of her manuscript narratives. A tory administration was formed in spite of her remonstrances; and from this cause as well as from this period of time, we trace a series of incessant bickerings with the queen The discrimination invariably made by Anne between the two parties, who were contending for power, furnished an inexhaustible source of controversy; and this discordance of sentiment, though trifling in its origin, increased in vehemence on every subsequent change, till it ended in open and irreconcilable enmity.'

pp. 116, 117, Note.

Anne, from the timidity of her character, was averse from the hazards of war; but it was made clear to her, that the honour and interest of England were concerned in maintaining her continental alliances, and in resisting the undisguised encroachments of the French king. Louis had, indeed, at this time, contrived to place himself in a most formidable attitude. His armies menaced, from commanding positions, Germany, Holland, and Italy; his grandson occupied the Spanish throne; and the intrigues of the Pretender gave the means of harassing and enfeebling the exertions of Great Britain. After various negotiations, and the removal of many difficulties, Marlborough was appointed to the command of the allied armies on the Lower Rhine. Mr. C. describes him as suffering before his departure the 'keenest anguish' at his separation from his wife, and tells us, with all possible gravity, that 'no lover ever quitted an 'adored mistress with more poignant sorrow, than he felt on 'taking leave of his Countess!' He did, however, take leave of her; and early in July, 1702, assumed the command of the troops. The first transactions in which he was engaged, afforded a presage of the vexations and entanglements which were to embarrass and impede his future operations. The difficulty of collecting the various contingents, the necessity of adjusting so many conflicting claims, and of soothing so many captious tempers, but above all, the constant and teazing interference of a set of *incubi*, in the shape of Dutch generals, and Dutch deputies, make it matter of real astonishment, not only that he ac-

complished so much, but that he was able to succeed in any enterprise whatever. In three instances during the campaign, he had it in his power to force the enemy to battle under circumstances that, humanly speaking, would have ensured their defeat; but the timidity of the deputies, and the tardy movements of the Dutch officers, withheld him, and the campaign terminated with the capture of a few fortresses, the possession of which was of advantage for his future movements.

'In closing our narrative of military transactions, we cannot neglect to render justice to the candour and liberality of Athlone. The veteran general, instead of indulging that jealousy, which too often rankles in less noble minds, seized an early opportunity to acknowledge his own errors, and applaud the merits of his illustrious colleague. "The success of this campaign," he said, "is solely due to this incomparable chief, since I confess that I, serving as second in command, opposed in all circumstances his opinion and proposals." No panegyric can equal this candid avowal. It is alike honourable to the general by whom it was made, and to him whom no obstructions could divert from the accomplishment of his beneficial designs.'

Vol. I. p. 147.

The Queen availed herself of the satisfaction universally expressed at the conduct of the campaign, to confer a dukedom on the successful commander; and it is amusing to observe the various ways taken by both Marlborough and his wife, to obtain the addition of substantial wealth to the unprofitable title. A specimen of the insatiable avarice of the dutchess and of her husband, is afforded by the fact, that Anne having settled 5000*l.* a year on Marlborough, out of a disposable fund, wished to add to it a pension of 2000*l.* from the privy purse; this was firmly declined; but on the disgrace of the dutchess, it was claimed and received, together with the whole of the arrears from the time when it was offered and rejected. During his stay in England, we find Marlborough giving his warm sanction to the detestable bill for preventing occasional conformity, intended to weaken the influence of the Whigs, by depriving them of the support of the Dissenters, who then, as now, threw their interest into the scale of that party which advocated the most liberal principles. This tyrannical measure was, of course, affirmed by its favourers, to be perfectly compatible with civil and religious freedom, and the act was prefaced with the usual *quantum* of hypocritical profession.

'In the preamble persecution was disclaimed, and the principles of toleration warmly asserted; but the provisions of the act were not the less severe, and indeed were calculated to exclude all, except zealous churchmen, from every office of trust or honour. Even the privilege of freedom in corporations was taken away. As if to increase the hardship of exclusion, no time was limited for giving information against offenders, no rule laid down to define the nature of

the offence, and the penalties were so severe as in many cases to threaten utter ruin.' Vol. I. p. 158.

The attempt failed; it passed the Commons, but encountered the most vigorous opposition in the House of Lords. But all the schemes of ambition were for a season suspended in the mind of Marlborough, by the loss of his only son, a promising youth of seventeen, who died on the 20th February, 1703. This was a most severe stroke: it wounded him not only in his affection, but in his ambition, since it deprived him of the hope that a regular succession might perpetuate in his family his name and honours. Long after this heavy affliction, we find him reverting to it. The following letter to the Dutchess, dated August 2, 1703, we cite as a specimen of his domestic correspondence.

'"I have received your's of the 23d, which has given me, as you may easily believe, a good deal of trouble. I beg you will be so kind and just to me, as to believe the truth of my heart, that my greatest concern is for that of your own dear health. It was a great pleasure to me when I thought that we should be blessed with more children; but as all my happiness centers in living quietly with you. I do conjure you, by all the kindness I have for you, which is as much as ever man had for woman, that you will take the best advice you can for your health, and then follow exactly what shall be prescribed for you, and I do hope you will be so good as to let me have an exact account of it, and what the physicians' opinions are. If I were with you I would endeavour to persuade you to think as little as is possible of worldly business, and to be very regular in your diet, which I should hope would set you right in a very little time, for you have naturally a very good constitution. You and I have great reason to bless God for all we have, so that we must not repine at his taking our poor child from us, but bless and praise him for what his goodness leaves us; and I do beseech him with all my heart and soul that he would comfort and strengthen both you and me, not only to bear this, but any other correction that he shall think fit to lay on us. The use I think we should make of this his correction is, that our chiefest time should be spent in reconciling ourselves to him, and having in our minds always that we may not have long to live in this world. I do not mean by this, that we should live retired from the world; for I am persuaded that by living in the world, one may do much more good than by being out of it, but at the same time to live so as that one should cheerfully die when it shall be his pleasure to call for us. I am very sensible of my own frailties; but if I can be ever so happy as to be always with you, and that you comfort and assist me in these my thoughts, I am then persuaded I should be as happy and contented as it is possible to be in this world; for I know we should both agree next to our duty to God, to do what we ought for the queen's service."' Vol. I. pp. 170, 171.

The campaign of 1703 was opened by the French, under many advantages. They still occupied their commanding posts in Germany and Italy; and though they had been foiled, and driven

back, by Marlborough, on the Meuse, yet they had sustained no defeat; their army was unbroken, and their resources were entire. Had the British General's hands been unfettered, he would, in all probability, have soon compelled the French army to retreat; but the selfish, captious, and perverse conduct of the Dutch generals, again compelled him to waste the campaign in sieges. In the mean time, he was under the necessity of carrying on a different kind of warfare in England. The ministry were divided: the more decided Tories, with Rochester and Nottingham at their head, were averse from the grand schemes of continental exertion, which were promoted by Marlborough and Godolphin. Rochester was dismissed, and the Dutchess, who was a clamorous Whig, was persevering in her efforts to persuade her husband to connect himself with the party which she preferred. Harassed and exhausted by all these intrigues and differences, Godolphin and the Duke, either in earnest or in menace, began to hint an intention of retiring. The following letter from the Queen, is in answer to a threat of this kind. It may be necessary to apprise some of our readers, that in Anne's private correspondence with the Dutchess, she was accustomed to adopt the name of Morley, while Mr. and Mrs. Freeman denote the Duke and his wife, and Mr. Montgomery stands for Godolphin.

' " The thoughts that both my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman seem to have of retiring, give me no small uneasiness, and therefore I must say something on that subject. It is no wonder at all that people in your posts should be weary of the world, who are so continually troubled with all the hurry and impertinencies of it; but give me leave to say you should a little consider your faithful friends and poor country, which must be ruined if ever you put your melancholy thoughts in execution. As for your poor unfortunate faithful Morley, she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone. I never will forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Montgomery, but always be your constant and faithful friend, and we four must never part till death mows us down with his impartial hand." '
Vol. I. p. 202.

The campaign closed under the most gloomy prospects, and it appeared probable, that another year would enable the French monarch to break up the confederacy, by compelling the emperor to sign a treaty of submission under the very walls of Vienna. The Hungarian insurrection was gaining ground; the Bavarians were in full strength on the Danube; Villars had secured the defiles of the Black Forest; and the house of Austria seemed on the very verge of the lowest humiliation. It

was under these circumstances that the English General planned and executed that admirable scheme which changed the fortunes of the war, gave Austria a breathing time, and commenced that series of triumphs, which made the name of *Malbrouk* as great a terror to France, as that of Richard had been to the Saracens. In April, 1704, he quitted England for this brilliant service, and soon after his departure, Nottingham was compelled to resign his office in the administration; a step which, though it was immediately conducive to the success of the great plans of Marlborough, yet ultimately led to his fall, since it introduced into the more important offices of government, Harley and St. John.

'Many of the zealous whigs were highly offended at these appointments, which they regarded as a slight to their party; and their complaints were imparted to Marlborough by his son in law, lord Sunderland. But he had still more vehement expostulations to encounter from his duchess. She depicted the attachment and zeal professed by Harley, as mere artifices to clothe his consummate subtlety; and her keen sagacity equally discovered the insatiable ambition and party zeal, which in St. John was cloaked with the appearance of unaffected candour, and careless vivacity. She conjured her husband to moderate his confidence towards two statesmen, whom she regarded as doubtful friends, if not dangerous enemies. Marlborough, however, neglected these warnings, from the honourable motive of regarding merit and abilities in the choice of his confidents, and from a native magnanimity of character, which was as unsuspicious as it was itself above suspicion. He thus unconsciously prepared the way for his subsequent mortification and final disgrace.' Vol. I. p. 233.

Marlborough had now commenced an undertaking of the utmost difficulty; he had to disengage himself and his army from the Dutch, and at the same time to conceal his real intentions, under the pretence of some less hazardous scheme. At length he succeeded in every point, and commenced his march ostensibly for the Moselle, but in reality for Bavaria. At Mondelsheim he met Prince Eugene, and they were afterwards joined by the Margrave Louis of Baden. With the first he contracted a close intimacy, which was never afterwards broken, nor even impaired; but the last seemed to be the legitimate representative of the Dutch generals, able, but dilatory, jealous, and punctilious. The Margrave often occasioned the greatest uneasiness to Marlborough, and prevented the completion of the best arranged enterprises. In order to cover his dominions from the intended attack, the Elector of Bavaria had taken up two formidable positions, one of which it was necessary to force, for the purpose of securing the passage of the Danube. On the 2d of July, after a long and fatiguing march,

Marlborough came in front of the Schellenberg, a fortified height above the town and fortress of Donawert, defended by a strong body of Bavarian troops. The fortifications were as yet imperfect, and since every hour's delay tended to multiply the resources of the enemy, the British general made his dispositions immediately, and after a sanguinary conflict, forced the lines. The subsequent possession of Donawert gave him the command of the Danube, and he lost no time in advancing into the territories of the Elector. We are sorry to add, that he tarnished his fame by licensing his troops to lay waste the country, a measure of which the barbarity is in no degree extenuated by the examples of other commanders, who have sanctioned similar excesses. At length, the French Marshal Tallard joined the troops of the Elector, with a strong force, and prince Eugene, who had been manœuvring against him with an inferior army, opened his communication with Marlborough. The first step of these great generals was, to relieve themselves from the presence of the unmanageable Margrave, whom they persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt. After various movements, the Gallo-Bavarian army took up a strong position in advance of Hochstett, and behind a swampy rivulet called the Nebel. The ground was favourable, and the advantages on the side of the French were considerable. The streamlet in their front was impassable, excepting in particular points, which were of course protected; their extreme right rested on the Danube, and was covered by the fortified and strongly garrisoned village of Blenheim; the village of Oberglauh was occupied as a support to the centre, and the village of Lutzingen served as a *point d'appui* to the left. The hostile armies were respectively 56,000 and 52,000 men, the higher number belonging to the army of Tallard and the Elector. In the position of the French and Bavarians there were, however, certain weak points, which such men as Marlborough and Eugene were not likely to overlook. That acute but self-sufficient critic Feuquieres, enumerates exactly a dozen cardinal errors on the part of his countrymen, some of which, we confess, appear to us rather captiously selected. The great error seems to have consisted in the arrangement, by which the centre was weakened for the purpose of filling the village of Blenheim with troops, part of whom might certainly have been more advantageously employed elsewhere. After all, we suspect that the position, though admirably chosen, in itself considered, was yet somewhat too extensive for the number of men by whom it was occupied. The attack of the French right and centre was consigned to Marlborough, who began the action by an attempt to carry the village of Blenheim, which was completely unsuccessful, and after an immense loss, the troops were compelled to shelter

themselves behind the crest of a rising ground. In the meantime the British centre, after sustaining several charges of cavalry, maintained itself on the right bank of the Nebel. In the various manœuvres which effected and followed this success, the English General appears to us to have conducted himself with consummate skill, self-possession, and intrepidity. He presented himself at every difficult point, and in particular, when the conflict had assumed the most disastrous aspect in the vicinity of Obergiauh, through the cowardice or insubordination of the imperial cavalry, the duke in person took the command of the troops in that quarter, and by a series of decisive movements, established his brigades on the contested ground. Marlborough then formed his divisions for the final attack, and after a fierce and doubtful struggle, bore down the opposing lines. During these transactions, Eugene with the right wing, had been vainly striving by a succession of desperate charges, to drive back the left wing of the French army, commanded by the Elector of Bavaria. After having with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in turning the left flank of the Bavarians, and in occupying a position, which though somewhat in advance, was yet extremely hazardous, he had been compelled to wait the result of the battle on his left. Witnessing the success of Marlborough, he advanced on the Elector, who, with Marsin, commenced an orderly retreat; but the French right was completely broken, numbers were drowned in the Danube, and the whole division which had been posted in Blenheim, was constrained to surrender. Marshal Tallard was among the prisoners.

The victory of Blenheim broke down at once the supremacy of France, quelled the terror which her arms had so long inspired, and gave a new character to the war. The French generals now lost their presumptuous confidence of success, and shunned, with pertinacious timidity, every hazard of committing themselves in battle with Marlborough upon equal terms. And yet, when we examine their various details of the transactions of this war, it may, it is true, be collected from them, that such an officer had the command of the British troops; but that he ever succeeded in defeating the armies of France, is carefully concealed or evaded. Feuquieres does indeed speak of Marlborough, as having brought a body of auxiliary troops to the aid of Eugene; but the latter is mentioned by him as the principal commander. 'The right wing of Prince Eugene,' is a phrase which implies that the whole of the army was under his command. The fact, on the contrary, is, that Eugene commanded only the right wing, whose share in the battle consisted chiefly in a series of fierce, and unsuccessful attacks, without the opportunity for the exercise of much skill and science; whereas in the centre and on the left, both of which

were under the direction of Marlborough, not only there was much severe fighting, but a number of difficult and complicated movements and manœuvres were necessary to turn the fortune of the day.

Bu. Feuquieres is constrained to do justice to the genius of Marlborough, though he carefully avoids naming him for he is compelled to admit that the formation of the troops on the left, was, although *bizarre*, yet *judicieusement pensé*. Now, this is the highest praise of a commander, that in adaptation of circumstances, he can depart from a servile adherence to rule and routine, and invent for himself new modes and facilities of action. Nor does he deal fairly with Tallard, who certainly fought bravely and stubbornly, and as certainly availed himself of some of those opportunities and advantages which his critic intimates that he neglected.

The military results of this important action, led to the passage of the Rhine, the surrender of Landau, and the possession of strong winter-quarters on the Moselle. After a diplomatic journey to Berlin, and a politic visit to Hanover, Marlborough returned by the Hague to England, where, though he met with the usual proportion of annoyance from his political opponents, he was indemnified by ample honours and recompenses, among which were the manor of Woodstock, and the palace of Blenheim.

The respective characters of the celebrated ' Junta' of the five whig leaders, the lords Somers, Wharton, Halifax, Orford, and Sunderland, are on the whole faithfully portrayed, and accurately discriminated by our author. At all times their talents and activity had given them great influence, but at the present period, they began to act a more conspicuous and effective part. Disgusted by the violence and mere party spirit of the mass of the Tories, Marlborough and Godolphin were led to conciliate the Whigs by more decided steps. The situation of the Duke, in the midst of all these cabals, was not a little embarrassing. His own political views were, in general, of a moderate and intermediate kind, with a bias, however, toward the Tories, as, on the whole, the fittest instruments for his system of administration; but, chiefly, because the inclinations of the Queen were decidedly in favour of the avowed principles of that party. Godolphin, whose habits of thinking were very much in unison with those of Marlborough, was of a weaker and more fluctuating cast of mind, and must have frequently given great annoyance to his firmer colleague, by his timidity and his hesitation. But the Dutchess seems to have been her husband's arch-tormentor: her whig principles were little suited to his practical politics, and still less to the tory prejudices of the Queen. The letters of the Duke to this intriguing and vexatious termagant,

shew the perpetual state of restlessness in which he was kept by her temper; they are marked by a pervading tone of deprecation; and his unwearied assurances of his anxious inclination to desist from the harassing duties of his profession, and, apart from war and politics, to enjoy domestic life in her society, indicate unequivocal symptoms of a real disposition to remain at a tranquillizing distance from her reproaches and complaints.

'It has been generally asserted that Marlborough evinced the same weakness as Belisarius, in submitting to the government of his wife. It cannot indeed be denied that in domestic life he indulged her caprices: and that in conferring offices of more emolument than trust, he occasionally listened to her recommendation. But the whole series of his correspondence shews that she possessed no influence in political affairs of importance, and was suffered to take no share in those arrangements which give character to the administration of government. The whigs, whose interest she particularly claims the merit of promoting, were little indebted to her importunities, and owed their introduction to power to the fears of the treasurer, to their strength in parliament, and above all to the conviction of Marlborough, that the war could not be vigorously prosecuted without their support.' Vol. I. p. 877.

The campaign of 1705, was commenced by Marlborough on the Moselle, but the gross misconduct of the Margrave of Baden, and the prudent tactics of Villars, prevented the accomplishment of his designs; and the movements of Villeroy on the Meuse, induced him to abandon all his previous plans, and to march to the assistance of the Dutch. His arrival changed the aspect of affairs; the French marshal was compelled to fall back, and to shelter himself behind his strong lines on the little Gheet river. Experience has since shewn, that excepting under very peculiar circumstances, this kind of bulwark is at best uncertain, and that an enterprising and skilful enemy will always find a method of breaking through it. In fact, the attempt to fortify a whole country is palpably absurd. There will necessarily occur some weak part, some vantage ground to an enemy; the assailant can always find means to make the movements of defence more harassing than the demonstrations of attack, and it will be always extremely difficult for the defensive commander to distinguish between deceptive and genuine manœuvres. Such was the case in the present instance. By a well-devised and boldly executed feint, Marlborough attracted the attention of Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria to a particular point, and by a series of rapid and skilfully combined marches, forced his passage in a different quarter with very slight loss. But all his subsequent measures for compelling the enemy to a battle on terms advantageous to himself, were completely thwarted by the Dutch generals, and especially by Slangenberg. On one occasion, in particular, where Marlborough had made every dispo-

sition for an attack in full confidence of success, this petulant, and vile tempered Dutchman conducted himself with the grossest outrage and insubordination, and, by his influence with the deputies and generals, compelled the Duke to abandon his intention, exclaiming, in grief and mortification, 'I am at this moment *ten* years older than I was four days ago.' So glaring and insolent an interference with the well-digested schemes of a commander in chief, was not to be tolerated, if any expectation were indulged of vigorous measures and ultimate success; and accordingly, though the Duke conducted himself with exemplary moderation, the general indignation produced the salutary effect of exonerating him from blame, and removing Slangenberg from the army. But the mischief was done, and the campaign terminated without any further signal success. Marlborough's time and talents were, however, fully occupied in a variety of intricate negotiations, which induced him to visit Vienna, Berlin, Hanover, and the Hague, previously to his return to England. During these transactions, the different parties at home, were annoying each other by all possible means, and the Duke was, as usual, one of the principal objects of aspersion by the advocates of the Tory side, who were unable to forgive his coalition with the Whigs. A curious anecdote is told of Harley, in this part of the work. Godolphin and his great coadjutor had taken much pains to effect a union of the moderate Tories, of whom Harley and St. John were the ostensible leaders, with the Whig party, and in furtherance of this desirable purpose,

'A dinner was arranged by the two ministers, at the house of Harley. The company consisted, on one side, of Harley and St. John, and on the other of Halifax, Sunderland, and Boyle, together with Godolphin and Marlborough. Somers was also invited, but going to his country house, sent an excuse in terms which proved that he concurred in sentiment with those who were present. The entertainment passed with great spirit, and apparent cordiality, though the whigs could not refrain from indicating the suspicions which they still fostered of Harley's subtle and trimming character. The anecdote will be best related in the words of lord Cowper, who was himself one of the actors. "On the departure of lord Godolphin, Harley took a glass, and drank to love and friendship, and everlasting union, and wished he had more Tokay to drink it in; we had drank two bottles good, but thick. I replied, his white Lisbon was best to drink it in, being very *clear*. I suppose he apprehended it (as I observed most of the company did) to relate to that humour of his, which was never to deal clearly or openly; but always with reserve, if not dissimulation, or rather simulation; and to love tricks when not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning."' Vol. I. pp. 522, 3.

The exertions of Marlborough were a edged by the emperor Joseph, in the strongest terms; ar 1705, he wa created a prince of the empire, with the additional grant of the territor of Mindelheim, yielding an annual revenue of nearly £2000 This territorial acquisition did not, however, remain long in his possession. It had originally belonged to Bavaria, and was restored at the conclusion of peace.

Notwithstanding the brilliant successes of Marlborough, he had been so completely counteracted by the jealousy, or perhaps, in some instances, the treachery of his coadjutors, as to be prevented from following up and completing them, by a transfer of the seat of war to the country of the enemy. But his military character began now to stand so high, and the true interests of the grand alliance to be so much more clearly understood, that he obtained a greater degree of confidence from the different powers, and a more implicit deference from the officers of all nations by whom he was surrounded. Still, however, he was pressed upon by many and formidable difficulties. The Emperor urged him to resume the command on the Moselle; but it was his own wish to join Eugene in Italy, where the activity of Vendome had so shattered the forces of the Imperialists, as to reduce them to a system cautiously defensive.

This plan was defeated by various circumstances; but the alarm occasioned by the success of Villars against the prince of Baden on the Upper Rhine, extorted from the Dutch an assurance that the plans of the General should no longer be thwarted by the cabals of nominally inferior authorities. Still, Marlborough entered upon the service of the campaign with (in his own phrase) 'a heavy heart.' Expecting that the French commanders would limit themselves to defensive manœuvres, he anticipated no such results as would give a favourable and decided change to the general aspect of the war. His active and well-conceived measures were, however, successful in compelling his antagonists to alter their plans. Trusting to a secret intelligence with an inhabitant of Namur, he determined, by possessing himself of that important fortress, to turn the right flank of the French lines, and with this view he advanced on Tirlemont, with a force somewhat inferior in amount to that of the enemy. Namur was a possession of too much value to be lost without an effort to preserve it. Villeroy accordingly put his army in motion without delay, and having established himself in the strong position of Mont St. André, awaited the attack of the allies. The celebrated action of Ramillies which followed, seems to have been most admirably fought, on the part of Marlborough. His first movement, which, by alarming Villeroy for his left, led him to *ungarnish* his centre and right, contributed essentially to the success of t[illegible] day. Every

subsequent error of the enemy was marked and turned to account by the vigilance of the English General, and after some hard fighting and skilful manœuvring, he succeeded in routing the right wing of the French, and in establishing his troops on the heights of Ottomond, the key to their position. An attempt on the part of the enemy, to accomplish their retreat in good order, was rendered ineffectual by a series of vigorous charges, and the French army was driven, in rapid flight, behind the canal of Brussels. It was impossible, as it seems to us, for the duties of a commanding officer to have been more consummately discharged, than they were by Marlborough on this occasion. His person was, at one time, in the greatest danger, and it was by his own specific exertions, most ably seconded by the gallant Dutch veteran Overkirk, that the decisive movements of the battle were effected. But a higher praise than this, the praise of careful humanity, belongs to the British General; and we are happy to advert to it in this place, because he has been accused, on most respectable authority, of gross failure in this respect. In Dr. Doddridge's life of Colonel Gardiner, in reference to this very battle it is affirmed to have been the Duke's 'constant method' to pursue his advantages, 'without ever regarding the wounded.' In one of his own letters on a subsequent occasion, we find Marlborough declaring it 'most scandalous' to leave behind 'cannon 'and wounded men;' and in the present instance, Mr. Coxe affirms that

'The humanity displayed by the victorious general towards his prisoners, deserves to be recorded for the applause of an impartial posterity. The sick and wounded were lodged in hospitals, and treated with the same care and attention as the troops of the allies. The prisoners were conveyed into Holland with the sympathy due to their misfortune; and supplied with all the comforts which their situation required. To the beneficent example which Marlborough displayed on this, as on other occasions, we are indebted for the refined tenderness which has taken place in the intercourse of hostile armies. This virtue extorted the admiration even of the enemy; and a French writer pays a just eulogium to our great commander, for a quality which could not be said to distinguish the chiefs of his own and preceding ages. "Marlborough always shewed the utmost attention to his prisoners, and set the example of that humanity which has since soothed the horrors and calamities of war." ' Vol. II. p. 23.

The surrender of the chief towns in Brabant, was the immediate consequence of this splendid victory. After having taken Ostend, Menin, and other strong places, it was the intention of Marlborough to close the campaign with the siege of Mons, but the timidity of the Dutch prevented the accomplishment of his design. If this great officer had been per-

mitted to form his own plans, it is probable at the consequences of the battle of Ramillies would have been far more important; but, teazed on the one hand by the short-sightedness of Godolphin, who pressed for the siege of Dunkirk, and on the other, by the selfishness of the States General, who wished to strengthen their frontier, he wasted in sieges, the season which, had he been left to his own discretion, he would most probably have employed in more effective enterprises. In the mean time, Marlborough was annoyed by appeals from every quarter. The soul and centre of every negotiation, he was addressed on all occasions of difficulty. The Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia were on unpleasant terms, and Marlborough was the successful mediator; Ragotzki and the Hungarian insurgents entreated his good offices; Eugene, from Italy, applied most urgently to him for money and for troops; the Duke of Savoy pressed him for assistance; the discontents and variances of the British Generals in Spain, were referred to him; and above all, he was incessantly assailed by Godolphin and the Dutchess, the former of whom derived firmness and decision from his counsels, while the latter wearied him with her complaints against the Queen, the Tories, and himself. But we pass over, for the present, the political intrigues carried on in England, that we may follow Marlborough without interruption through the whole of his military career.

At this period, the anxious attention of Europe was excited by the appearance of that eccentric monarch, Charles XII. of Sweden, on a scene of action near enough to make it of the utmost consequence to ascertain his ultimate views. After having dissolved with unexampled intrepidity and ability, the triple alliance formed for the detestable purpose of oppressing his kingdom during the nonage of its sovereign, he had now led his army into Saxony, where, not satisfied with compelling the Elector Augustus to comply with the most mortifying terms, he seemed disposed to interfere in the dispute between the Emperor and the French. The court of Versailles employed bribery, intrigue, negotiation, in order to procure his assistance, and endeavoured by every possible artifice, to inflame his resentment against the Emperor, on account of certain injuries and insults which the Swedish monarch threatened to avenge. Marlborough, whose intelligence seems to have been at once extensive and minute, actually obtained a copy of the secret instructions given to the French agent at the court of Charles. Under these circumstances, he determined on paying a visit to the camp of Alt Ranstadt, and after having made some necessary arrangements at the Hague, and a stay of a few hours at Hanover, he reached the place of his destination, on the 24th April, 1707. 'The Swede,' highly gra[illegible] this occa-

tion, received his visitant with the utmost graciousness, and appeared to be perfectly captivated by his polished manners, and insinuating address. The outlines of this negotiation are found in all the histories of the time, and its details, though highly interesting, are too minute for insertion here. Mr. Coxe has given a very animated and authentic narrative of the facts, with a judicious selection from the original correspondence, which he closes with a very curious paper, containing the account, transmitted to Louis XIV. by Besenval, the French agent, under a feigned name and character, of the negotiations between Charles and Marlborough. It must, however, be remarked, that though the skill and address of the English negotiator were beyond all praise, much of his success must be ascribed to Charles's obstinate determination to inflict a signal vengeance on the Tsar of Muscovy; a settled purpose to which he made all other plans and enterprises whatsoever give way.

The campaign of 1707, was every where disastrous to the Allies. The fatal battle of Almanza wrecked their army in Spain; the expedition to Toulon failed under Eugene and the Duke of Savoy; Villars obtained advantages on the Upper Rhine; and Marlborough was prevented by the Dutch, from undertaking any effectual enterprise against Vendome. Still, in the exhausted state of the French monarchy, the mere protraction of the war was deeply felt, and this circumstance, together with the elevation of spirit produced by their successes, was sufficient to induce the generals and the government of France, to concur in determining to hazard a battle as soon as the proper season for action should return. They commenced the campaign with a well concerted movement, which gave them possession by surprise of Bruges and Ghent, and enabled them to invest Oudenard. But Marlborough, who had been joined by Eugene, immediately entered upon a series of bold offensive movements, and anticipated the enemy in the very camp which they intended to occupy in order to cover the siege. The battle of Oudenard, which followed this manœuvre, appears to have been most ably fought under the direction of Marlborough. Its success was greatly due to the intrepidity and ability of the aged Overkirk. Vendome, though thwarted by the waywardness of the Duke of Burgundy, discharged the duties of a gallant soldier and able officer, and when all was lost, made a noble effort to effect the retreat in order; but his courage and skill were ill seconded, and he was left, by the other generals, to exert himself almost singly, at the head of a small and disheartened body of troops, to interpose a barrier between the routed army and its pursuers. At this crisis Marlborough made a proposition which, in our opinion, does him higher honour than any of his actual victories, and which clearly shews, that had he been left unshackled, and free to

avail himself of the full resources of his powerful mind, he would have anticipated many of the grand combinations of modern times, instead of creeping feebly on from siege to siege, and wasting time and power without any adequate result. He proposed to mask Lille, and advance at once into the heart of France. This plan, if successful, would probably have finished the war in a single campaign; but it was impossible to persuade the Dutch to listen to it, and even Eugene was staggered at its boldness. The siege of Lille was, at length, determined on; and even this enterprise, such was the strength of the fortress, and such the means provided for its defence, was considered as hazardous, and treated by the French generals with contempt and ridicule. The various and complicated movements which were made by the different armies, are distinctly described by Mr. Coxe, with the help of Major Smith, an officer on whose scientific knowledge Mr. C. has depended for the accuracy of all his military details; they are however at once too multiplied and too minute for insertion here. The conduct of the siege was undertaken by Eugene, while Marlborough, with the covering army, watched the strong force under Vendôme and Berwick, which was manœuvring for the relief of the town. The French generals made every preparation for an engagement, but the Allies were too strongly posted, and the intention was relinquished. Of all the actions which occurred during the siege, the battle of Wynendale, fought by General Webb, was the most important. With scarcely half the number of his opponents, he made good his ground, and effectually protected a convoy, the loss of which would have saved Lille. After the trenches had been open sixty days, the town surrendered on the 23d October; but the citadel held out till the 9th December, when Boufflers marched out with the honours of war, having signalized his bravery and skill by one of the most pertinacious defences on record. In the mean time, the allied generals had forced, nearly without loss, the passage of the Scheldt, and compelled the French army to retreat.

The negotiations of 1709, were rendered abortive by the extravagant demands of the Allies. The general history of this transaction is sufficiently known; and notwithstanding the feeble endeavour of Archdeacon Coxe to rescue the memory of Marlborough from the imputation of desiring to prolong the war, we apprehend that the charge is completely established by the facts even as stated by himself. The 'perfidy' of Louis has nothing to do with the question; it is enough that Marlborough, deliberately, and without employing his paramount influence at home to procure any mitigation, made, and insisted upon, proposals to the plenipotentiaries of France, which it would have been folly and infamy to have accepted. There were more than

than one, on which a secure and advantageous peace might have been concluded, had Marlborough, Godolphin, and the Whigs, been in earnest.

In the campaign of 1709, Eugene and Marlborough were opposed by Villars, who was not, however, able to prevent them from taking, after a long and sanguinary siege, the strong town of Tournay. After the surrender of this fortress, the Allies, by a series of able manœuvres, passed without loss the lines of the Trouille, and invested Mons. We shall not attempt to detail the complicated movements which preceded and attended the bloody and unprofitable victory of Malplaquet. If the advice said to have been given by Marlborough, to attack Villars on the 10th of September, had been acted upon, much would have been gained by preventing the French from intrenching, but the counsel of Eugene prevailed, and the engagement was deferred till the following day. The conflict was desperate, and the carnage horrible. The generals on both sides conducted themselves with the utmost courage and ability, and the troops rivalled each other in valour and devotedness. Villars was wounded and carried from the field; upon which, Boufflers, finding that all was in disorder, determined on a retreat, which was effected with great regularity. The loss in both armies was dreadful. That on the side of the confederates greatly exceeded that of the French, who were intrenched; but much of it appears to have been owing to the headstrong and uncalculating impetuosity of the young Prince of Orange. The following passage from the letter of a 'French officer of distinction, written soon after the battle,' shews the opinion of those who were qualified to judge even on the enemy's side.

'"The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since till then they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand before them; and indeed, what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of 100,000 of the best troops posted between two woods trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not then own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages.'" Vol. II. pp. 98, 9.

The conferences of Gertruydenberg having proved ineffectual, principally in consequence of the ambitious views of Austria, the campaign of 1710 began on the part of the Allies, with the siege of Douay, which they took, notwithstanding the efforts of Villars to relieve it. The remainder of this year was signalized by the capture of several important towns, but without any action on a large scale. The interval between this and the following campaign, was most disastrous to Marlborough. The merited disgrace of his turbulent wife, and the com-

plete success of the intrigues of Harley, placed him in a most difficult and harassing situation. He continued, however, to retain the command, and in 1711, entered upon his last campaign, which, though no great victory distinguished it, yet, by its entire success in its main objects, against the ablest general France had possessed since the deaths of Turenne and Luxembourg, gave the last finish to his military reputation. Villars, during the cessation of active hostilities, had employed himself and his army in the construction of those formidable lines, which interposed a final barrier between the Allies and France, and of which he publicly boasted, as the *ne plus ultra* of Marlborough. These intrenchments the English general had determined to pass; and after a series of manœuvres of a most complicated and extraordinary kind, by which he completely baffled and deceived the French Marshal, he carried his army across the lines, with scarcely the loss of a man. Villars endeavoured to retrieve his fortune by tempting his opponent to battle on most disadvantageous terms, and Marlborough was urged even by the Dutch deputies to accept the challenge; he declined, however, and wisely, for the strength of the French position was such as to make the attempt madness. The movements connected with the siege of Bouchain, which was taken under the very eye of Villars, are very ably and distinctly described in this work, to which we must refer our readers. This was the last achievement of Marlborough as a general, for the secret negotiations which had been for some time pending between France and England, were now so far advanced, as to render further operations inexpedient.

A particular inquiry into the state of parties during the splendid military career of Marlborough, a subject intimately connected with his public character, and with that period of English history to which his life belongs, would lead us into an extensive field of observation, and be more than we can attempt in the compass to which we must restrict ourselves. A brief sketch of the vicissitudes of party, and of the consequent vexations which Marlborough was doomed to experience, is all we can venture to give. Archdeacon Coxe has certainly furnished many valuable illustrations, and has given the clew to several important trains of investigation; but we should have been better pleased, had he exercised somewhat more decision and impartiality. The conduct of the Whigs, on great occasions, was dignified and patriotic; but the behaviour of the *Junto* was, in not a few instances, arbitrary and oppressive. Nor were they on all occasions steady to their principles; for we find them occasionally disposed, if not absolutely to reject them, at least to leave them in abeyance; as, for instance, when they consented to sanction and support, in direct opposition to their professed

attachment to civil and religious liberty, the bill against occasional conformity, in compliance with the tory prejudices of Lord Nottingham. On these, and on some other points, we expected to derive more information from the present work, than we have found it furnish. We have already adverted to the Queen's decided attachment to the Tories. It is probable that she was withheld only by the strong influence of Marlborough, and the moderation of his principles and of those of Godolphin, from absolutely identifying herself with her favourite party, at the very outset of her reign. Circumstances connected with the personal ambition of Marlborough, and with his views of continental politics, aided by the partialities of the Dutchess, induced him to make common cause with the Whigs, whose liberal principles and independence of feeling, were as little to the taste of Anne, as their want of accommodation to her habits and wishes. The petulance and dictatorial spirit of the Dutchess of Marlborough, very soon excited the disgust and alienated the affections of her mistress; and her introduction of Mrs. Masham, a woman of subtle, intriguing, and yet apparently compliant spirit, to the service of Anne, prepared the way, by the contrast between the engaging manners of a grateful dependent, and the capricious demeanor of a haughty favourite, for the final disgrace of the latter. By a singular coincidence, the Duke had introduced Harley to public service, and seems to have been duped nearly to the end, by the plausible and insinuating manners of that accomplished deceiver. Repeatedly was he warned of his error; most urgently was he pressed by the Whigs to crush the rising intriguer, before his influence should become too strong to be dispossessed; he clung to him to the last, and lent him his patronage almost up to the very point when he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of intreating the protection of his former dependent. Harley was an accomplished man and a dexterous negotiator, but he seems to have been a very miserable statesman. By a long train of subtle and scarcely tangible intrigues, he obtained the direction of the affairs of England, and the favour of Anne; but he soon found that his post was untenable, unless by some decided measure. With a view, therefore, to fix himself at the helm, as the pacificator of England, he entered on clandestine negotiations with France, and concluded the ignominious treaty of Utrecht. St. John, a man of stronger intellect, and of a more determined character, felt that a severe reckoning would sooner or later be exacted for that injurious measure, and boldly stood the hazard of a desperate cast. He procured the dismissal of Harley, and was in the very act of forming a Jacobite Ministry, with the view of altering the succession, and enthroning the Pretender, when the death of Anne terminated his projects, and sent him into merited exile.

The dismissal of the Whigs was the signal for a series of pr secutions directed especially against Marlborough, whose hig military and political character rendered him the great object dread to the new administration. The commissioners of publi accounts charged him with having illegally appropriated larg sums of money to his own use; a charge which he repelled b shewing that they were admitted perquisites, and by the sti more satisfactory allegation, that the money had been spent in pro curing private intelligence. In great part, at least, this defenc was correct; for the extent, the minuteness, and the accuracy of his secret information, were altogether astonishing, and could never have been obtained without the sacrifice of immense sums. Without, however, regarding his defence, the ministry and their adherents assailed him with every weapon of offensive warfare: public prosecutions were commenced against him, the light troops of the party annoyed him with scurrilous lampoons, and no calumny was too gross to swell the catalogue of his imputed crimes. He did not conduct himself in this crisis, with quite so much dignity as the friends of his fame might be disposed to wish; at length, however, finding no abatement of the tempest, he wisely determined on leaving England, until some change should admit of his safe return. He was received on the continent with the highest honours; people and magistrates, garrisons and governors, vied in their demonstrations of respect and admiration to the illustrious exile. He resided for some time at Frankfort, but afterwards removed to Antwerp. During his continental residence, he was fully occupied with an active correspondence with his friends in England, and with the court of Hanover; and, when the death of Anne, and the firmness of the Whigs, had defeated the machinations of Bolingbroke, he returned to his native land with the resumption of his honours, and the restoration of his credit. It ought not, however, to be omitted, that he had adopted the resolution of returning, previously to the Queen's decease, for the express purpose of aiding in the struggle which was expected to ensue.

Marlborough' lsatter years were imbittered by disease and domestic calamity. The loss of two daughters, of whom one, the countess of Sunderland, appears to have been a pious and accomplished woman, and the other, the countess of Bridgewater, is described as 'mild, affectionate and dutiful,' must have wounded him deeply, and no doubt, accelerated the paralytic seizure which soon after affected him. He recovered from this attack, and from subsequent ones, and retained a considerable portion of mental vigour to the last; but it is deeply to be regretted that he was persuaded to lay aside his first intention of resigning his active employments. His speech was affected, and as his appearance and demeanor must have exhibited, rough, perhaps,

under a mitigated aspect, the marks of disease, it was the effect of a degrading selfishness in those who had influence over the debilitated mind of the General, that he was allowed to carry into public life, the shattered relics of his noble form and his nobler mind. He died on the 16th of June, 1722, at the age of 72.

The character of Marlborough may be sufficiently traced from our preceding remarks, we shall however, indulge ourselves in a very few additional observations. He was, beyond all doubt, one of the most extraordinary personages that have ever appeared upon the public stage. Majestic and of finished beauty in his person, dignified and polished in his manners and address, of tranquil temper, and of consummate self-command, he was fitted by nature for a negotiator and a courtier. His calm and prompt good sense, and his peculiar clearness of head, qualified him for the high post of command, and for the enormous mass of business which he was able to manage and execute apparently with perfect ease; for he was, in fact, the captain-general and the prime minister, not of England only, but of Europe. His epistolary correspondence alone might seem to have been the business of a diligent life. As a statesman he was, in general, actuated by large views, just discrimination, and a vigorous policy. But it was as a military commander that he was most distinguished. He appears to have been a consummate master of stratagem; his marches, his choice of positions, his manœuvres in the field, were of the most admirable kind. We do not recollect that he ever gave his antagonists an advantage over him by an error in this respect. In action he was cool and intrepid, observing with vigilant eye the evolutions of his enemy, and availing himself with promptitude and decision of every misjudged movement. In a word, though opposed by the best generals and the best troops of the most military nation in Europe, he was *always* successful. He never fought a battle which he did not win, nor besieged a town which he did not take. He baffled the genius and enterprise of Villars, and when he retired from the command, the ground that he had gained was rapidly lost, though guarded by the skill and valour of Eugene.

Of his faults we have no wish to speak; but the better features of his character are favourably delineated in the following extract from Mr. Coxe's last chapter.

'He was equally regular and exemplary, in the performance of moral and religious duties. The principles, which he had imbibed in his early years, were indelibly impressed on his mind; and in courts and camps, as well as in domestic life, he exhibited the same pious confidence in the protection of an over-ruling Providence. He was a firm believer in the truths of the Christian Revelation, and zealously attached to the doctrines of the Established Church. Hence, he was

punctual in his attendance on the divine offices, a frequent communicant, and manifested a devotion, fervent, but calm, and no less remote from enthusiasm, than from indifference.

'Though brought up in a licentious court, and seduced, in his youth, by evil example, he maintained an inviolable respect for the nuptial union. From the time of his marriage with the object of his affections, he resisted every temptation of courts and camps; and, amidst all the calumnious imputations which have been heaped on his memory, the aggravated malice of his political adversaries has never thrown the slightest suspicion on his conjugal fidelity.

'The operation of these principles was not only felt in his own conduct, but extended their influence to his family, and to all who were subject to his authority. He was never known to utter an indecent word, or to give an example of levity. He even severely reproved those who presumed to offend his ears with loose expressions, and resented them, both as a personal affront, and as an act of immorality. He discountenanced the slightest degree of intemperance or licentiousness, and laboured to impress his officers and troops with the same sense of religion which he himself entertained. Divine service was regularly performed in all his fixed camps, both morning and evening; and, on Sundays, sermons were preached, both in field and garrison. Previous to a battle, prayers were offered up at the head of each regiment; and the first act, after a victory, was a solemn thanksgiving. By these means, aided by his own example, "his camp," to use the words of his biographer, who served under him, "resembled a quiet, well-governed city. Cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a sot and a drunkard, was the object of scorn; and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, tractable, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar.'"

Vol. III. pp. 658—660.

Archdeacon Coxe has conferred an obligation on his country, by undertaking and executing his meritorious task. The immense mass of Blenheim papers, and every accessible source of information, published and manuscript, have been laboriously investigated, and the general results are fairly stated. We cannot indeed compliment Mr. C. on having produced a work of high intellect and originality; we cannot rank his volumes with the Greece of Mitford, and the British India of Mill; nor can we conceal our wish that he had given us more of his materials, and rather less of what is his own. But he has preferred a different plan, and notwithstanding what appear to us the minor defects of the work, we are disposed rather to feel grateful to him for what he has done, and, on the whole, done well, than to cavil at his omissions. Portraits, plans, maps, and other graphic illustrations, respectably executed, are liberally interspersed.

Art. II. *Emmeline.* With some other Pieces. By Mary Brunton, Author of Self-Control, and Discipline. To which is prefixed a Memoir of her Life, including some Extracts from her Correspondence. 8vo. pp. 195. [Portrait.] Edinburgh. 1819.

THIS is in all respects a highly interesting volume. The Memoir is from the pen of Dr. Brunton, the husband, whose 'happiness it was for twenty years to watch the workings, 'and to aid the progress, of that noble mind' of which these pages exhibit the history. Mr. Brunton was united to Miss Balfour when she was in her twentieth year. She had received an invitation to reside with Viscountess Wentworth in London, but 'she preferred the quiet and privacy of a Scotch parsonage.' Mr. Brunton was then stationed at Bolton, near Haddington. While resident here, two East Indian wards of his, became inmates of the family, and objects of Mrs. Brunton's maternal care.

'She took a deep interest especially in their religious education; and in instilling into them the principles of their belief, she was led very carefully to re-examine her own. For this important work she had greater facilities now, than she had enjoyed at any former period; and she applied herself to it with all characteristic ardour. Through the grace of God, it gradually led her both to the "knowledge and to the love of the truth as it is in Christ;" to that "anchor of the soul sure and stedfast," on which her hope leaned through life, and was nobly sustained in the near prospect of dissolution. The Shorter Catechism of our Church was the form on which she grounded her instructions to her young pupils; and while, with anxious and successful assiduity, she accommodated its language to their capacity, she never failed to speak in warm admiration, of the vigour and condensation of thought by which it is very peculiarly distinguished.' p. xiii.

After six years, 'tranquilly and happily spent' in East Lothian, she accompanied Mr. Brunton to Edinburgh, in the Autumn of 1803.

'Hitherto,' says her affectionate biographer, 'she does not seem to have been at all aware of the strength of her own mind. Our circle of acquaintance was small. She appeared among them scarcely in any other light than as an active and prudent young housewife; who submitted, with the most cheerful good humour, to the inconveniences of a narrow income; but who contrived, by method and taste, to join comfort with some share of elegance in the whole of her management. Few literary people were within our reach. It was chiefly with me that she talked of what she had read; and, as some of the subjects were new to her, she contracted, far more than enough, the habit of speaking as a pupil.'

In the society of Edinburgh her mind expanded, and she

gradually acquired a consciousness of her own powers; 'but 'the circumstance which, more than any other beyond the 'range of her own domestic intercourse, tended both to develop 'her intellect and to establish her character,' was an intimacy which she formed with a lady there, in her immediate neighbourhood, with whom she enjoyed daily intercourse of the most intelligent and confidential description, and by whom it appears she was stimulated in all her literary pursuits.

"Self-Control" was begun without any design on the part of the Author that it should meet the eye of the Public, and a considerable part of the first volume was written before Mr. Brunton knew of its existence. But as the manuscript swelled beneath her hand, encouraged by her husband's warm approbation of this her first literary production, she began more distinctly to contemplate its publication, paying 'uniformly more 'regard,' says Dr. B. 'to its moral usefulness than to its 'literary character.' 'The work was printed from the first 'copy.'

In a letter to her friend Mrs. Izett, she thus lays open her feelings in the prospect of appearing as an author.

'My hopes of popular favour are low—very low indeed. Of a work like mine, the wise and the good will not be at the trouble to judge. Its faults are not such as will recommend it to the vulgar. It *may* become popular, for that is a mere lottery. If it do, be assured, my dear friend, its faults, of which it has many, will draw down the censure of those who are, or who think themselves entitled to decide for their neighbours. Now, will not one bitter sarcasm on it, much more on its author, give you more real vexation than the praise of nine-tenths of novel readers will give you pleasure? I judge by myself, for, while I have little pleasure in praise, I am on many subjects keenly alive to censure. Many a person less generally vain than I, has felt all the touchy vanity of Authorship.

'But I am positive that no part—no, not the smallest part—of my happiness can ever arise from the popularity of my book, further than as I think it may be useful. I would rather, as you well know, glide through the world unknown, than have (I will not call it *enjoy*) fame, however brilliant. To be pointed at—to be noticed and commented upon—to be suspected of literary airs—to be shunned, as literary women are, by the more unpretending of my own sex; and abhorred, as literary women are, by the more pretending of the other!—My dear, I would sooner exhibit as a rope-dancer.' pp. xxxv—xxxvi.

In a subsequent letter to the same friend, she discovers an amiable and exemplary solicitude, mingled with an unaffected diffidence, such as not many writers of novels, we apprehend, have been actuated by.

'You know, my dear friend, what is alone necessary to make the

feeblest undertakings prosper. Join with me, in begging for all my undertakings that blessing, which in itself is the only true riches, and which bringeth no sorrow with it. If "two of us shall agree touching any thing which we shall ask," we have a promise that it shall be granted. Ask with me that our Master may make this little work of mine the mean instrument of His glory, by promoting virtue, if it be but in one heart. Ask for me, too, that the sins attending its execution may be pardoned; and that I may neither be elated by its success, nor fretted by its failure!

'Its failure! the very thought makes my flesh creep! I cannot express to you what a fellow feeling I have now with the poor wretches whose works fall dead from the press.'

We do not feel called upon to discuss in this place the question of the tendency of religious novels. Of the excellence of Mrs. Brunton's design, and of the talent displayed in its execution, no difference of opinion, probably, now exists. The object of the tale is 'to shew the power of the religious prin-'ciple in bestowing self-command; and to bear testimony 'against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed 'rake makes the best husband.' Its success exceeded her most sanguine anticipations. It had not been published above a month, before a second edition was called for; which was rapidly succeeded by a third. But she shrunk from the notoriety of authorship, and notwithstanding the success of the work, regarded its being discovered to be hers, as a misfortune.

Discipline, begun at the suggestion of her husband, was composed far more slowly and with more labour than her former novel; and while it was in progress, the appearance of Waverley, with the perusal of which she was enthusiastically delighted, had nearly operated as a fatal discouragement to her efforts, from her feeling 'how poor her own sketches appeared beside 'those of that masterly work.' The following extracts from her private correspodence, furnish a very interesting exhibition of the state of her mind at this period.

'* * * Ellen comes on slowly; but she will do better by and by, if I can adhere to my resolution of writing a little every day. To tell you the truth, I now *feel* that my stock of wits, such as it is, is not properly my own; but it is under the control of a higher power, who can say, "Go, and it goeth; or come, and it cometh." You will answer, "Have you not long thought so?" Yes, I have long believed it, but now I *feel* it. Do you not see the difference? Either by His own operations on the soul, or by His providence ordering matters over which we have no control, He rules our understanding—our will—our conscience—our belief. Oh! then how zealous ought we to be in asking direction, since He can afford it such a variety of ways; and since circumstances, which to us appear as trivial as the sport of flies, may by Him be made to accomplish His promise, that all shall work together for good to them who love Him.

'You see to whom the success of Self-Control was owing. I hope I may lawfully ask a blessing for this thing also! It would be sinful to enter upon a work of years, which was so trivial, or useless, or unlawful, that I could not ask a blessing for it. But, if I do ask one, it will be a manifest absurdity to trifle over my employment. The other began as pastime. This has been *work* from the beginning.' pp. lxvi—lxvii.

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'As for my *religion*, I allow that there is too much for amusement, perhaps for good taste; nevertheless, I cannot bate you one iota. For the great purpose of the book is to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind and of the Bible, where it cannot find access in any other form. Yes! I say the *great purpose*; for, though I love money dearly, money is not my motive for writing as I do; not for the complexion and sentiments of my books. On the contrary, I am quite sure I might make twice as much of my labour, if I could bring myself to present to the public an easy flexible sort of virtue—possessing no strong support, and being, indeed, too light to need any—instead of the old-fashioned erect morality, which "falls not, because it is founded on a rock."' p. lxxviii.

Discipline has reached a third edition, but it is now in danger of sharing the usual fate of novels, how excellent soever their tendency.

Mrs. Brunton could never bring up her spirits to attempt another long work. Although writing had become a habit, and the activity of her mind required some object of the kind upon which to exert itself, she grew distrustful of her powers, and her spirits began, from the declining state of her health, to lose their elasticity. She at last formed the design of writing some shorter narratives, under the title of "Domestic Tales," but she complains of being at a loss for a moral on which to found a tale that is readable. 'A *lofty* moral, too,' she adds, 'is 'necessary to my style of thinking and writing; and really it 'is not easy to make such a one the ground-work of any story 'which novel readers will endure.'

'The few moral lessons which our English fictions profess to teach, are of the humblest class. Even Miss Edgeworth's genius has stooped to inculcate mere worldly wisdom. "Patience is a plaster for all sores"—"Honesty is the best policy"—"A penny saved is a penny got"—seem the texts which she has embellished with her shrewd observation and exquisite painting of character.'

At length, she began the story of Emmeline, the scope of which is to shew 'how little chance there is of happiness when 'the divorced wife marries her seducer.' Of its merits we shall speak presently. The remainder of the Memoir is extremely solemn and affecting. Mrs. Brunton was strongly impressed with a presentiment, not wholly groundless, that her

confinement would prove fatal, and under this belief, she completed, with the utmost fortitude and tranquillity of mind, 'every the most minute preparation for her great change.' In the last letter which she ever wrote, she alludes to the approaching crisis in the language of awe and resignation, unmixed with despondency. Nothing is more frequent than for impressions like these to seize upon the mind without any foundation, and sometimes, the melancholy foreboding too successfully ensures its own fulfilment in its effect upon the sensitive frame. But Mrs. Brunton's death was probably in no degree occasioned by any effect which the anticipation of danger had upon her imagination. For a few days she seemed to be recovering, when she was attacked by a fever, the violence of which soon proved fatal.

Dr. Brunton has laid the public under an obligation to him, by publishing the unfinished tale of Emmeline; nor has he been misled by the partiality of affection, in pronouncing it equal in eloquence and power to any of Mrs. Brunton's former writings. It is, in our opinion, highly creditable to her genius, her powers of observation, and her womanly delicacy, and furnishes a lesson which cannot fail to be useful. Although a fragment, the tale is sufficiently developed to answer its moral purpose, and perhaps the Author's finishing hand could hardly have rendered it more mournfully impressive. It has the very singular merit of exciting a very powerful sympathy with the heroine, without betraying us into the weaknesss of extenuation in respect to the baseness of her criminality. We feel at once pity for her guilt, and complacency in her punishment. The incidents are few and simple; the interest arises from the description of Emmeline's situation on finding herself the bride of De Clifford, for whom she had forsaken an attached, a worthy, and as she is stung to the heart to find, a generous husband. Instead of giving any outline of the narrative, we shall content ourselves with giving an extract or two, as specimens.

'"And that spire on the little rising ground, where the sun shines so brightly—?"

'"Is Euston Church."

'"Is there a village?"

'"O yes—you are the lady of a pretty large manor, Emmeline—you may play the Lady Bountiful upon a great scale."

'Through the close lanes, and across the short cropt green of this village, the travellers passed undisturbed, though not unobserved. The labourer dropped his mattock to stare listlessly at the equipage; the old pauper, who was breaking stones on the road, gazed after it with a vague dislike to any change at Euston; the widow, who looked from the porch of the dame school, sighed over the recollection of the *good* Lady de Clifford; the light damsel, who performed the part of milliner at Euston, took a familiar view of the bride's

travelling bonnet, secretly exulting that she should no longer be awed by the virtue, as well as by the rank, of her superiors; and the well-dressed gentlewoman, who was lolling at the clean sashed window of the Rectory parlour, tossed and bridled at the consciousness of being for once entitled to look down upon the Lady of the Manor.

'Among all the gazers, one heart only was touched with gentler feeling towards poor Emmeline. The old curate, as he bowed his gray head to De Clinord, glanced compassionately on the bride. "God help thee! poor thing," thought he;—"so young, and yet so wicked! God help thee!"' pp. 26—27.

Various incidents arise, to awaken in De Clifford remorse and suspicion; in Emmeline, the feeling of humiliation, though not of repentance; but still, the lovers forget in the moments of endearment, their transitory disquietudes.

'And all around breathed peace. The toils of the harvest were ended. The woods were silent. The birds had ceased their warbling; all but the confiding redbreast, whose solitary song now began to be heard near the dwellings of man. The morning-smokes crept low along the frosty meadow. The moon glided all day like a silvery cloud through the cold clear sky. The cattle lay quietly ruminating in the fields, their breath floating round them in a vapory veil. In the stillness of evening, you might hear the single leaf drop, to join its fellows which the frost had scattered on the ground.

'Amidst their own sheltering woods and peaceful glades, the proprietors of Euston were secluded from the world—that world which furnishes so much of the business of the multitude. They were loosed from the bands of relationship, from the courtesies of neighbourhood, from the interchange of good offices, from the interruptions of the idle, and the flutter of the busy. "And be it so," said the lovers—for they were still lovers—"we shall be the world to each other."

'On one side the resolution was fulfilled—De Clifford was every thing to Emmeline. Depending upon him for all her pleasures, finding in his will her sole aim and purpose, she clung to him only the more for the desertion of every other stay. His love, his society, his protection, even his authority, daily endeared him to the gentle depending Emmeline; and her attachment became, if possible, more fervent, than when, in evil hour, she sacrificed to it all that is most precious in time and in eternity. While he was present, she saw, she heard only De Clifford. The moments of his absence were a dreary blank in her being; the sound of his returning step made her heart leap light.

'But love,—successful love, at least,—though it may be the business of woman, can never be more than the pastime of man. De Clifford was a soldier, accustomed to all the rousing interests of war. These interests had given place to an overpowering passion, which had filled, and perhaps delighted, such a mind the more for its struggles, its dangers, and its guilt. These rapids in the tide of life were past, and all was still. All who have watched the subsiding torrent, know

how apt it is to stagnate. Perhaps the most difficult problem in the management of the human mind, is to fill the void which is left there by the accomplishment of supreme desire. The want of something to wish, has oppressed many a heart beside his who wept for more worlds to conquer. One sentiment alone there is, important enough to occupy, vast enough to fill, lofty enough to elevate, excellent enough to satisfy the greatest soul.—But of this De Clifford thought not; or, if he had, he would have despised the humiliation, and abhorred the self-denial necessary to make it his own.

'"What shall we do to-day, Emmeline?" was the question he often asked as they lingered over the breakfast-table,—question of evil omen to the happiness of him who asks it! "To-day we *must* do so and so," is the language of happiness; for it is the language of activity,—of duty.

'Emmeline was not the best person to answer this application; for she could devise pleasure, but not invent business. De Clifford's only employment which deserved the name was his professional studies—an employment from which Emmeline was necessarily excluded. Then he would ride out without an object, or wander in his grounds till he was tired; then he would return to the society of his beautiful wife, till he was tired of that too.

'Perhaps the arrival of the newspaper set him once more to trace the progress of the armies, or conjecture their next movement. Thus occupied, he sometimes scarcely noticed the presence of Emmeline, except when her silver voice roused him to an attempt to make her comprehend the subject of his inquiry.

'To her, on the contrary, his presence, even when he was occupied and silent, gave a secret inexpressible satisfaction; and while she drew her work-table close to his side, she almost forgot the mournful thoughts that haunted her in his absence;—forgot that she was an outcast from society—an alien from her father—a mother bereft of her children.

'They, who are weary of themselves, rarely give the true name to their disorder. They have commonly sufficient ingenuity to ascribe their uneasiness to something which has less connection with self-reproach. Many a sincere wish did De Clifford send towards his revered mother and his beloved sister; but many a sigh, too, did he ascribe to their absence, which belonged rather to ennui. He still, however, persisted in his determination to make no concession to them; nor did he even give utterance to his regret, though he felt much, and fancied more. "Just as they please," was all his answer to Emmeline's mournful comments upon their long absence and obstinate silence.

'Emmeline tried to borrow part of his spirit to support her under the neglect of her dear and early friends. "Surely," she thought, they need not have added their part to the slights thrown on me. The world would have excused De Clifford's mother and sister for shewing some countenance to his wife! One, too, whom they once professed to esteem! And, though I were ever so unworthy, ought they to renounce De Clifford—De Clifford, who, but for me, would

have been the pride of his family, as he is [illegible] gland? If th[illegible] really have the heart to abandon him, why sh[illegible] long for them?

'Yet Emmeline did long for them! Often and often as she [illegible] alone, she thought of their friendship shewn in her days of innocence till the tears trickled down her cheeks. "I have no friend on earth now," she said, "but thee, dear De Clifford! I never can have another; for good women will not be my friends, and I cannot love the wicked."' pp. 52—58.

The sequel is exquisitely affecting, and yet there is no tragic colouring; it is the pure truth of nature. It is just such a story as Crabbe would have delighted to tell; but he would not have told it so simply, and with so much feminine feeling. It is all the better for not ending in a catastrophe.

The Volume contains some pleasing extracts from a journal of a visit to England. The contrast between the features of North, and those of South Britain, as it struck the fair Traveller on her return, is thus described.

'I used to think Penrith a pretty place, when I came to it from the north. Now, even the valley round it is Scotch; the fields are large and angular, the grass brown, the woods dark and lumpish, and the single trees stunted. Farewell, green fields and rural villages!—Farewell, waving fences, and feathery woods, and flowery cottages!—But welcome, mine own rugged Scotland! where, though all is bare and naked, every thing bespeaks improvement, industry, intelligence, independence in the poor, and enterprize in the rich. The English villas repose on velvet lawns, which the giant oak and the luxurious chesnut dapple with their broad shadows. Ours stand square and ungraceful on *benty* fields, inclosed by parallelograms of firs; but ours are tenanted by their owners, and the best feelings and the best principles of human nature find exercise there; while the villas of England are either altogether deserted, or inhabited by menials and land stewards. Our fields boast no beauty, either of form or colour; but they are at once frugally and liberally cultivated, and every year makes new encroachments on the barrenness of nature. Our cottages range in vile rows, flanked with pig-styes, and fronted with dunghills; but our cottagers have Bibles, and can read them; they are poor, but they are not paupers. In some of the agricultural parishes of England we found more than half of the population receiving *charity* (if I may so prostitute the word!) from the remainder. Every mile in Scotland shows you new houses, new fields, new plantations. In England every thing is old; and this is one great cause of its beauty—trees, grass, cottages, all are in maturity, if not in decay. The first young plantation of any extent which I observed in England, was on the borders of the New Forest; and in the southern counties, I scarcely saw one new cottage, unless in the neighbourhood of large towns. * * *' pp. 166, 167.

'The road to Edinburgh is right Scotch; though [illegible] dreary, it is judicious and substantial. But oh! it is [illegible] mally bare this country seems, after four [illegible] "merry England!" I sigh over the tho[illegible] [illegible]

ressions on visiting mother Scotland, as Shem and Japhet did
: their parent! No wonder if we be a reflecting, frugal race! the
images of spring, and the luxuriance of summer, never intrude
n us, suggesting frolic and profusion! No wonder if we be hos-
ble! where one eternal winter constantly reminds us to draw to-
ıer and be social.' pp. 168, 169.

. III. 1. *The Scriptural Unity of the Churches of Christ illustrated
ıd recommended:* a Sermon, preached in College-street Chapel,
dinburgh, on Occasion of the fifth annual Meeting of the Congre-
ational Union for Scotland. By Ralph Wardlaw. 8vo. pp. 46.
817.

*The Duty of Christian Churches in Reference to the Admission of
lembers:* a Sermon, preached at a Monthly Association of Mi-
isters and Churches. By Robert Winter, D.D. 8vo. pp. 38.
rice 1s. 6d.

)bligations to the Observance of the Lord's Supper: a Sermon,
eached at a Monthly Association of Ministers and Churches.
y Henry Forster Burder, M.A. Published at the Request of the
linisters. 8vo. pp. 32. Price 1s. 6d. 1819.

*The Importance of Peace and Union to the Churches of Christ, and
e best Means of promoting them:* a Sermon preached at Christ-
ıurch, before the Meeting of the Associated Independent
hurches of Hampshire. By Samuel Sleigh. 8vo. pp. 40. Price
). 1818.

ROM the pile of Sermons which is constantly accumulating upon our table, we have selected these for notice, not only being in themselves severally entitled to perusal, but as ing upon one common subject which we are happy to find is ing increased attention with the religious public; we mean, Scriptural constitution and discipline of Christian congre-ons. There are several points which are far from having ived the full discussion that is requisite to clear away the plexity and confusion of ideas attaching to mixed questions bstract truth and practical expediency. Protestant Dis-ers have hitherto had too much to do in defending from en-chment their religious privileges, to feel at sufficient leisure, aps, to examine very minutely into the internal structure of r institutions. The tenacity with which a besieged garrison utes every inch of ground with the invader, is not propor-ed to the separate importance or strength of each particular tion, but springs from feeling that at each point the whole e is at stake. If the enemy can be beaten off, it may prove edient to abandon some part of the ground which was at the so obstinately maintained, and to re-construct at other points old fortifications. While the contest lay simply between scopalians and Presbyterians, and the main question between a was, which form of church government should obtain the

ascendency in the state, it was perfectly natural and expedient, that each party should stickle for the *jus divinum* of all and every part of the immaculate system which it fought for. To have given up a hair's breadth, on the plea of accommodation, would, it was felt, have been to betray the cause. The enemy would have entered through that breach, and become the masters of the citadel. To this day there are many adherents of these two rival forms of polity, who please themselves in imagining that they and their Church lie impregnably intrenched within the lines of Divine right, and who would tremble to trust their opinions to any other species of defence. It was worth the losing of a bishopric, to have been the author of the phrase, 'The Divine right of constables.'* It illustrates by a stroke of exquisite satire, the empty nature of that arrogant pretence which so long founded the arbitrary claims of despotism upon the perversion of Scripture. The *jus divinum* of ecclesiastical office bearers, admits of a similar illustration: it is the Divine right of *pew-openers*. It is time that these expedients of controversy were abandoned. At all events, Protestant Dissenters ought by this time to feel themselves secure enough, and strong enough, in their main position, the total independence of Christian Churches on the secular authority, to enter upon the fearless examination of the constitution and order of their societies; and if time has in any respect dilapidated the edifice raised by their forefathers, or if injurious innovations have crept in, or if any signs of error or mistake have been detected by experience, in the original fabric, they are peculiarly bound to avail themselves of the advantageous opportunities they possess for repairing and perfecting their religious institutions.

Perhaps, the most popular objection against the scheme of Congregational Church-Government, or what is familiarly, but we think unhappily termed Independency, is the absence of Visible Unity, or, more properly, of *Totality* in the system, owing to the various parts not being summed up in some ultimate authority. We know that we express the feelings of many pious members of the Establishment, in specifying this as the main prejudice against the polity of the Dissenters. There is among us no supreme ordaining and excommunicating power; for this is what such an authority comes to. Our churches are all independent of each other, free alike from reciprocal, and from any common control; while our ministers are self-constituted and absolute. It is easy to reply to this, that we do not feel answerable for any deficiency in the policy by which, as it appears to us, the Divine Head of the Church has intended that it should be governed; that we do not ourselves experience

* Dr. Paley.

any inconvenience resulting from the absence of this supreme ordaining and excommunicating officer; that admitting the propriety of the application of the term self-constituted, to ministers not receiving from such a Power, their ordination, self-constituted authority unarmed with secular weapons, is a non-entity till its pretensions are recognised; and when, on the ground of moral evidence, they are recognised, the term self-constituted applies no longer. These things have been said, and they have never, we believe, been fairly answered. Probably we shall, at no distant period, have to advert to these subjects more at large. But for the present we wish to remark that, with regard to that want of unity of correspondence which forms the substance of the objection referred to, the practice, if not the sentiments of Dissenters, may possibly stand in some need of serious re-consideration, with a view to ascertain whether, or not, there is any defect in our system, answering to the allegation.

It appears that the first enunciation of such a subject as this, by Mr. Wardlaw, gave great umbrage in Scotland. In that part of the empire, there exists a very peculiar sensitiveness on any point of church-government, and *Congregationalism* is a monster held in much greater dread and abhorrence by good Presbyterians *now*, than either the surplice or the scarlet-coloured livery. Presbyterians, north of the Tweed, look upon their Independent neighbours, with much the same degree of fraternal feeling, that Episcopalians do south of the same boundary. Mr. Wardlaw is scarcely exempted by the elevation of his character, from the operation of this corporation-jealousy. It is difficult to imagine how such a subject could give offence to any one, either in the first mention of it, or from the way in which the Preacher has treated it. It is a subject which he selected because he conceived it had been too much overlooked by Dissenters themselves, and also because he wished to take the opportunity of

'informing others of those Scriptural principles by which such Churches are connected with one another, and of thus wiping away a reproach frequently thrown upon them, and for which their conduct has too often afforded occasion; I mean, the reproach of disunion,—of the want of any bond of visible association and brotherhood.'

It is necessary, in the first place, to determine what constitutes this visible union which is admitted on all hands to be so desirable. Is it a mere chimera, or is it both a practical and a practicable reality? Is there such a thing possible as a visible union between a number of distinct societies, otherwise than by means of a government common to them all, or to which all are subordinated. The opponents of the Congregational system maintain that there is not; that government is the only bond of social union in religious, as well as in civil politics; and that

societies can be visibly united in no other way. If by union be meant the essential total oneness of a unit, such a proposition would amount to no more than this, that a number of distinct societies could not be united into one society, but by becoming one society: a most edifying truism! But then, seeing that by no conceivable possibility, one common government, or one general form of government, could be extended to all the acknowledged Christian societies of which the Church Universal is composed, it must follow, upon this principle, that the Church of Christ is insusceptible of unity.

If union and a common government were terms convertible, or ideas necessarily associated, it would certainly be desirable to comprise under one external form of polity as large a union of churches as possible. But the very notion of union excludes that of unity, inasmuch as it necessarily supposes that there are several units, a plurality of essentially distinct ones, among whom the correspondence of union subsists. We are not seeking, therefore, after a visible union among the Churches of Christ, which shall constitute them externally, by one common government, or otherwise, one society, but such a union as shall consist with their being separate societies; and if so, there should seem to be nothing in the independence of Christian Churches in itself considered, taking that phrase in its usual acceptation, or in the smallness and multiplicity of the sections into which the visible Church by this means becomes subdivided, which in the least militates against their being, in the sense we are seeking for as the true one, united.

That union which Mr. Wardlaw is anxious to recommend between Congregational Churches, 'has not the remotest connexion with government or discipline.' With regard to the particular association referred to in his title-page, he informs us that 'nothing relative to the internal management of the 'Churches' which it comprises, 'is ever mentioned or alluded 'to at its meetings.'

'Were the slightest approach, indeed,' he adds, 'ever to be made to any thing of this kind, all consistent Independents should combine to put it down. I should be among the first, in these circumstances, to vote for its abolition.'

It is of the highest importance, therefore, that this subject should be clearly understood, for even among Dissenters themselves, it is very possible that some notion of synodical power may mingle itself with their ideas of a union or association of Churches. The combination of pastors may in their minds insensibly substitute itself for the concert, and reciprocal aid, and fellowship of Christian societies. But this would be conspiracy, and not union; it would be the erection of a power of precisely

the same species as is assumed by our opponents to be necessary in opposition to the scheme of Congregational Government; and how modest and plausible soever its origin and its professed object, it would indeed deserve to be stigmatized as self-constituted and intrusive. If once ecclesiastical power is to be submitted to, it is a poor-spirited policy to abridge it of any of the splendours of sovereignty: once set out upon this path, it is never worth while to stop short of Rome.

It needs scarcely be remarked, that if this *pseudo*-union, instead of being avowedly Presbyterian or Synodical, should consist of delegated officers in conjunction with their ministers, and should thus approach to something like an elective council, the case will not be materially altered. If the object of this union be essentially government, the whole cause of Independency is given up, and it becomes us either to deprecate such union, or to tread back with penitence our steps, and entreat to be received again into the fold of Episcopacy. A Paper lies before us, to which, as it is a printed paper, we conceive there can be no indelicacy in adverting, which purports to contain a plan for *combining the energies* of associated churches, by means of delegates, of precisely this objectionable description. The "Resolutions" by which it is introduced, declare indeed, though with a rather suspicious qualification, that 'those views of 'Church Government usually denominated Independent or 'Congregational—appear to this meeting to be *upon the whole*, 'more Scriptural than any other.' Doubtless, this hesitating and cautious opinion was dictated by a studious investigation of the nicely balanced evidence on both sides of the long agitated controversy on Church government, as the result of which, these candid Nonconformists (Oh, that we were all such!) are agreed, that *upon the whole*, the Congregational form is—not quite Scriptural indeed, for in that case why this attempt to supply its deficiency?—but 'more Scriptural than any other.'

'The Design' of the Association is stated in the following terms:

'1. To introduce the preaching of the Gospel into those towns and villages in our own neighbourhood, whose inhabitants have either no opportunity, or but an inadequate one, of enjoying this privilege, either within the pale of the Establishment, or among any other denomination of evangelical dissenters.

'2. To assist as our means shall enable us, either by pecuniary aid, or by any other kind of help, congregations in this Union which are in circumstances of poverty or difficulty.

'3. To guard the rights of conscience within our own denomination, and by legal measures to resist the invasion of them either by violence or craft.

'4. *To afford mutual advice in cases of strife and division.*

'5. To encourage the erection of new places of worship where

they are necessary; *to discourage the building of such as are unnecessary;* and *to maintain the purity and respectability of our denomination, by discountenancing unholy or erroneous ministers.*

'6. To support each other in the faith, the holiness, and the hope of the Gospel; to promote brotherly love; and to provoke to zeal and good works.

'And in order to give effect to this design, we hereby *earnestly recommend* that in every case of difficulty and discontent, either between a minister and his people, or between one part of the people and the other, where matters cannot be peaceably adjusted by the church itself, *to ask the opinion, and solicit the advice of the* ASSOCIATED BODY.

'And we also agree that in every building case, for which it *will be necessary to gain* the sanction of the association, the probable expense shall be stated to them, and their recommendation obtained before the erection is commenced.'

Then follows the head—'The Funds. There shall be a con-'tribution annually made,' and so forth.

We think we can anticipate the surprise which Mr. Wardlace, as well as many of our readers, will feel, a surprise not unmingled with other sensations which we forbear to specify, at the perusal of the above extract from this precious document. Most of the names which are prefixed to the circular, are sufficiently obscure never to have reached the ears of our Scottish friends; but there are one or two individuals, of whose share in the plan it is difficult to give any explanation, because their characters seem to place them alike above the imputation of insidiousness of design, and the suspicion of being unable to perceive the drift and bearing of these Resolutions. The County Associations for the relief of Ministers' Widows, and other objects of benevolence, as well as for extending Village Preaching, which have so long been in useful activity in most parts of England, are institutions so admirably in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel, that we should rejoice in nothing so much as in their establishment not only in Warwickshire and in Worcestershire, but in every district of the empire. The objects of the Congregational Union of Scotland, we apprehend to be mainly similar; and that, we have the satisfaction of knowing, 'has not the remotest connexion with government or dis-'cipline.' 'Were the slightest approach to be made to any 'thing of this kind, all consistent Independents would combine 'to put it down.' But can there be two opinions about the design of this new Association of ministers and delegates? Separating what it has for its professed object in common with other county-associations, and what is mere verbiage, from the substance of the Resolutions, the real design is this: to erect a Court of Common Pleas for the District, where causes of ecclesiastical wrong or trespass may be tried, and justice may be admi-

nistered *gratis* to any of those *soi-disant* independent churches, who may feel incompetent to the transaction of their own affairs. This is the first part of the scheme. But no; we shall be told that it disclaims all jurisdictive power; it is only an association, an association for *giving advice!!* 'And we earnestly recommend,' say they, 'that where matters cannot be peaceably adjusted, the Church shall *ask* the *opinion* and *solicit* the *advice*.' Most precious scheme! The framers of it are at any rate no Jesuits. Advice of all things in the world, one would have thought, was to be had the cheapest and the readiest. The difficulty lies, not in getting men to *solicit* advice, or to associate for the purpose of *giving* advice, but in obtaining men of wisdom as arbitrators, and in inducing men and bodies of men to abide by prudent counsel. And do these gentlemen think that either of these difficulties is likely to be diminished by an associate body? What if the advice of that body be not approved of? Is the Church to be struck out of the Association? Of course. And will that be all? Yes, if the power of the Synod stops there.

But our reverend Advisers are too old to have committed so ludicrous a mistake as that of enacting laws without a sanction. Who retain the distribution of the Funds? Where is the contumacious and excluded Church to seek for pecuniary aid in circumstances of poverty or of difficulty, or for redress, should their rights be invaded either by violence or by craft? The serene patronage of the Associate Body being forfeited, nothing remains but to carry its appeal to a higher Court, if in the course of time the obvious expediency of such an Assembly should have led to its institution, or to sit down under all the disadvantages and disgrace of—Independency.

But this is not the whole of the design. The desire of accommodating differences by friendly advice, carries at least upon the face of it, the air of a concern for the internal peace of Christian societies; and were the means as wise as the professed end is unexceptionable, it would not deserve to be held up to ridicule. But it is seldom that the eccentricities into which the possession of office or of prerogative is apt to betray even a good man, stop short, when power is superadded, at being simply ludicrous. To be mere arbitrators between appellants, would not come up to the ideas of associate jurisdiction ecclesiastical, entertained by the framers of these Resolutions. A Court of Common Pleas would not suffice, unless the powers of a Criminal Court were added. The Delegates agree, first, to discourage the building of such places of worship as they may deem unnecessary; and next, to discountenance those whom they presume to consider as 'unholy or erroneous ministers;'

and a resolution relative to the 'mode of admission and 'exclusion,' provides, that

'In the case of an excluded minister or church, notice of this shall be sent to every other minister and church in the union, and *such other publicity* given to the event, as the Association shall determine upon.'

It is scarcely worth while perhaps to dwell any longer on this mere projet of an insignificant section of the religious denomination, to which these ministers consider themselves '*upon the* '*whole*' as belonging, since no great harm can possibly arise under the circumstances of this particular instance, from the carrying of any of these rules and provisions into effect, and the precedent will, we are firmly persuaded, be followed by no second Association. But we wish our readers just to pause long enough to enter completely into these nicely worded phrases, 'discountenancing unholy and erroneous ministers,' and giving 'such other publicity' as may be thought expedient, to the opinions of the Association upon this point. Will it be said, that nothing more is meant than that the ministers associated agree individually to decline the acquaintance of men of bad character, or of infidel sentiments, and *à fortiori* to deny their pulpits to such men? This would imply either that respect for their own characters, and a regard for the honour of Christianity, were not sufficient to induce a constant adherence to this plain line of rectitude, before the formation of such an association, or else, that the Association has so far no object. Do men associate for the purpose of discharging a personal duty, for the promotion of their own individual integrity? This cannot be meant. But this we must be plain enough to say, that if Dissenting Ministers would, as individuals, fearlessly discharge their duty to society in this respect, there would be no occasion for the session either of conferences or of associations. And this is a duty which will be ill-performed by proxy.

We know that in a certain other religious communion, when an offending member who has been in the practice of exercising the function of preacher, has been cut off, the mild intimation that A. B. has 'retired from the work' within the past quarter, 'is sufficient to answer all the purposes of religious discipline.' Something of this kind is perhaps meant by 'such other pub-'licity' in the present case. But here it is not pretended that these 'unholy or erroneous ministers' who are to be discountenanced and advertised, have ever placed themselves under the ecclesiastical superintendence of the Association. The measure is therefore clearly offensive, and unless the nicest precaution is exercised in the mode of putting it in force, is liable to become *actionable*. 'Erroneous ministers!'—Whose discretion is to

regulate the application of this equivocal epithet? Why, if a minister should be detected in writing in the Eclectic Review, he may be pronounced an erroneous minister! But seriously: where are the Articles, where the Confession of Faith, which this Association has in readiness, in order that its delegated members may be in no uncertainty as to what is meant by an erroneous minister? Does the term apply to an Arminian? and if so, is a Baxterian safe? Is an Antipædo-baptist *ipso facto* excluded? We have known the charge of heresy insinuated upon slighter grounds than these. Would not the being a member of "THE Missionary Society" be, in some quarters, deemed an all but indispensable requisite of holiness, if not of orthodoxy? We leave these questions with our readers, and without any apologies for this long digression, return to Mr. Wardlaw.

'While,' says the Preacher, 'we plead distinctly and decidedly, for the independence of the Churches, as a fundamental principle in their primitive constitution, let us beware of running to an unscriptural extreme;—of so completely disuniting and insulating them from one another, as to present to view a number of Christian societies, each in itself thoroughly organized, but without any bond, or feeling, or act, of mutual connexion:—so that, instead of the lovely harmony of reciprocal confidence and friendly intercourse, we should behold each church, like a separate fortress, surrounded with its walls and ramparts, with spies on the battlements, and sentinels at the gates, watching, with anxious jealousy, to prevent the intruders from the rest.—If it be at all possible, that any disciple of the Lord Jesus should relish such a state of things, or entertain a single wish for any thing resembling it, let him never mention his desire to see Christians returning to primitive simplicity and apostolic order:—for, in truth, that to which his wishes are directed, is as unlike the condition of the churches in the times of the apostles, as division is to unity, or hatred and hostility to affection and peace. His desire, were it gratified, would realize a scene which we cannot too devoutly deprecate, and to which it would not be our duty to submit,—"no, not for an hour."'

Mr. Wardlaw remarks that the nature of the unity of the apostolic churches, appears from the terms of his text: "Ye "are all one in Christ Jesus;" and he then proceeds to illustrate his subject, by adverting to the *salutations* contained in the Epistles, on the part of different churches, to other collective parts of the Christian body; to the primitive practice of sending "messengers" occasionally, 'even to considerable distances, 'for the express purpose of encouraging and establishing re-'cent converts to the faith of Christ, and newly formed Chris-'tian societies;' to the communion of the first churches in the way of pecuniary "giving and receiving;" and lastly, to the custom of recommending the member of any one church, on his removal, to the fellowship of the saints in other places. Upon this last point some very judicious remarks are made in refer-

ence to the correspondent duty of churches in the present day, which, together with Note C., we particularly recommend to the attention of our readers.

The subject of the admission of members, which is incidentally adverted to in Mr. Wardlaw's Sermon, forms more specifically that of Dr. Winter's, but in a somewhat different reference. The Dr.'s object is to deprecate the placing of unnecessary impediments in the way of admission, arising from the formidable nature of the ordeal through which in some churches the candidate is required to pass. Mr. Burder, in urging the obligations of the observance of the Lord's Supper, takes a similar view of the exceptionable tendency of some of the ordinary regulations. It is a subject of considerable delicacy, and we leave it in the hands of the highly respected minister to whose experience, and moderation, and scriptural fidelity, the discussion was so properly entrusted, uniting our sincere recommendation of the Dr.'s Sermon, with that which Mr. Burder has so warmly expressed. Mr. B.'s Sermon is not less deserving of an attentive perusal. Probably among no class of Christians is the proportion of *religious* persons so great, who live in the non-observance of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. This is one of the points on which the practice of Dissenters does stand in need of serious consideration, and Mr. Burder's suggestion, it is to be hoped, will not be thrown away on his brethren, that the 'interesting nature, design, and obligation of 'the observance,' should be 'with greater prominence and fre-'quency exhibited in the pulpit.'

We think there is considerable force in the way in which he puts the fact.

'Let us suppose a person to have formed his ideas of the ordinances of Christ and of their due observance, not from an inspection of the procedure of any existing churches, but solely from a consideration of apostolic precept and the recorded practice of the primitive christians. He reads in the history of the church at Jerusalem, that the disciples "continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." He reads in another passage of the sacred historian, that the apostle Paul, in the course of his visits to the churches, arrived at Troas, where he remained seven days, and that "upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them." From such passages he infers, that in the estimation and in the practice of the primitive christians, the ordinance of the Lord's supper held, not a subordinate but a primary rank among the duties and privileges of christian fellowship, and that its frequent observance was regarded as one of those characteristics of the disciples of Jesus, which are essential to an explicit and consistent profession of Christianity.

'Let us suppose then, that a person entertaining these views, as the result of his careful investigation of the New Testament, enters a

house of God appropriated to the worship of one of the churches of our own order, and on a day on which the Lord's supper is to be dispensed. He observes with pleasure a numerous, a decorous, and an attentive congregation. He listens with delight to a discourse on the sufferings of our adorable Redeemer, and on the obligations under which all his disciples are laid to love and honour and obey him. He rejoices in the idea of being surrounded by so many who are about to unite in the most edifying and delightful ordinance of Christian communion. But when the public service is concluded, the parting benediction is pronounced, and the large majority of the congregation quit the place. After some interval, the pastor appears again, but the communicants are only a little flock thinly scattered over the place of assembly, while a few individuals are also seen remaining as spectators of that feast of love which it was hoped would have been so well furnished with guests. Thus surprised and disappointed, the observer cannot refrain from exclaiming, "Surely there must be in this congregation a lamentable paucity of real christians; or there must be many christians who strangely overlook the obligation under which they are laid; or there must be some powerful causes, not at first apparent, which discourage and deter from an approach to the table of the Lord."'

Mr. Sleigh's Sermon has given us great satisfaction by the excellence of its sentiments, and by the modesty and discretion with which the subject is treated. It brings us back to the consideration of the true nature of Christian Union. This Sermon also was preached before an Association, but one which would seem to have yet to learn that it is its province 'to afford 'mutual advice in cases of strife and division,' upon the system laid down in the 'Resolutions' above referred to. Mr. Sleigh, in stating the duties which appear to him to be incumbent upon ministers themselves, in reference to the promotion of peace and union in the Churches, after insisting on the advisableness of their avoiding a controversial style of preaching, the necessity of their inculcating peace and union in their intercourse with their people, and the importance of maintaining independence of character, adds, as a fourth particular:

'When disturbances and divisions take place in churches with which we are *not* connected, and our interference as a party is required, we should proceed with the utmost caution. Let us wade through the mists, which the ebullition of passion and prejudice may cast over the relation of circumstances, and weigh with a collected mind and equal hand, *all* that is connected with the question. If from indifference—haste—a desire to please, *we should at once comply with pressing solicitations;* by giving our sanction, we may, possibly, make that permanent, which under different treatment might have been only of temporary endurance; and we may be pained, when, too late to be remedied, we discover the sad consequences of our meddling; and even those whom we may have been studious to oblige,

when time has cooled their minds, may be much more disposed to blame than commend us for our *officiousness.*'

These judicious remarks are in striking contrast to the crude design of the Associate body; and the expedients which are proposed more generally to all professing Christians, in the body of the Sermon, for the maintenance of peace and union, exhibit the Author's sound judgement and Christian spirit to equal advantage. We cordially recommend it to our readers. That offences must needs come in the best constituted societies of professing Christians, is inevitable from the infirmities of human nature even in good men.

'The peace and union of the Churches,' remarks Mr. S. 'are only comparative, and faintly shadow forth the harmony of that world where all is purity and love. In looking through the history of religion, the nearest approaches to perfection on these points seem to have been made during seasons of outward calamity. When the storm raged around these little assemblies, peace and union in a great degree prevailed within. The afflicted Saints, driven by common danger and interest, fled to each other, and felt and found a mutual sympathy. Struck with pity and admiration at a sight so novel and affecting, the stern persecutor paused for a moment in his cruel trade, the engine of torture fell from his hand—the unbidden tear rushed to his cheek, and he was compelled to exclaim, "See how these Christians love one another." Is it to be wondered at, if, in these days of profound repose from outward trouble, in which the dregs of a general profession are not worked off by the fires of persecution, there should be more than ordinary tremblings and shakings, and inward commotions, like the frequent heavings of volcanic earth, giving signs of irruption?'

Art. IV. *Lyrical Dramas:* with Domestic Hours, a Miscellany of Odes and Songs. By Cornelius Neale, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. fcap 8vo. pp. 295. 1819.

WHATEVER may in other respects be thought of the opinions and decisions expressed from time to time in the pages of our Journal, on the general subject of Poetry, we believe that they will be found to merit at least the character of intelligible consistency. Although a mysterious plurality, the Oracle has spoken by us neither a contradictory nor an equivocal language. We have not got up a system at short notice, to suit the Volume we wished to praise, and then to be waywardly abandoned in a future article. If we have erred, it has been, we are disposed to think, not in the principles we have adopted on subjects of taste, but in the particular application of them, and certainly our error has not been on the side of severity. But then we are apt to think, that by contributing to make those principles better understood, we perform a service not less thank-

thy, than we should by enabling our readers to form in every ance the most severely correct estimate of every author that ects himself to the cold discussion of criticism. If we can ll succeed in expounding the laws of the republic, we are ent to leave in more powerful and unrelenting hands, the e of the lictors of criticism.

he Volume before us is exactly of that description which the y-critic knows well how to damn with faint praise or ridicule, make the subject of disproportionate eulogy, according as author is reported whig or tory, an Edinburgh or an Oxford —according to his politics and—his publisher. These lyri-dramas, it might be said, have few or no pretensions to the natic character. As Coleridge's Remorse was described, ip, drip, drip, there is nothing but dripping;' so here we e sing-song, sing-song, nothing but singing. Doubtless, gentleman is very musical, except, as some few lines might rought to shew, in the rhythm of his anapæsts. And as to Domestic Hours, they appear to have been spent harmlessly igh; but that, in a day when Byron, and Crabbe, and Walter tt, &c. &c. are sending forth their immortal productions, effu-s of this obsolete character should be obtruded upon the lic, is only one more proof, and it was needless, of the pre-ptuous vanity of authorship.

would, we think, be equally easy, upon due cause being vn, to treat the volume in a manner directly the reverse of . The cultivated taste, the delicacy of mind, the amiable ng which it displays, might be advantageously contrasted the puerilities, the would-be classical manner, and the licen-sness of some modern poetry. The critic would not fail to ce the circumstance, that while the Author has evidently n for his models, our old writers, the school of elegant fancies, the sources of pure English, his style is quite free from the mi-y of old poetry, from the affectation of simplicity or quaintness. freedom and spirit of the translations from Horace, might be aced to shew how well the poet grafts on the classic scholar. in conclusion it might be remarked, how refreshing it is, being compelled to do homage to the commanding talents of ers who never repay the admiration they extort, or the in-e interest they awaken, with images soothing to the fancy, or ngs that better the heart, to meet with a volume breathing genuine tones of poetry, although in originality or compass nnot aspire to compete with the loftier efforts of genius.

Whatever be the fate which the Author's private history, con-ons, and opinions might entail upon his volume, if brought re such a tribunal, we have no hesitation in saying that readers of even the average portion of sensibility and cul-ion, the impression of these poems will be highly favour-

able. Possibly, some of the shorter pieces will first attract attention, and dipping into the volume at random, the reader will not readily lay it down again, should he for instance open upon stanzas so touchingly beautiful as the following, 'To my Infant.'

'I'll teach thee, as thou grow'st, to look
With a fond eye on Nature's book;
And there, my little one, thou'lt see
How many things that image thee!
'Thou'lt see the blink of morning's eye
Upon a grey and cloudless sky,
And think, with smiles, that genial ray
Shall light a blue and cheery day.
'Thou'lt see, my babe, and scarcely see
The first light green of forward tree,
And think, the birds shall build and sing
Within its leafy covering.
'Thou'lt see the moon a very thread,
And think thee how its horns will spread
Till thou shalt spend one blessed night
Beneath its full and quiet light.
'Thou'lt see the first bud of the rose
Its first small streak of red disclose,
And think, how sweet the air will be,
All day, all night, around that tree.
'Aye, little one, and such art thou:
I look upon thy peaceful brow,
Thy gentle eyes that roll the while,
Thy lips that have not learn'd to smile,
And, as I look, I seem to see
Not that which is, but what shall be;
And all my hopes are on the wing
As busy as the bees in spring.
I see thy sun at highest noon,
I see thy full bright harvest moon,
Thy tree, in majesty of shade,
Thy rose, in thousand blooms array'd.
'But shall we wait the evening, dear?
And shall we wait the closing year?
When I am gone thou still shalt see
How many things that image thee!
Alas! my child, the sun goes down,
And April's green hath turn'd to brown,
The moon hath waned, the flowers decay,
The year hath bloom'd, and died away.
'Ev'n so; and so our hopes go by,
And life is nought but memory,
And time fleets on, and age must trace
His wrinkles ev'n upon that face,

And turn thy few thin hairs to white,
And do dishonour to thy sight,
And thou shalt rest thy weary head,
Thy dress a shroud, the grave thy bed.'

To form the record of sentiments like these, to give vent and determinate expression to the ardent imaginings of hope and the tender musings of memory, to minister excitement to the sensibilities of our nature, by connecting with the realities of life the tasteful associations of fancy, is, it seems to us, the genuine purpose of poetry. Even in its higher departments, those which aim at exhibiting human nature in action, in delineating the energies of passion, and laying open the springs of the character, the moral purpose of the productions of imagination, is much the same: it is no other than to enforce with greater emphasis, those few primary universal sentiments which, half-reason, half-instinct, form the basis of the emotions of taste. Such are the sentiments which are awakened by the vicissitudes of nature, the traces and trophies of Time, and all the analogical lessons read us by inanimate things, by the records of things past, the philosophical contemplation of the pageant of existing grandeur, the tragedy of disappointed hopes, and the common lot which closes all. To give a voice to these, is the very business of Verse; and no mean service is rendered by him who contributes to bias the feelings on the side of virtue.

We shall give one more specimen of the "Domestic Hours."

'TO A FRIEND ABOUT TO MARRY A SECOND TIME.'

'*Non profectura precando.*—Ovid.

Oh, keep the ring, one little year
Keep poor Eliza's ring,
And shed on it the silent tear,
In secret sorrowing.

'Thy lips, on which her last, last kiss
Yet lingers moist and warm,
Oh, wipe them not for newer bliss,
Oh, keep it as a charm.

'These haunts are sacred to her love,
Here still her presence dwells,
Of her the grot, of her the grove,
Of her the garden tells.

'Beneath these elms you sate and talked,
Beside that river's brink
At evening arm-in-arm you walked,
Here stopp'd to gaze and think.

'Thou'lt meet her when thy blood beats high
In converse with thy bride,

Meet the mild meaning of an eye
That never learnt to chide.

'Oh, no, by heaven, another here
Thou canst not, must not bring:
No, keep it; but one little year,
Keep poor Eliza's ring.'

The "Lyrical Dramas" are of very slight but elegant construction, the dialogue and, if it may be so termed, the plot, being a mere frame-work for the songs—a web hung with dew-drops. We presume that the Author had no reference, at the time of composing them, to the stage, where nothing of an imaginative character could for a moment succeed, unless it were in consequence of the composer's skill, or the more palpable attractions of the spectacle. Nothing can be more degrading to a man of any genius, nothing more irksome or more disheartening to an author possessed of either virtuous feeling or delicacy, than to write with any view of accommodating his poetry to the vulgar literal conceptions and coarse morality of a theatrical audience. Had Shakspeare not written for the stage, his productions not only would have escaped the mutilations and interpolations from which they are with good reason supposed to have suffered, but would doubtless have been more perfect as works of taste, more replete with fancy, and more free from ribaldry. The poetical excellence of a drama, that is, its power of exciting the imagination, and its fitness for stage representation, are for the most part in an inverse proportion. If a play is, by singular good fortune, popular both as acted and as read, it will be found that the pleasure it affords in the library, arises from a source very different from that which yields amusement in the representation. It is the merit of the actor, in the latter case; it is how the favourite of the town *looked* Juliet or Lady Macbeth, not the exquisite grace of the dialogue or the power of the conception, that comes within the observation of the mob. We venture to say that the mere recital of one of Shakspeare's plays, is exceedingly more affecting than the most skilful performance of them on the stage; the strong impression made upon the senses is fatal to its designed effect upon the imagination. We do not deny that the imagination is acted upon; it is sometimes very injuriously acted upon, by the mimic display of passion and character. But then it is a distinct exercise of the mind from that which attends the perusal of fine poetry; the source of emotion is different, and so is the moral effect. We think that were an author who has at any time felt ambitious of having his dramas *brought out* with appropriate scenery and decorations, to reflect how very little beyond the ingenuity of a plot could, as respects the real qualities of his composition,

be made tangible to the grasp of an audience, and how very small a share of its success would be attributable to the literary merit of his production, he would be content to resign all hope of conciliating the patronage of a manager; would decline the aid of his Majesty's servants, and esteem himself happy not to have his spirits and fairies *translated* into ballet-dancers, and his heroines transformed into courtesans.

We must protest, then, altogether, against making the adaptation of a dramatic poem to the modern stage, any criterion of its merit; and we take it for granted that in this we speak the sentiments of Mr. Neale himself. We know not how Comus was got up at Ludlow Castle, but as performed at Drury-lane it is found to drag along most heavily. The frequenters of the playhouse do not go there to hear good poetry, but to see fine acting. The Masque, however, rested its interest almost entirely on pure recital and singing, and the slight disguise of the Masquers was merely sufficient to assist the imagination in following the poet, without calling off the attention to the persons of the actors who set his machinery in motion. In such a performance there was no incongruity in the introduction of fay or sprite among the *dramatis personæ*, because the personification was not attempted to be literal: the imagination was addressed, and not the senses, and the action was but imbodied metaphor. But let these same aërial personages be made the subjects of definite, palpable representation, the illusion is destroyed, and they become instantly childish, stale, and insipid fictions. How far their introduction into modern poetry at all, is a safe adventure, may perhaps be questioned; but to the lovers of our ancient English poets, any composition which brings to remembrance their works, and which preserves in the imitation of their style any portion of the spirit of romance which breathed in them, will not be devoid of interest: the attempt will at least be judged of with candour.

"Rinaldo and Armida" has scarcely action enough. The warrior has laid aside with his armour all manly character, and the prattle of the lovers is brought down too near to childishness. A warlike dream first troubles him, as he lies all diffused in the garden of pleasure; then he is found out by two of his brother-soldiers; and when at length, yielding to their remonstrances, he resolves to leave his Armida, the lady, by a sudden and wondrous transformation of character, resolves to accompany him to the camp, and to forswear her magical arts for ever. There is, however, some very elegant writing in it, and some of the songs would well repay a composer.

In "Love's Trial," Mr. Neale has put forth more energy of mind: it is a beautiful little drama. Titania has wagered that the mortal does not exist who would remain constant in his

love, if put to the trial by seeing the object of his passion deprived of that which constituted her real attraction. Two lovers are selected by Oberon as the fittest for the trial, who have loved each other from infancy, and are on the eve of their marriage. Mabiel, a fairy of earthly parentage, is commissioned to inflict on the bride, a disease which mars her sight and her beauty. Her lover, however, remains faithful, and he has his reward. We subjoin a specimen or two of the Songs which are scattered through the Drama.

SONG.

'I've thought, with such a world about,
Around, beneath, above,
Such things to call the affections out,
Such resting-seats for love,
Such blessings without name or number,
'Twere waste to give an hour to slumber.

'I slept, and sleep, as lake that lies
In clustering scenery hid,
Brought back the pleasures to my eyes
I'ad past the day amid,
All in a stranger order growing,
And all with richer colouring glowing.

'Tis not enough that life and light
Our waking hours should fill,
That day-spring, noon, and starry night
Should bring new pleasures still;
But nature crowds the hours of slumber
With blessings without name or number.

'SONG.

'The stars are gone out, and the sun's on high,
Awake, my Ellen, open thine eye.
The lark is at matins up in the air,
And there's not a cloud to hide him there.
All creation 's at play,
Keeping holiday:
The winds are at watch in the sky already;
There is not a motion
In heaven's blue ocean
But the fan of their wings as they keep themselves steady;
Not a sound, not a sight,
But of love and delight.
Awake, and thy share in the pleasure take,
Awake, my Ellen, awake, awake.'

These extracts will suffice to enable our readers to form a just notion of what it is this little volume pretends to. The Author's poetry has evidently not cost him the intense efforts of the full powers of his mind. It is probable that he has never

taken up literature as a serious business, but that it forms with him the mere interlude between graver studies, and the exertions which duty calls for. If his success bears a proportion to his aim, it is all he has a right to expect. It *will* please persons of elegant and cultivated minds; more especially those whose affections and whose enjoyments find sufficient scope and stimulus within the domestic circle. To them the expressions of filial and conjugal tenderness, with which these poems abound, will not be the least interesting traits of the volume. Moral qualities will not indeed avail to make that poetry which is not poetry; but when they are found in combination with the accomplishments of the scholar, and the taste and sensibility which are inseparable from genius, they may certainly be allowed to enhance the value of what, perhaps, in any other point of view, a severe estimate would characterize as elegant trifles.

Art. V. *A Discourse*, the Substance of which was delivered at the Annual General Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, in Bristol, September, 1818. By John Foster. 8vo. pp. 132. London, 1819.

WE may well avoid the impertinence of formally recommending a publication, which bears upon it the ample designation of "A Discourse by John Foster." On several accounts, also, we may excuse ourselves from the task of minute criticism. We comply, indeed, with custom, in making a quotation from the extraordinary production before us, although it be at the expense of the indefinable effect resulting from the continuous movement and the involuted progression of the Author's ponderous eloquence.

The following passages may serve at least as text to the train of thought, which, in fact, succeeded the general impressions produced by the perusal of the discourse. If this train of thought shall seem altogether irrelevant, and unconnected with the occasion, it will therein, as we imagine, resemble the greater part of those excursions of the mind which take place when it is recovering from the detension and fascination of superior genius, and returning towards its own habitual impressions. We shall not be misunderstood as attributing to the Author any species of feeling referred to as reprehensible. Not a sentence in the Discourse appears to us liable to important objection. Unless, indeed, we might mention some expressions occurring on pages 106, 111, and 117; which involve secular topics, perhaps rather beyond the more familiar range of the Author's mind; and which we must hope will escape the eye of the political economist, beneath the vail of abstract terms and dim allusion.

"Let the man of thoughtful and enlightened spirit survey the world of mankind, and see what there actually prevails in hostility against

the universality of human spirits, in the combined form of intellectual and moral depravity,—of delusion and sin. Let him deeply consider *what it is* that he is beholding, while he sees this power of evil assailing, and committing grievous mischief upon, every human being, his experience testifying that himself is not exempted. Let him reflect that what he sees is an operation reducing unnumbered myriads of rational and immortal creatures to a state so much worse than that which would be the correct and happy condition of their being, that there is nothing in all terrestrial things great enough to give a measure for the difference. Let him form his judgment of the gloomy fact under his view on an estimate of the injury done to each one, and of the number so injured, including in the account the generations of all past time. And let him try whether an earnest and protracted attention to the dire exhibition will detect a fallacy in its appearance of magnitude and atrocity, so that his last sober judgment should be as a relief from a superstitious terror. No; he will find, uniformly, that the evil reveals itself to him in still more substantial and deadly character, the longer his mind fixes with close and solemn inspection on any of its innumerable forms. The progressive aggravation of the impression might become overpowering, if there were to be suddenly imparted to him a great addition of religious light and sensibility, through which he should receive, while contemplating this vision of evil, a brighter manifestation of the holiness of God, and the perfection of his law. Even such a view as would thus overpower the strongest mind, might still be but a faint apprehension compared with the perception of some superior pure spirit beholding this world; and how much more so in comparison with the Redeemer's estimate and impression of the error and depravity of our race. No language of any world can ever disclose the depth of *his* thought and feeling at the view. *That* thought and feeling were the only adequate apprehension of the object. A devout observer will therefore feel too certain, that the portentous moral spectacle he is looking upon has in it an intensity and aggravation of evil but feebly expressed by adopting the terms and images of all that is the most odious and appalling in this world, and saying that the wide multitude of human souls are invaded; robbed, polluted, chained, tormented, murdered.

'Sometimes we contemplate, perhaps, the mighty progress of destruction, as carried over a large tract of the earth by some of the memorable instruments of the divine wrath, such as Attila, Zingis Khan, or Timour. We behold a wide spreading terror preceding, to be soon followed by the realisation of every dreadful presage in resistless ravage and extermination. The doomed countless multitudes crowd tumultuously on our view, in all the forms of dismay, and vain effort, and suffering, and death; a world of ghastly countenances, desperate struggles, lamentable cries, streaming blood, and expiring agonies; with the corresponding circumstances of fury and triumph, and the appropriate scenery of habitations burning and the land made a desert. The fancied forms of individual sufferers, incessantly marked forth from the confused aggregate, and presented to the mind in momentary glimpses, preserve the vividness of our perception of the misery, unconfounded in the view of its immensity,

while that immensity throws over all the more distant impressions general character of horror.

'When a man of ardent imagination has dwelt upon this subject till it almost glows into reality in his view, or has endeavoured in the language of truth and soberness first affirm the existence of human a faint and inadequate conception for representing that awful which is made upon the spirits of all sensitive, but reasoning beings, indeed, all these horrors are themselves but a few of the ordinary circumstances and results. And we ourselves stand on a margin of destruction by this more awful calamity, surveying its magnitude and shuddering while there survey, these forms and numbers of remote times or regions, shall learn their great lesson, that they are not exposed to any agency of evil a thousandth part so formidable.

'In following in thought these perpetrators of devastation and carnage, we have the consolation of witnessing an end. The Leuses and Attilas were as mortal as the millions who trembled at their fame. Of Timour, the language of the Historian sounding more than relates that, "he pitched his last camp at Otrar, where he was expected by the Angel of Death." But the power that reigns over immediately on the souls of men, the power of vicarious and tempting has continued to live and destroy while all these renowned exterminators have yielded to the decree that sent them after their victims. It is perpetually invigorated by the very destruction which it works as if it fed upon the slain to strengthen itself for new conquests, immortal by the very means of death. For the operations of evil on human beings are of a nature to facilitate its renewal and prolonged operations. The effects are continually reflected back on the cause, with which they unite, and impart an indefinite augmentation to its force; the main principle of its strength, all the while, being in the natural aptitude of its unhappy subjects to succour the mischief which it applies. The beings therefore under the predominant power of sin are becoming, without intermission, more and more confirmed sinners; so that each step in the advance goes stronger assurance of their maintaining that character in the next. But what an awful scene is a world with a vast multitude of inhabitants of whom the great majority are incessantly growing worse. And in what dreadful perfection of evil might not such a race attain not for length, but cuts the term of individuals so short, and not for the hope of that converts some, and puts a degree of restraint on the rest.

'And now, if there is really thus a nation, against the souls of our race, such an enemy as all these epithets and images can but faintly represent, can a professed servant of God rest easy and felicitate himself on having an extremely small part in the warfare? Where does he find his privileged ground of assurance and indulgence, while this mighty force of evil strives and swarms and rages, against God, and truth, against goodness and happiness and the immortal spirit and all men's spirits, as really as an infernal agency could be? In seeking such exemption he must abandon all the objects and interests against which this hostility is directed, must henceforth, in effect, co-operate with the enemy. Let him consider what absurdity it is possible to conceive of more serious in the King of heaven or his

had world which should not commit him in conflict, at every point of its execution. Against *every* good he can think of he will find an appropriate antagonist evil already in full action, an action that will not remit and sink into quiet when he approaches to effect the intended good. Nay, indeed, in what way is it that the servant of God the most promptly apprehends the nature of his vocation but in that of seeing what it is *against*? And when he puts the matter to experimental proof, does he ever find that those apprehended adversaries are nothing but menacing shadows? Let him that has made the most determined, protracted, and extensive trial, tell whether it is idle common-place and extravagance when we say that all christian exhortation is in truth a summons to war.' pp. 15—21.

To all this might with eminent propriety, as we think, have been added a more direct and explicit mention of an unknown, but not questionable futurity of evil. We must remember, and the recollection forms the first element of that zeal which it is the Preacher's specific aim to arouse, that evil, physical and moral evil, abuts only a fragment of its unmeasured mass, upon our observation in the present state.

Under the impression of representations like these we have quoted—and the Discourse contains many pages of more definite exhibitions, having the same character and colouring—a question almost involuntarily presents itself, which, if it has never shaped itself into words, has doubtless been of familiar occurrence to many minds, What are the precise elements, and what are the external features of a truly virtuous temper of mind in relation to the present, and the impending condition of the human system? It is very apparent that, even among those whose defined belief, and the phraseology of whose opinions, are professedly and honestly submitted to the direction of revelation, a wide diversity exists in the habitual temper and sentiment associated with their respective views of the mixed system in which human beings are involved. Indeed, could we enter with a perfectness of perception into that interior prospect of the surrounding moral system, which is imaged upon other minds, upon those at least that have received any individuality of character from habitual reflection, we should seem to contemplate so many new worlds. We should be fain to suppose that the beings whose consciousness we were admitted to peruse, had been summoned from wide corners of the universe,—from worlds, analogous indeed in their physical machinery, but strangely unlike in all that regards the conditions of moral existence. It needs hardly be said, that it is the presence of evil which affords the occasion, and that it is the personal implication in evil which supplies the cause, of this diversity of aspect under which the same system appears to different minds. Those orders of intelligent beings which have retained their primitive condition, must

be believed to have one and the same apprehension, both of the good they know, and of the evil of whose existence they are apprised. But to those who are themselves involved in a mixed system of good and evil, that awful subject of contemplation, existing and impending evil, forms the *nucleus* of indefinite sentiments, various in their nature, and by their nature, determining the temper of the individual, and often of definite opinions, reflecting back their specific influence upon the character. These sentiments and opinions, operating both as cause and as effect, are such as is the character.

There is—of the bare fact we are assured, a supernal contemplation of evil, of such a nature as to be compatible with absolute happiness. Now, though it were admitted, that in that apprehension there is implied a degree or kind of knowledge of which probationary virtue is destitute, yet it must be believed, that that apprehension of evil which is proper to our probationary virtue, is analogous, both in its elements, and in its effects, to that of a state of consummated goodness. Let it be granted that the virtuous man must fail in his attempts to *systematise* on the subject of evil; still, it cannot be doubted, that with reference to this very subject, he is approximating to an order of feelings which shall allow of his being absolutely happy even in the fullest contemplation of it. The intelligent being who stands low on the scale of reason and goodness, will be found, in proportion as he *thinks*, to have existing in his mind, an image of the universal system of things presenting much of the distortion of his own moral condition. He, on the contrary, who rises high on that scale, will demonstrate that paradox, that, in proportion as an individual grows in the holy qualification for justly appreciating present and impending evil, he will at the same time acquire, though perhaps he knows not on what ground, a quiescent suspension of feeling on the subject. We might then, in an indirect way, ascertain our moral rank, and the tendency of our character, by examining the tone and colouring of that picture of the universe which our habitual sensations have insensibly portrayed upon the mind. To appreciate its specific quality, this picture must be compared, when we catch the opportunity of doing so, with those of other minds; as well as with that apprehension of the same objects, which the consideration of abstract principles may enable us with safety to attribute to holy beings.

There is to be remarked, the small degree in which the diversities of feeling to which we are referring, are suffered to transpire, so as to become the objects of common observation. The conventional uniformity of expression, the narrowness of language which shrouds all meaning but what is common, even the habit of designed concealment of its more peculiar impres-

sions, which usually attends high individuality of character, and often a devout delicacy of mind, are causes which combine to render hardly apparent, differences of feeling of the utmost moral importance. Perhaps a clouded phrase that has been sedulously shaped to conformity with current expressions, shall afford the only indication of a state of mind of the widest obliquity. Perhaps, an unconscious habitual hypocrisy in the adoption of certain stated terms, shall vail an almost hideous insensibility in regard to topics which, in other minds, are barely compatible with tolerable tranquillity. And as these diversities may be in a great measure concealed from external observation, it is true also that impressions widely perverted, and deteriorating in their influence, may exist and rule in the character almost unsuspected by the individual himself. A reluctance to scrutinize the validity and tendency of certain sentiments, may be generated by the circumstance of these sentiments, although obviously in themselves of a painful kind, having gradually become the means and the objects of fond intellectual indulgences. Those interior convulsions of the soul, which shook its early constitution, have settled perhaps into a brokenness of form, whose strange irregularities have insensibly fascinated the imagination; and now, these barren heights and rude depths are the haunts of lawless thought, and the scenes of injurious delectation.

The subjugation of the understanding to the illusion of contorted perceptions, may be perfected and confirmed by an habitual self-gratulatory comparison of those perceptions with a more vulgar pervertedness of sentiment, which takes an opposite direction, and is of a character utterly unpleasing.

There is, for example, a modification of perception relative to the condition of the moral system, which might bear to be designated by some such phrase as that of Theological Callousness. Besides the common deficiency of sensibility towards objects of belief, there is to be met with, a positive and specific induration of the mind, which is often the gradual result of habitual *professional* concernment with the facts of religion. It is true, and strange, and to a degree unavoidable, that the unnumbered subjects of immortal good or ill, shall come to be regarded and spoken of almost as the mere *calculi* of the abstruse processes of science; or as unreal existences, occupying such and such compartments of an arbitrary arrangement. And without any peculiar deficiency of common benevolence, this professional apathy may go as far in reference to the condition of the myriads of our brethren in the hazards of probation, as if the subject matter of all this discussion and diligent classification, were but the lowest varieties of the organized system. Who shall estimate the sum of the offence and the injury occasioned by the ineffable indecorums of theological debate and discussion,

when the wide desolation of our species is to be subjected to examination under all its scientific predicaments? Still worse, when a trivial contest for scholastic distinction is held over the very site of the nether world; or when the offensive retorts of more serious controversy are hurled from side to side, full charged with the mysteries of future wo. And yet, at least in minds of inferior cast, all this may take place in consequence of an habituation of the mind, which is almost involuntary, being derived from the laws of our intellectual constitution, and from the dimness of our apprehension of moral objects. It must be allowed however, that it is the symptom of a very defective condition of the mind, where there appears no solicitude to keep alive an indignant consciousness of this unhappy sophistication of the feelings.

But we must venture a step further in the description of the order of feelings of which we are speaking. Do we trespass beyond the bounds of fact in saying, that, not infrequently among those whose principles suppose on their part a full appreciation of the condition of their fellow men, instances are to be found of a sort of *spontaneous* insensibility, nearly bordering upon malignity, in reference to all without the precincts of their systematized sympathies? May we not observe in certain quarters, a tone and manner of expression, in regard to the state and destinies of mankind, which almost suggest the idea of the insulting air of composure assumed by the triumphant parties in a family or civil discord? Are there not men, claiming to be eminently occupied with the interests of the future world, whose personal comfort seems to include a fixed and open-eyed contemplation of surrounding desolation? A Colossal Selfishness truly is this, which sits erect, and looks with vacant stare, far over the countless prostrate wrecks of human good! We perceive in the instance of the demon-chiefs of savage tribes, that our nature is susceptible of a tranquil perfection of malignity, which cannot repose pleasantly, unless beneath a gorgeous roofing of human skulls. Must it be admitted, that the circle of religious society has presented phenomena that might deserve to be called analogous to such a temper? Man is essentially the same in all places. We certainly believe that an abstracted malevolence—a complacent affinity with evil, does in some instances find a scope for its consummation, and at the same time a vail for its blackness, among the mournful facts and anticipations that are implied in our religious belief.

But to this unpleasing topic we refer, only because it furnishes an illustration, by contrast, of an order of feelings vastly more worthy of investigation. Directly opposed to this Theological callousness, is that propensity of thought which, if the former

seems to consist in the *complacent* affinity with evil, would appear to result from the *melancholic* affinity with evil. It might (to borrow the phraseology of science) be termed the atrophy of eminently beneficent constitutions. It is a faintness that invades the languid life of the finest temperaments, inducing upon them, at least to the eye of vulgar observation, the rigid symptoms of misanthropy. Like the misanthrope, though influenced by a sentiment essentially different, the subject of this morbid propensity shall be found occupied in pondering the details of geography, grudging all the space that is not precluded by seas or sands from human occupation. But nothing is more characteristic of this state of mind, than its speculative excursiveness. Though it cherishes, perhaps with a passionate jealousy, some mitigating or evasive hypothesis, it will not rest *at home*, even in its own hypothesis, but is ever pressing painfully upon the boundaries which reason and faith prescribe to thought. Hence, there will at times be exhibited striking intellectual inconsistencies. For example, while there is a warm assertion of human liberty of will, there may be a hesitation and perplexity in the manner of maintaining it, which indicate that the mind is haunted with the conviction of an opposite doctrine. And if Christian zeal be not palsied by the lurking thought, it is at least robbed of the animation and firmness of its step. The energy of the soul is exhausted upon an ever renewed, but never completed apology, which opposing opinions alternately exact from the understanding; the devout convictions of the mind, in regard to the honour of the Divine character and government, being liable to continual interruption from the recurrence of painful or perplexing thoughts. But it seems sufficiently clear that there must exist in the mind a principle giving a misdirection to the thoughts, when the grand enigma of the moral system is sought either to be evaded or forcibly resolved, as the indispensable condition to the attainment of tranquillity. It is to a false or a defective sentiment that we must attribute the indulgence of *gratuitous* mitigative suppositions. There is reason to suspect an hypothesis which appears to be clung to, as if it were felt to be the *forlorn hope* of reflection. On the same ground, it may safely be affirmed to be a sophistication of sensibility, which can suggest the half-defined wish to blot out its objects from existence; or which rests upon no thought so quietly, as upon the idea of sweeping erasements from the book of creation. How plausible soever may seem the argument which would seek to justify such a wish or hope, every one must be conscious, while he listens to it, that it has a sinister character; and though it should remain unrefuted, it is involuntarily condemned as a sophism. Benevolence has nothing in it negative; it is the active coincidence of will with well-being. In producing its whole self forth, if we may be permitted the

quaintness, towards the good of its object, it leaves no reserve or remainder of simply passive or unproductive regrets. We venture to affirm, as a matter of fact, that the full knowledge of evil, conjoined with the highest capacity of sympathy and love, will not be found to exhibit any symptom of this kind of negative sensibility.

A state of delectation which grows with the growth of the sympathies, not upon either their diminution, or their perversion, needs not be taxed to furnish an apology for its happiness. It is certainly presumable, that a high state of active participation in the Divine blessedness, and a regard to the Divine perfections pre-occupying the mind, are strictly reasonable, even although the sophisms that would prove it otherwise were quite insolvable. But the objections that would affirm tranquillity or positive enjoyment to be incompatible with informed sensibility, are not really derived from the supposed difficulties comprised in such sophisms; they spring immediately from a deficient or negative state of the affections. Nor will the malady ever derive its remedy from hypothetical reserves, or bold theories, or from a forced forgetfulness or artificial detention of the thoughts from particular subjects. We either shall not succeed in the attempt to lose sight of a painful or perplexing object, or we shall succeed in consequence of the inaction of the mind, and the withering of the affections; and then, if we become more tranquil than we were, it is because we *live* less than we did. It is simply in the attainment of a higher degree of active affinity with well-being, that we obtain a practical solution of the enigma of virtuous happiness amid unmeasured evil. In becoming largely "partakers of the Divine nature," it may be that we are not advanced a step towards the speculative comprehension of the ultimate reason of the moral system; but we are instated by anticipation in the undefined sentiments which would be the result of such a comprehension. It is common to assume, that the full discovery of the mystery of the Divine government will, in a future state, be granted as indispensable to the happiness of intelligent creatures. We are not apprised of the grounds of this assumption. Is it not the immediate perception of the absolute and rightful blessedness of the Infinite Being, which will suffice to consummate the happiness of all holy beings?*

* It may not be wholly impertinent to introduce in this place a striking anecdote, which may in some degree illustrate the sentiment in the text. The pious mother of an unworthy son, whose misconduct had induced upon her that species of decline familiarly termed a broken heart, sent for him to her death bed, and addressed him in this remarkable language: "My dear Charles, how tenderly I have loved you, is but too evident from the state to which you now see me

We too little habituate ourselves to dwell and expatiate upon the idea of the result upon the mind and affections consequent on the immediate perception—the *direct knowledge*, of the ABSOLUTE and INFINITE GOOD. Hence, we easily take up with the secular or popular notion of future happiness, as consisting in the reflected perception or consciousness of individual good or enjoyment; and under the impression of this utterly preposterous idea, we are quite unable to form even the most vague conception, much less to admit a distinct and detailed anticipation, of the sentiments that must attend the witnessing of the final resolution of the probationary system, especially in the individual circumstances of the general crisis. Let that last scene be attempted to be realized in its details, and we shall discover, on analysing our feelings, that there is a sentiment indispensable to the occasion, in which we are almost entirely deficient. Whatever we may imagine to be the elements and the object of that sentiment, we may be assured, that it is only so far as we are approximating towards it in the temper of our minds, that we are losing the schismatic spirit of our defection, and preparing to be joined to the one body of the true worshippers in the world of order.

Art. VI. *Memoir of the Rev. Henry Martyn*, B. D. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company. 8vo. pp. 537. Price 12s. London. 1819.

IT is most true, that Scepticism can be combated by no argument so unanswerable as a holy life. It is like the practical answer which put to silence the Sophist who denied there was such a thing as motion, when the philosopher rose and walked. The life of such a man as Henry Martyn, furnishes a demonstration of the Divine origin of Christianity, better adapted than a thousand reasonings to satisfy the doubts of an *honest* sceptic. It carries with it the highest measure of proof of which the nature of moral evidence admits, by presenting an effect that demands to be referred to its adequate cause; and no other adequate cause is assignable, than the Divine influence connected with the Gospel of Christ. There is but one higher species of evidence,—rather, it is the same species of evidence

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reduced; and so long as I remain in this body, I shall not cease to love you, and to pray for you, with all a mother's anxiety; but the period is approaching when I shall hear the sentence of even your eternal destruction with a majestic composure and an entire complacency, arising from a feeling identified only with perfect purity and infinite rectitude." The impression this appeal made, was never effaced: it was the means of effecting a permanent change of character.

addressing itself to consciousness instead of observation, and then only forming the proper basis of devout faith,—the evidence of the truth of Christianity, which results from the experience of its power.

But even to persons upon whose minds the moral inference deducible from such a life should make no impression, the contemplation of so striking a phenomenon might claim to be in no small degree interesting. In this disclosure of sentiments, sympathies, and passions, pervading and actuating an individual of our own age and country, so entirely foreign from general experience, in a moral idiosyncrasy so peculiar, there might seem to be something worthy of engaging the curiosity of mere speculation. Call it fanaticism; it does not render the fact a whit the less deserving of philosophical attention, that this high degree of abstraction from the world, this ardour of attachment to the person and cause of the Saviour, this sensibility or rather an exquisite sensitiveness in reference to moral qualities and appearances, by the presence of which most persons are entirely unaffected, together with an unconquerable spirit of self-denying heroism, did exist, giving birth and direction to a series of admirable exertions, which proved at once their reality and their efficiency,—their efficiency beyond any other principles that can be brought to bear upon human conduct. And then to observe the character of this fanaticism; for such must the Socinian, and such must the *orthodox* impugner of evangelical sentiments, regard the piety of Henry Martyn. His was that very Calvinism, or Methodism, which is so much deprecated, and dreaded, and calumniated at home. But such a fanatacism!—so calm, so elevated, so humble, so holy, so enduring, that it might reflect back a dignity on any term of reproach by which it was designated. The highest idea of moral sublimity in human conduct which heathen wisdom could conceive, was that of a good man struggling with adversity. How immeasurably short did that conception stop of the grandeur of moral character exemplified by this eminent servant of Christ, in the active conflict which he sustained with essential evil, resisting unto death!

Let not the reader who stands in no need of confirmation in the truth of Christianity, disguise, however, from himself, that such an exhibition of the genuine character and tendency of his religion, in something of its primitive freshness, is scarcely less requisite in his own case, to confute the infidel within him. The Author of this Memoir alludes to the attempts made to dissuade Mr. Martyn from engaging himself as a Missionary, sometimes by ridicule, but at other times by alleging that the texts which he produced as the grounds of his conduct, were '*applicable* '*only to the times of the Apostles.*' We believe that even

among professed Christians, this specious sophism serves, to an extent unsuspected, the bad purpose of reconciling the conscience to a style of Christianity very far below the primitive standard. And in the low state of religion which is too generally consequent upon an extended and flourishing profession, the idea of living up to the text of Apostolic precept, is often tacitly abandoned. Owing to this low tone of practice, the character of even the sincere Christian is dwarfed by his associations; his own becomes insensibly depressed; he learns to adopt, in spite, perhaps, of some misgivings of conscience, the estimate of his piety which others have formed, and which has been cheaply won by some external services, or an exemplary regularity of conduct. A withering scepticism, not indeed as to the truth or authority of religion, but as to the extent of its claims, may thus silently introduce itself into the heart, while the outward character may be as flourishing as ever, destroying all the spirituality of the mind; and for any practical effect, the standard of Christian morality may be lost. It would seem to be the only remedy for such a state of things, that the living original of the Christian character in its simplicity and entireness, should be from time to time re-produced in the person of some individual who shall have escaped the deteriorating influence of the circumstances that have repressed its development in those around him. The appearance of one such individual has been found sufficient to spread an indefinite agitation through an extensive section of religious society; an agitation in which offended self-love, indignant surprise, and the vague uneasiness arising from incertitude, shall, in some directions, form the chief elements. In other directions, the impulse shall be followed by a healthful increase of vital action, and the immediate track of the individual's personal influence shall discover itself in society, like the bright green which indicates there is water beneath. But, excepting some extraordinary instances, it has not been till after their removal from this world, that the characters of these living exemplars of pure and undefiled religion, have been fully discovered. The biography of such men, when it makes us acquainted with the internal reality of their character, is the most valuable record we can have presented to us. One feels, on the perusal, that it is with Christians like these we want to be brought into contact, in order to be kindled into animation at such an exhibition of "the highest style of man." The conviction is pressed upon us, that religion in such individuals is a thing different almost in kind from the dreamy faith, and stagnant hope, and feeble aspirations, and monotonous devotion of a large proportion of church-going and meeting-going professors. But the contrast will be brought nearer home to the reader who has cultivated the knowledge of himself; and he will

be humbled in the dust when he recollects that the disparity between the most eminent Christian and his own attainments, furnishes but a medium of illustration of the far greater, the immense distance at which he has been content to leave the Perfect Example set him by that Friend who has said, "If any man love me, let him follow me."

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, in the year 1781. In the grammar school of his native town he received the elements of his education, after which, he was entered, in 1797, at St. John's College, Cambridge. From his early youth, he was characterized by 'a peculiar tenderness and softness of spirit,' and by a temper and conduct in the highest degree amiable; but the death of his father, to obtain whose approbation had been the stimulus to his academical pursuits and exertions, was the era of his first serious reflections on the subject of religion. Being from the poignancy of his grief, unable to relish his usual studies, he took up the Bible, 'thinking,' as he himself expressed it, 'that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to this 'solemn time.' The Acts, as being the most amusing part of the New Testament, first attracted his attention, and while entertained with the narrative, he was insensibly led to examine the doctrine of the Apostles, which he found to correspond with the few notions he had imbibed from education.

'I believe on the first night after, I began to pray from a precomposed form, in which I thanked God, in general, for having sent Christ into the world. But though I prayed for pardon, I had little sense of my own sinfulness: nevertheless I began to consider myself as a religious man. The first time I went to chapel, I saw, with some degree of surprise at my former inattention, that, in the *magnificat*, there was a great degree of joy expressed at the coming of Christ, which I thought but reasonable. —— had lent me Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the first part of which I could not bear to read, because it appeared to make religion consist too much in humiliation; and my proud and wicked heart would not bear to be brought down into the dust. And —— to whom I mentioned the gloom which I felt, after reading the first part of Doddridge, reprobated it strongly. Alas! did he think that we can go along the way that leadeth unto life, without entering in "at the straight gate!"'

We have known instances of that admirable work being depreciated by persons of sincere piety, owing, perhaps, to its not being precisely adapted to their own taste or turn of mind, or to some accidental impressions received in early life from the perusal. There may be varieties or periods of character to which it is not altogether the most suitable; but it possesses in a very extraordinary degree the merit of general adaptation. A person, one would think, should be very careful how he suffers himself to pronounce an unfavourable opinion upon a work

which has, in thousands of instances, performed so important a part in the formation of religious character. The efficiency of such a work is not to be estimated by the fastidious judgement which may *à priori* be formed of its excellence, but by the facts which are occasionally disclosed in the mental history of individuals; and it is upon the strength of these facts, that Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" may safely be pronounced one of the most useful volumes in the Theological catalogue.

The convictions which were thus awakened in Mr. Martyn's mind, were not transitory. From the perusal of the New Testament, and from the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Simeon, on which he now began to be a constant attendant, he became a devout believer. The process of mind through which he passed was gradual, unmarked by any extraordinary epochs or vicissitudes of feeling; and, on the retrospect, it appeared to him that his progress was at one time almost entirely suspended by the intense abstraction with which he pursued his mathematical studies; but the change which had been superinduced upon his character was real, and there was in his religion the principle of growth. His application was rewarded with the highest academical honour, which he attained when he had not quite completed his twentieth year. 'I obtained,' he says, 'my highest 'wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow.' He was designated in his college, we are told, as 'the man who 'had not lost an hour.' In March, 1802, he was chosen fellow of St. John's, soon after which he bore away the Bachelor of Arts prize for the best Latin composition. It was towards the close of the same year, after returning from a visit to his family in Cornwall, that he adopted the resolution of offering himself to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, as a Christian Missionary.

'The immediate cause of his determination to undertake the office, was hearing the Rev. Mr. Simeon remark on the benefit which had resulted from the services of a Missionary [Dr. Carey] in India: his attention was thus arrested, and his thoughts occupied with the vast importance of the subject. Soon after which, perusing the life of David Brainerd, who preached with apostolical zeal and success to the North American Indians, and who finished a course of self-denying labours for his Redeemer, with unspeakable joy, at the early age of 32, his soul was filled with a holy emulation of that extraordinary man: and after deep consideration and fervent prayer, he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate his example. Nor let it be conceived, that he could adopt this resolution without the severest conflict in his mind: for he was endued with the truest sensibility of heart, and was susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments.'

But the following extracts from his own letters and private

papers, will best shew how justly he appreciated, and how steadily he contemplated, the sacrifices which he would have to make, in the execution of the great work to which with unshaken constancy he now devoted himself. To his sister he speaks of the dejection which he at times laboured under, arising not from any doubts of his acceptance with God, 'not from desponding 'views of' his 'own backwardness in the divine life, for I am 'more prone,' he adds, 'to self-dependence and conceit; but 'from the prospect of the difficulties I have to encounter in the 'whole of my future life.'

'The thought that I must be unceasingly employed in the same kind of work amongst poor ignorant people, is what my proud spirit revolts at. To be obliged to submit to a thousand uncomfortable things that must happen to me, whether as a minister or a missionary, is what the flesh cannot endure. At these times I feel neither love to God or man, and in proportion as these graces of the Spirit languish, my besetting sins—pride and discontent, and unwillingness for every duty, make me miserable.'—'In all my life I have fixed on some desirable ends, at different distances, the attainment of which was to furnish me with happiness. But now in seasons of unbelief, nothing seems to lie before me but one vast uninteresting wilderness, and heaven appearing but dimly at the end. Oh, how does this shew the necessity of living by faith!'

'I was under disquiet at the prospect of my future work, encompassed with difficulties; but I trusted I was under the guidance of infinite wisdom, and on that I could rest.' '——, who had returned from a mission, observed that the crosses to be endured were far greater than can be conceived: but "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy."'—'Had some disheartening thoughts at night, at the prospect of being stripped of every earthly comfort; but who is it that maketh my comforts to be a source of enjoyment? Cannot the same make cold and hunger and nakedness and peril to be a train of ministering angels, conducting me to glory?'—'O my soul, compare thyself with St. Paul, and with the example of Jesus Christ. Was it not his meat and drink to do the will of his heavenly Father?'

There can be no doubt that physical causes were in some measure implicated in these alternations of feeling, and indeed it was next to impossible that his health should not be affected by the severe mental conflict which he underwent at this period; but it is when under the influence of bodily indisposition and physical depression, that the true tendencies of the character, and the validity of the religious principles, are best discovered. The exercise of mind which takes place under these circumstances is not the less real, because the occasion of that exercise is some mechanical pressure upon the spirits. Nothing can be more striking than the expressions of self-humiliation which

continually occur in Mr. Martyn's journal at this season: they shew how admirable a preparation his spirit was now undergoing for the arduous exertions and the life-long self-denial which he contemplated. 'Let me then,' he says in one place, 'recollect that all apparent joy in God without humility, is a 'mere delusion of Satan.' He complains of that 'base of his 'peace, disappointed arrogance which proudly seeks for good 'where it can never be found.' 'How much better is it to have 'a peaceful sense of my own wretchedness, and a humble wait-'ing upon God for sanctifying grace, than to talk much and 'appear to be somebody in religion!' This deep humility, this unaffected self-loathing in a man of Mr. Martyn's purity of life, must appear an enigma to those who have never known what it is to realize the Divine holiness with ardent aspirations after conformity to the image of God. Such a sense of the Divine perfections is the only source of genuine humility; that humility which is the true measure of spiritual attainments.

Mr. Martyn received Deacon's ordination in October, 1803, and commenced the exercise of his pastoral function as curate to Rev. Mr. Simeon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Cambridge, undertaking likewise the charge of the neighbouring parish of Lolworth. Towards the close of the same year he was appointed one of the public examiners in his college, an office which he again sustained in the following June, and a third time towards the close of 1804. In this year, his expectations of becoming a Missionary, were for a time overspread with uncertainty by the very trying event of his losing all his slender patrimony; 'a loss rendered more severe to him by the circumstance of his 'y[illegible]er being involved in the same calamity.' It appeared to him scarcely justifiable to leave England under these circumstances, when he might possibly render some service to his sister. This change in the aspect of Mr. Martyn's affairs, however, only caused an increased anxiety among his friends to procure for him the situation of chaplain to the East India Company, in which capacity he at length received a summons to leave London and at ten days' notice; but some delay took place, partly occasioned by his not having yet received Priest's ordination, and he remained for two months in London.

'On the 8th of July, Mr. Martyn left London for Portsmouth: and-'ch was the acuteness of his feelings during this journey, that he fainted, and fell into a convulsion fit, at the inn where he slept on the road: a painful intimation to those friends who were with him, of the poignancy of that grief which he endeavoured as much as possible to repress and conceal.'

His Biographer hints at a circumstance which must have added in no slight degree to the acuteness of his sufferings on bidding farewell to his native land.

'It was not merely the ties of family or friendship which bound him to Cornwall; others there were of a tenderer, if not stronger kind; for he had conceived a deeply fixed attachment for one, of whom less ought not, and more cannot be said, than that she was worthy of him.'

His dejection, combining with much bodily indisposition, rose at times to an agonizing pitch. When he found himself actually sailing down the Channel, his feelings were those of a 'man 'who should be suddenly told that every friend he had in the 'world was dead.' He felt loth, he confesses, to forsake all on earth. Especially while lying off the coast of his native Cornwall, where as his Biographer remarks, 'every object which 'caught his eye,—every headland, every building, every wood, 'served to remind him of endearments that were past, and of 'pleasures never to be renewed,' his anguish was extreme. Never, however, for a moment did he exhibit that vacillation of purpose which our Lord so pointedly condemns, under the figure of a man who having put his hand to the plough, should look back. 'England had disappeared,' he notes in his Journal, 'and with it all my peace.—The pains of memory were all I 'felt.—Would I go back? O no,—but how can I be support-'ed? My faith fails. I find by experience I am as weak as 'water.'

'To describe the variety of perplexing, heart-rending, agonizing thoughts which passed through my mind, and which, united with the weakness and languor of my body, served to depress me into the depths of misery, would be impossible. The bodily suffering would be nothing, did not Satan improve his advantage in representing the happiness and ease of the life I had left. However, God did not leave me quite alone, poor and miserable as I was. I was helped to recollect several things in Scripture which encouraged me to hold on; such as, "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him;" the examples likewise of Moses, Abraham, and St. Paul, of our blessed Lord himself, and of his saints at the present moment. I repeated the farewell discourse of St. Paul, and endeavoured to think how he would act in my situation. I thought of all God's people looking out after me with expectation; following me with their wishes and their prayers. I thought of the holy angels, some of whom perhaps were guarding me on my way; and of God, and of Christ, approving my course and mission. "Who will go for me?—here am I: send me." I thought of the millions of precious souls that now and in future ages might be benefited.'

At length the tempest of his feelings subsided; his mind regained its healthful tone; and though he speaks, in one part of his journal, of experiencing one of those keen pangs of misery that occasionally shot across his breast, when, 'with death-like 'despondency,' he reflected on his friendless, exiled condition, his general state of mind was peaceful and even joyous.

'I am, far,' he says, 'from regretting that I ever came on this delightful work: were I to choose for myself, *I could scarcely find a situation more agreeable to my taste.* On, therefore, let me go, and persevere steadily in this blessed undertaking; through the grace of God, dying daily to the opinions of men, and aiming, with a more single eye, at the glory of the everlasting God.'

We have dwelt the longer upon the exhibition of Mr. Martyn's feelings at this crisis, because it contrasts so remarkably with the undaunted courage, fortitude, and perseverance, which he exemplified throughout the whole of his missionary career. The greatest bravery in the field is not displayed by the raw recruit who rushes with the fiercest impetuosity to the onset. This record of what he suffered, is adapted, too, especially in connexion with the concluding part of the Memoir, to have a most consolatory and encouraging influence on those who shall be incited to emulate his heroic zeal. Lord Nelson often mentioned his obligations to the officer who, on seeing him turn pale and ready to sink in the first engagement he had been in, infused fresh life and courage into him by the assurance that he had himself felt so at first. We have no doubt that the Christian soldier will feel his spirits revive, in the season of despondency, on recurring to this period in the life of Henry Martyn. On the first perusal of the strong expressions in which he describes his mental agony, one is ready to think this good man surely mistook the path of duty, and miscalculated his powers of action and endurance. That softness of spirit and tender sensibility by which he to the last was characterized, did not, one might have thought, indicate the individual best fitted for the heart-rending sacrifice of every comfort and every human endearment. And yet, when we witness the consummate prudence, and self-command, and firmness, combined with a most conciliatory sweetness of temper, which he exhibited in his intercourse with the Heathen, all the peculiarities of his disposition appear in the light of eminent qualifications for the office; while the bodily weakness and infirmity of spirits under which he laboured, in the prospect, and at times during the prosecution, of his high enterprise, only serve to render it more conspicuously manifest, that he triumphed in the might of God.

The following striking representation is given by himself, of his impressions at the first sight of an Indian village.

'The sight of men, women, and children—all Idolaters, makes me shudder, as in the dominions of the Prince of darkness. I fancy the frown of God is visible. There is something peculiarly awful in the stillness that prevails. Whether it is the relaxing influence of the climate, or what, I do not know; but there is every thing here to depress the spirits: all nature droops.'

Mr. Martyn met with an affectionate welcome at Aldeen, near

Calcutta, then the residence of that inestimable servant of Christ, the Rev. David Brown. He resided here and at Calcutta for some months, availing himself of the interval to prosecute his acquisition of Hindoostanee, with the assistance of a Cashmire Brahmin. He at length received his appointment to Dinapore; but previously to his leaving Aldeen had the high satisfaction of welcoming the arrival of two fellow-labourers, who, prompted by a similar spirit of self-devotion to the cause of Christ, had, like him, become voluntary exiles from their native land. In sailing up the Ganges, he found himself for the first time with none but natives. It was not long before he came to an actual encounter with the infernal enemy, a sort of skirmish of out-posts; on which occasion, his characteristic qualification for the service in point of temper and disposition, was happily illustrated. In a village where the boat stopped for the night, he found assembled the worshippers of Cali. He did not think of speaking to them, on account of their being Bengalees, till he was invited by the Brahmins to walk within the railing. He then asked some questions about the idol, to which a Brahmin replied in bad Hindoostanee, with great heat and volubility, while the congregation, consisting of about a hundred persons, shouted applause.

'But I continued to ask my questions, without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked, among other things, whether what I had heard of Vishnu and Brahma was true; which he confessed. I forebore to press him with the consequences which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chula bat* (good words); and asked me seriously at last, what I thought—"Was idol worship true or false?" I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer; and that I had declared it in the presence of the devil. And this also I learnt, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.* I was never more astonished than at the change of deportment in the hot-headed Brahmin.'

'If any qualification,' Mr. Martyn subsequently remarks, 'seems necessary to a Missionary in India, it is wisdom operating in the regulation of the temper and improvement of opportunities.'

Mr. Martyn's attention on reaching Dinapore, was directed to a three-fold object; the establishment of native schools, the preparation of translations of the Scriptures and of tracts for distribution, and the attainment of sufficient facility in Hindoostanee, to enable him to make that language the medium of popular addresses. But he was not aware that every district has its peculiar dialect, and that after all his pains in the acquisition of that language, he would, on passing out of Bengal into Bahar, be still at a loss in conversing with the natives. The Baharree having also its various dialects, he resolved, under these circum-

stances of dispiriting perplexity, to aim at a translation of the four gospels into four different dialects, for the province of Bahar; adding to them, as he should be able, the book of Genesis, some of the Psalms, the Decalogue, and the Sermon on the Mount. He at the same time, at the recommendation of his Pundit, resumed the study of the Sanscrit, which he seems to have laid aside almost in despair; and for a long time, notwithstanding all his toil, he made no sensible progress in the rudiments of that singular and unwieldy language. With regard to the disposition of the natives towards a nominal change of their religion, he was surprised to find, in direct contrariety to the representations so confidently made by the enemies of missions, that it might be effected with little difficulty, such is the laxity of principle which he found to prevail among them. He affirms, indeed, that 'the idea of embracing the religion of the English, 'was very pleasant to the Pundits and other natives.' The opposition he had to encounter, proceeded from a different quarter. Both his philological studies and his attempts at conversation with the natives, were regarded by the European residents, 'with a mixture of jealousy, fear, and contempt;' while the spirit of irreligion, generally prevalent amongst the upper classes, opposed a fatal resistance to his ministerial labours among his fellow countrymen. An old Brahmin whom he met with at Buxar, seventy miles from Dinapore, expressed the utmost surprise at finding in Mr. Martyn a *Suhib* who 'cared 'any thing about religion.' 'It is no more than natural,' remarks Mr. M. to his friend Corrie, 'that Christian should be a name 'of execration to those who know no more of Christianity than 'what they have hitherto observed in this country.'

Having completed the translation of the Church Service into Hindoostanee, Mr. Martyn commenced, in February, 1807, the regular performance of Divine worship, on the Sunday, in the vernacular language of India, concluding with an exhortation from the Scripture in the same tongue. This service was in addition to that performed at seven in the morning to the Europeans, his attendance at the hospital, and a private lecture on the Sunday evening at his own rooms to the few among the military who discovered any religious solicitude. He thought it advisable, however, to abstain for the present from preaching publicly to the natives.

'He was determined to see what the institution of schools and the quiet distribution of the Scriptures would effect, and was convinced that public preaching *at first*, was incompatible with this plan of procedure; whereas it was clear that a way would thus be opened for preaching, of which object he never lost sight.'

Such was the extreme caution with which he proceeded, that when, in consequence of the progress made in the schools, (five of which, at his own expense, he had instituted in and about

Dinapore,) it became necessary to determine what books should be placed in the hands of the children who could read, he decided upon permitting them to begin with the perusal of an old Hindoo poem, in order to lay asleep the jealousy of their parents with respect to his designs. This was followed by the introduction of the Sermon on the Mount. It is but just to state in his own words, the considerations by which he was guided in pursuing a plan respecting the expediency of which there will be, perhaps, some difference of opinion. To the Rev. Mr. Corrie, he writes:

'I long to hear of a Christian school established at Benares; it will be like the ark brought into the house of Dagon. But do not be in a hurry; let your character become known, and you may do any thing. If nothing else comes of our schools, one thing I feel assured of, that the children will grow up ashamed of the idolatry and other customs of their country. But surely the general conversion of the natives is not far off. The poverty of the Brahmins makes them less anxious for the continuance of the present system, from which they gain but little. But the translation of the Scriptures is the grand epoch. I trust we shall have the heavenly pleasure of dispersing the Scriptures together through the interior.'

Assuredly, the general diffusion of the light of Christianity, attended by that humanizing influence which renders it the grand means of civilization, can be effected in no other way than by schools and translations. It is equally clear, or at least experience has placed it beyond doubt, that even the most remarkable effects of preaching are likely to terminate at the conversion of a comparatively few individuals, and to expire with the labours of the minister, unless it is followed up by judicious efforts to detach the native from his degrading habits of life, and to occupy his mind with new objects of pursuit and interest. The sequel to the history of David Brainerd's apostolic labours, furnishes on the one hand, a striking instance of the inevitable consequences of leaving Christianity to perpetuate itself among a tribe of uncivilized converts from the grossest heathenism. The flame his heroic zeal kindled, soon died away among the scattered embers, which, had they been gathered together on the hearth of social life, might perhaps have been burning still. On the other hand, the history of the Mission of the United Brethren to Greenland, presents a striking exemplification of the inadequacy of any thing but preaching, the preaching of the Cross, to rouse the sluggish intellect of the savage, and to render him capable, by a spiritual renovation of heart, of subsequently undergoing the change from savage to civilized life. Civilization must follow, not precede the conversion of the idolater, and how striking and beneficial soever be the *general* results of the education of the children of the heathen, and the distribution of

the Scriptures in the vernacular language of the district, still, Conversion in its higher sense, implies more than the abandonment of idolatry; it is a change wrought upon individual character, which may remain to be accomplished upon the instructed equally with the savage native,—to be accomplished by the ministry of the Gospel. Of this Mr. Martyn was deeply sensible, although he did not think it advisable to hazard, in the first instance, alarming the prejudices of the Hindoos by public preaching, which he feared might endanger the prosperity of his schools. Possibly the opposition which he was well aware it would stir up on the part of the *Christian* subjects of his chaplaincy, might concur to deter him from a precipitate adoption of so strong a measure. Not that he would have wanted courage to face any degree of opprobrium which the discharge of his duty might entail upon his character. There seems to have existed, however, in his mind, some vague idea of a 'general 'conversion of the natives,' as being at hand. Unless the expression be meant to imply the mere relinquishment of idolatry, for the nominal profession of Christian belief, on the part of the native population, we are not aware of the precise grounds of such an expectation. But this would be in itself an illustrious triumph over the powers of darkness, the destruction of the whole infernal pantheon of India, with all the demoralizing influences of that 'stupendous delusion.' Such an event, we are authorized to hope, is not far off; and it will not have taken place before numerous accessions of converts in the truest sense, shall have been made from those regions of gross darkness to the general assembly of the redeemed; where (to adopt the energetic language of the splendid "Discourse" which forms the subject of the preceding article,) they will have been hailed 'as signs 'that a decreed change of dispensation, a new aspect of the 'Divine sovereignty, is beginning to shine on a dark hemisphere 'of the world, that death is becoming incomparably more tributary to heaven, and that the ancient barriers between the 'realms of Asia, and the kingdom of eternal glory, is beginning 'to break down.'

A large proportion of Mr. Martyn's time was constantly devoted to the great work of translating the Scriptures into the Oriental dialects. In consequence of an application from the Rev. David Brown, he undertook, in addition to his Hindoostanee version of the New Testament, to superintend the translation of the Scriptures into Persian, and subsequently, conjointly with that, an Arabic translation. To assist him in these labours, Mirza of Benares, an eminent Hindoostanee scholar, and Sabat the Arabian, became at this period his inmates. By the month of March in the following year (1808), the Hindoostanee New Testament was brought to a completion. The Per-

sian translation was confided to Sabat; but after the work was completed, and when two of the Gospels were already printed, it was discovered, on further inspection, to require too many amendments to admit of its immediate publication.

'It was accordingly returned to the translator, who, under the superintendence of Mr. Martyn, bestowed so much pains and attention upon it, as to render it a new, and it was hoped, a sound and accurate work. By those, however, who were considered competent judges at Calcutta, it was still deemed unfit for *general* circulation, inasmuch as it was thought to abound with Arabic idioms, and to be written in a style, pleasing indeed to the learned, but not sufficiently level to the capacities of the mass of common readers. At this decision Mr. Martyn was as keenly disappointed, as he was delighted at the complete success of the Hindoostanee version, which, on the minutest and most rigorous revision, was pronounced to be idiomatic and plain. But meeting the disappointment with that spring and elasticity of mind, which is the result of lively faith, he instantly resolved, after committing his way to God in prayer, and consulting his friends, Mr. Corrie and Mr. Brown, on the subject, to go into Arabia and Persia, for the purpose of collecting the opinions of learned natives with respect to the Persian translation which had been rejected, as well as the Arabic version which was yet incomplete, though nearly finished.'

We must pass over the events of the intermediate period of Mr. Martyn's life,—his vexatious altercations with the haughty Arab, (for whom, notwithstanding his arrogance of temper and his lamentable defection, it is impossible not to feel a lively interest,) his unpleasant removal from his station at Dinapore to Cawnpore, and the commencement, in 1809, of his public ministrations among the heathen, by statedly preaching to a crowd of wretched mendicants before his house, on the day he found it expedient to appoint for the distribution of alms. The remaining portion of the volume is chiefly extracted from an account drawn up by Mr. Martyn, of his visit to Shiraz, which, had his life been spared, he would probably have revised and enlarged for public perusal. It is perhaps the most valuable and interesting section of the work.

On his arrival at Shiraz, Mr. M. ascertained the correctness of the opinion delivered at Calcutta, respecting Sabat's Persian Translation of the New Testament. This was all that was requisite to induce him to commence immediately a new version in that language. An able and willing coadjutor presented himself in the person of Mirza Seid Ali Khan, the brother-in-law of his host, Jaffier Ali Khan, a Mahommedan of rank. With this Seid Ali, who discovered an intelligent and inquiring mind, Mr. Martyn had repeated conversations on the subject of Christianity, some of them of a highly pleasing and encouraging nature. With others, in particular with a Jew Mahommedan

named Abdoolghunee, he was compelled to sustain continual disputations; and by this means, it having also become notorious that Mr. M. was engaged in translating the New Testament into Persian, so general a spirit of inquiry was excited in Shiraz, that the 'Preceptor of all the Moollahs,' Mirza Ibraheem, deemed it expedient to put forth an Arabic defence of Mahommedanism. To this highly lauded treatise, Mr. Martyn immediately set about preparing an answer in Persian; the first part of which was devoted to an attack upon Mahommedanism; the second treated of the evidences and authority of Christianity. Mirza Ibraheem had the politeness to praise his opponent's work, and in common with all the doctors and literati, discovered an inquisitive spirit with respect to the Gospel. Mr. Martyn remained at Shiraz during nearly twelve months. At length, on the 24th of May, 1812, he set out, in company with an English clergyman, on his way to Tebriz, at that time the residence of the British envoy, Sir Gore Ouseley; his final intention being to lay his translation of the New Testament before the King. With difficulty, owing to the state of his health, he reached Tebriz, where he was detained for two months by a fever. From the Ambassador and his lady he met with the kindest attentions, and Sir Gore undertook to present the copies of the Persian New Testament to the King and to Prince Abbas Mirza, his son.

And now, Mr. Martyn's great object being accomplished, with a faint hope of succeeding in the attempt, he set off on his return to England, by way of Constantinople, to repair, if possible, the ravages made in his constitution. Being provided with letters of recommendation from Sir Gore Ouseley, he began his long journey of 1300 miles; but at Tocat, six weeks after his departure from Tebriz, he obtained a discharge from all his labours and sufferings, in the thirty-second year of his age, either falling a sacrifice to the plague, which then raged there, or sinking under the severity of his previous indisposition. He died in a strange land, surrounded by strangers—infidels; but yet he was not alone:—"the Father was with him."

Ought it to be a melancholy impression which such a Memoir leaves upon the mind? Privations, and hardships, and physical toils, quite equal to those which the Christian Missionary may have to encounter, are bravely sustained in the service of this world, and this world's Master. The love of glory is sufficient to reconcile the military hero to a life of danger and warfare. And we never think of pitying the men whose achievements and sufferings are the matter of history, but rather emulate their heroism, and perhaps deem their exertions well repaid by the brilliant result. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown." But the Christian hero looks for one of unfading glory. In the cause to which he has devoted himself, alone, it is impossible that

any exertion can be expended in vain. Notwithstanding the tone of despondency and complaint which pervades Mr. Martyn's private record of his feelings, it cannot be doubted that his trials were counterbalanced by high enjoyments, and that even in his solicitudes and his sorrows he was happier than many whom the world envy. It is not to be forgotten that the subject of his ever-recurring complaint was not physical suffering, but the moral evil which on all sides offended his holy sensibility of mind, and, what was worse, made itself felt within. And there is a blessedness in such sorrow, which infinitely elevates the individual above our commiseration. We cannot conceive of Henry Martyn otherwise than as a happy man. We have no tears for sufferings so glorious as those by which his work and his character were consummated.

It is unnecessary to bestow any formal commendation upon the highly respectable manner in which the Compiler of the Memoir has executed his task. The volume, we are pleased to observe, has already reached a third edition.

Art. VII. *Sketch of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland;* through Perthshire, Argyleshire, and Invernessshire, in September and October, 1818. With some Account of the Caledonian Canal. 8vo. pp. 352. Price 9*s.* 6*d.*

THIS volume is put forth without either author's name, preface, or advertisement. That the topographical description it contains has been drawn up from actual observation, is left to be gathered from the assertion in the title-page, and from internal evidence. Many of the descriptive details must, however, have been originally collected on the spot. Although all attempt at fine writing is judiciously avoided, and the Author confines himself for the most part to the dry business of the topographer, some of the sketches are highly picturesque and interesting; and to those readers whom Messrs. Scott and Cleishbotham have, by their united labours, familiarized with the names of glen, and loch, and strath, imparting at the same time to the uncouth Gaelic sounds a spell-like potency on the fancy, a volume which will conduct them through the heart of that romantic scenery, cannot fail to be highly acceptable.

The work is divided into chapters, at the heads of which are very properly specified the distances of the stages in the route. The road by which our Tourist preferred to enter upon the Highlands, was by the way of Dundee and Cupar of Angus to the Blairgowrie defile, proceeding along the Glenshee road, by Cally Bridge, to Kirkmichael.

"It is a curious and remarkable fact, that, in this district, a hill-stream about three or four miles above the bridge of Cally, constituted, till no very remote period,—as far back as the memory of the oldest

men extended as to what they knew and had heard,—the boundary between the highland and lowland languages, notions, manners, customs, and habits. The prospect was in a great measure changed when the traveller entered the Grampian defile, at Blairgowrie, and particularly after he had passed the bridge of Cally; and, instead of the spacious fertile plain, covered with the abundance of its agricultural produce, his eye rested on the lofty mountain, the deep glen, the barren moor, the rapid river, the dark rock, impending over the roaring cataract, in every variety of wild but strong and impressive scenery. But, on passing the bridge of Cally to the north, or the stream already mentioned to the west, the people seemed to be in language, dress, and manners, entirely different from those behind in their immediate vicinity; and the traveller, from every thing he then saw and heard, appeared to be transported at once, as if by magic, into some remote foreign region. The distinction as to dress, notions, and habits, is in a great measure gone, as has happened in most parts of the highlands: but it still subsists in a high degree as to the language; that which is usually spoken to the east of the stream, being the lowland Scotch, and that usually spoken by the country people, on the west of it, being the Gaelic. This district was not, like most of the highland divisions, considered as the patrimonial territory of any particular clan. The population consisted of persons of almost all the various names known in the highlands; and, as the country is on the borders of the lowlands, and was at all times more accessible to the authority of the general government, than most other divisions of the highlands, the clanish system, in its full spirit of union and vigour for internal government, and external defence, was neither so much required nor so strongly felt. But the general connexion with the great body of the highland population was decidedly marked, not only in the language, but in the notions, habits, and manners of the inhabitants of this district, who in all these particulars exactly resembled the people of the neighbouring district of Athol.' pp. 37—39.

In the village of Kirkmichael, there are two inns, with tolerable accommodation 'for man and horse,' which is the case, our Tourist says, with the inns on most, if not all, of the great roads in the highlands.

'The foundation which the defects of highland accommodation afforded for much serious complaint and humourous remark, has now almost entirely vanished. Since the communication with the highlands, has, by the formation of so many excellent roads, been completely opened, and since the fashionable taste for highland tours, and other causes, have rendered the roads so well frequented, the judgment of proprietors, and the very efficient motive of individual interest, have produced in almost all quarters, places and means of accommodation, comfortable enough to satisfy those who possess a power of reflection and a fund of good temper sufficient to enable them to bear, without repining or murmuring, the inconveniences of a journey; which are sometimes unavoidable, particularly on the

most frequented highland routes, where the inns are liable to be often over-crowded at certain seasons of the year.'

The causes which have led to the expulsion or voluntary emigration of a considerable proportion of the original population of the Highlands, are satisfactorily detailed. Some readers will find themselves a little perplexed with the opposition of the stern dictates of political economy to the predilections of romance. It is impossible, indeed, not to sympathize in the sufferings of the ancient race, since, rude and uncivilized as they were, it is our common nature that was outraged in their being driven into exile from their native land. The opening of a free passage for troops by the formation of the great military roads, and the execution of legal process, together with the consequent facilities for commercial intercourse, which have attracted to the highlands the great capitalist, 'to the expulsion of the 'ancient race of small farmers by hundreds and thousands,' have produced this decisive though gradual revolution. When the defence of the inheritance of the chief was found no longer to depend on the clan, the bond of mutual interest was at once broken.

'The chiefs and superior gentry did not find it necessary to reside on their estates, and to secure the attachment of their inferiors. They began to imbibe the notions and to adopt the manners of the south, and then the question came to be, not how many men their land could support, but how much rent it could be made to yield. When the communication became perfectly open, and the controul of the general government thoroughly established, the whole kingdom naturally arranged itself, unless where particular circumstances produced particular exceptions, in the manner of one large farm; the lower grounds, as best adapted for the purposes of raising grain, forming the arable part, and the higher regions, as less calculated for the production of corn, forming the pasture ground for the black cattle and sheep. This arrangement, being the most profitable for the proprietors, began in the usual course of affairs to be generally adopted; and the necessary consequence was, that a considerable portion of the population was expelled from their possessions.

'The mass of the population, naturally less capable of estimating the alteration of circumstances, had their attention first aroused to it by its consequences; and they began to perceive, with indignant astonishment, the decay of the family feeling, and the indifference with which they were regarded, and turned out of their possessions. Looking only to a state of things which had passed away, and still possessed with the notions which belonged to another period, they conceived that their title to the possessions, of which the occupation had been transmitted from father to son for, perhaps, many generations, and in the defence of which the blood of their fathers and relations had been shed, was little less valid than that of the proprietor to his estate; and their expulsion appeared to them to be monstrous injustice and ingratitude. Unacquainted with manufactures, or any

seven in number, until his own sons should return. They continued abroad for several years after, during which period the cousins, from their number, desperate character, proximity to the chieftainship, and extensive share of the territory, acquired a decisive influence over the minds, not only of their immediate dependants, but of the body of the clan; who, hearing nothing for a long time of the sons of their deceased lord, began to look upon the eldest of the cousins as their proper chieftain. He, on the other hand, conducted himself as the chieftain, expecting that the absent sons might by some accident be prevented from ever returning, or that, if they did return, his own power, with that of his brothers, would be sufficient to dispose of two youths, who were in a great measure strangers to the clan. A sister of the absent sons, however, still occupied the mansion house of Keppoch, along with the eldest of her cousins, and managed the female department of the chieftain's farm, frequently visited John Lom, the bard, who remained firm in his allegiance to his proper chieftain, and joined in her anxious wishes for the arrival of her brothers. The sons did at length return, and on a harvest morning unexpectedly reached Keppoch-house, to the mortification of the cousin and joy of the sister. All were eager, from different motives, to send for the other six cousins, and messengers were hastily dispatched to their several places of abode to communicate the intelligence of the safe arrival of their proper chieftain and his brother, and to request their immediate presence at Keppoch. They all came in a few hours after, and nothing was heard but words of congratulation, with which, as it appeared to the sister, the hopes of her cousins at times but ill corresponded. Aware, however, of the attachment of the highland clans in general, and of the Keppoch clan in particular, to their chiefs and chieftains, she felt no apprehensions for her brothers, now arrived in the midst of their kindred and servants; and set about her household concerns, leaving the party together, just as her elder brother, observing that one of his cousins had but an indifferent bonnet, presented him with his own. In that patriarchal state of society it was not thought beneath the dignity of the chieftain's daughter to assist in carrying out their dinners to the reapers in the field, and the sister, having discharged that duty, returned to join the joyous company in the house. But no sound of joy was heard within as she anxiously approached the chamber-door, and hastily entered; weltering in the blood which she saw streaming from the bodies of her murdered brothers, extended on the floor, and stabbed with several mortal wounds. The cousins had left the house, and although the alarm was given, no doubt existed as to who were the perpetrators of the deed, no attempt was made to prosecute the matter further, except by the bard, who went about among the clan, imprecating curses on the murderers, and loudly calling for vengeance. But as a combined effort was necessary for that purpose, in which no person was willing to take the lead against the power and influence of the cousins, and possibly for some other reasons which were not mentioned, John Lom found it impossible to rouse the clan, and then left the territory, both to avoid the resentment of the murderers, and to endeavour to procure the means of revenge elsewhere. He seems never to have thought that the law

the arable farm; and then, as he thinks proper, sells them, or returns them to the summer pasture. The highland grazing place enables him in this way to clean and manure in perfection, and turn to its utmost account the farm below; and both together, by affording a constant supply of food for his live stock, enable him to wait for and choose the most proper time for selling and purchasing to the best advantage; the two farms thus reciprocally enhancing the value of each other.'

The Caledonian Canal, the Author is disposed to think, will eventually realize many of the advantages anticipated from it, but he exposes the futility of the idea that emigration would be in any material degree diminished, by its affording employment to the population in the vicinity. The habits of life of the native race, disqualified them for reaping any such benefit from the portion of capital employed in its progress, their notions of living and labour being all connected with the occupation of land. Some of them still remain in the highlands as shepherds, and a few in both the highlands and the lowlands, as day labourers, 'partly from a disinclination to quit their native soil, partly from 'want of means to emigrate, and particularly from the acquisi-'tion of more accurate notions of the difficulties attending the 'clearing of land in America.'

'But the canal work, ever since its commencement, has been performed chiefly by labourers from Ireland and the low country, few comparatively of the natives having engaged in it at any time of the year, and scarcely any of them for the whole year; and there is no probable ground for the belief that the canal has in its progress prevented, or will, in its results, in any material degree prevent emigration.'

To mitigate the regrets which compassion for the expatriated or depressed Highlanders may awaken, it may be useful to recur to the state of society which at no very distant period was found prevailing among them. Of this we have abundant documents, quite independent of the records of the Schoolmaster of Gandercleugh; but the following incident is so strikingly characteristic, that we must make room for the long extract in which it is comprised.

'About the time of the revolution a remarkable event took place in the Keppoch family, which is noticed in the songs of John Macdonald, better known under the name of John *Lom*, or bare John, the Keppoch bard, who flourished at that period, and had a large share in the transaction. People residing on the spot, and others, varied in their account of some of the particulars, but all were agreed in the general nature of the affair, which was this.—A chieftain of the Keppoch family sent his two sons, while very young, to France for their education, in conformity to a practice then very prevalent in the highlands, and died, leaving the administration of the business of the clan, and of the chieftain's duties, in the hands of his brother's sons, who were

seven in number, until his own sons should return. They continued abroad for several years after, during which period the cousins, from their number, desperate character, proximity to the chieftainship, and extensive share of the territory, acquired a decisive influence over the minds, not only of their immediate dependants, but of the body of the clan; who, hearing nothing for a long time of the sons of their deceased lord, began to look upon the eldest of the cousins as their proper chieftain. He, on the other hand, conducted himself as the chieftain, expecting that the absent sons might by some accident be prevented from ever returning, or that, if they did return, his own power, with that of his brothers, would be sufficient to dispose of two youths, who were in a great measure strangers to the clan. A sister of the absent sons, however, still occupied the mansion house of Keppoch, along with the eldest of her cousins, and managed the female department of the chieftain's farm, frequently visited John Lom, the bard, who remained firm in his allegiance to his proper chieftain, and joined in her anxious wishes for the arrival of her brothers. The sons did at length return, and on a harvest morning unexpectedly reached Keppoch-house, to the mortification of the cousin and joy of the sister. All were eager, from different motives, to send for the other six cousins, and messengers were hastily dispatched to their several places of abode to communicate the intelligence of the safe arrival of their proper chieftain and his brother, and to request their immediate presence at Keppoch. They all came in a few hours after, and nothing was heard but words of congratulation, with which, as it appeared to the sister, the hopes of her cousins at times but ill corresponded. Aware, however, of the attachment of the highland clans in general, and of the Keppoch clan in particular, to their chiefs and chieftains, she felt no apprehensions for her brothers, now arrived in the midst of their kindred and servants; and set about her household concerns, leaving the party together, just as her elder brother, observing that one of his cousins had but an indifferent bonnet, presented him with his own. In that patriarchal state of society it was not thought beneath the dignity of the chieftain's daughter to assist in carrying out their dinners to the reapers in the field, and the sister, having discharged that duty, returned to join the joyous company in the house. But no sound of joy was heard within as she anxiously approached the chamber-door, and hastily entered; weltering in the blood which she saw streaming from the bodies of her murdered brothers, extended on the floor, and stabbed with several mortal wounds. The cousins had left the house, and although the alarm was given, no doubt existed as to who were the perpetrators of the deed, no attempt was made to prosecute the matter further, except by the bard, who went about among the clan, imprecating curses on the murderers, and loudly calling for vengeance. But as a combined effort was necessary for that purpose, in which no person was willing to take the lead against the power and influence of the cousins, and possibly for some other reasons which were not mentioned, John Lom found it impossible to rouse the clan, and then left the territory, both to avoid the resentment of the murderers, and to endeavour to procure the means of revenge elsewhere. He seems never to have thought that the law

or general government had any concern with the matter, and all his hopes rested on assistance from the head of some kindred or friendly clan. The other chieftains of the clan, *Colla* (Macdonalds), did not, as the story was told, evince that promptitude in yielding to the bard's solicitations, which might have been expected from the circumstances, probably from an apprehension that the attempt at revenge might be resisted by the body of the Keppoch clan, since they themselves did not think proper to interfere. The bard, after traversing a great part of the western coast and the isles, among the Macdonalds, at length applied to the head of the Seaforth family, the chiefs of which had originally been stewards to the Lords of the Isles, and resented the positive denial which he there received, by a bitter and railing philippic. Disappointment could not divert the stern spirit of John Lom from its fixed purpose, and he still, with unwearied perseverance, continued his pilgrimage of vengeance. One of the island chieftains had given a promise of aid, which he appeared afterwards inclined to evade and, having seen John Lom coming for the third time to solicit assistance, and asked him what he had then to say, the bard roughly replied—"A chieftain of the clan *Colla* is to be believed only "when he performs, never when he promises." That chieftain did at last send such an armed force, as was thought sufficient for the purpose by the bard, who from his observation of the temper of his own clan, concluded that although unwilling to take the task of vengeance in their own hands, they would be but little disposed to prevent the punishment of the murderers by a kindred band. The party proceeded with all possible expedition and secrecy under the conduct of the bard, now rejoicing at the near prospect of accomplishing the object for which he had during many years unremittingly laboured; and, having reached the Keppoch territory, it appeared that John Lom had calculated rightly as to the disposition of his clan, or had managed the matter with so much privacy and address, that the approach of danger was not known till it was too late to escape or provide for effectual defence. The murderers, closely followed, were found together about the head of the inhabited part of Glenspean; and all of them, after a desperate resistance, were put to death. This seemed hardly enough for the vengeance of the bard, who, with his Lochaber axe, hacked off their seven heads. The heads were sent to Glengary, for what reason was not mentioned, but possibly because that was the nearest territory possessed by a branch of the clan *Colla*, or perhaps because the armed force came from that quarter, and not from the isles. A well, or fountain, in Glengary, in which the heads were stated to have been washed, still, it was said, bears the name of The Well of Seven Heads; and it was added that the present or some former chieftain of Glengary had caused seven heads to be sculptured upon a huge stone, or block of marble, in commemoration of this event.'

If the portrait which is drawn of John Lom be accurate, we marvel that we have not long since been introduced to him, or to some counterpart of so excellent a personage among his fraternity, in the "Tales" we have repeatedly referred to, and

which have, we believe, the merit of being far less of fictions, than of arbitrarily modified memorials of real events, and personal recollections.

'The life of John Lom was passed in wandering about over the highlands, in the manner of the latter bards, who were mere vagrants and sturdy beggars, but with this difference, that instead of soliciting alms by way of favour and charity, they demanded free quarters, and all the necessaries of life, as things to which they were entitled of right in virtue of their bardship. Upon this ground, land-owners, great and small, with their servants, pedlars, taylors, shoemakers, and people of all descriptions, were laid under contribution; and the danger of disputing the right was so well known from the coarse and filthy, but strong and epigrammatic railings in verse, which were vented against the very few who had the hardihood to be recusants that the title was almost universally admitted, and the supplies promptly, if not cheerfully, furnished. Extravagant praises were the reward of particular favourites; and both in adulation and satire, all regard to truth was entirely and even professedly disclaimed. The object was, in every instance, to produce the most perfect specimen either of flattery or railing; and it was not uncommon with the bards to exercise their powers, and try the fertility of their invention, by selecting some indifferent or imaginary person, and loading him first with the grossest and most unbounded adulation, and then with the foulest and bitterest abuse. John Lom having mentioned to a favourite that he meant to compose a song in his praise, and the other insisting that it should contain nothing but the truth; the bard, although much might with truth be said, refused to praise upon these terms. His talent, however, lay much more towards railing, which was likewise more to his taste, and better suited to the stern, sullen, and inexorable nature of his character; and many epigrammatic sayings of that description, both by him and of him, are still remembered. One of the latter kind, by a Robertson of Straloch, is a tolerably just account of the general mode of life led by the bards of the period:

John Lom the greedy,
A bard from his birth,
Ever railing and needy,
A night on each hearth.

'He was naturally taciturn, and little disposed to contribute that species of amusement by singing and recitation, which the bards usually reckoned it their duty to furnish in return for their fare and accommodation; and, in one particular, like the singer Tigellius, never sung when called upon. Those who were fond of that amusement, and understood the bard's humour, commenced a blundering recitation of some favourite song or poem, upon which the bard, after exclaiming, "Silence, beast, it was thus said by the author," proceeded with the recitation in the proper manner. Being a keen Jacobite, like the generality of his clan, and a mortal hater of the Saxons, the public events of the time afforded him abundant subject and provocation for the exercise of his railing talent. He himself

knew nothing of reading or writing, but several of his songs have been printed, and among others, a bitter philippic against the Union between England and Scotland, which is remarkable for the cordial intensity, and perhaps for the truth and justice, of the railing against those who were instrumental in the mode of bringing about that event, and especially against a nobleman of a very ancient Scottish family, who was supposed to have received a large share of the money distributed on that occasion.'

Art. VIII. *Deism Refuted:* or Plain Reasons for being a Christian. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Curate of Christ Church, Newgate Street London. 12mo. pp. 80. Price 1*s*. 1819.

MR. HORNE has here compressed in the compass of a few pages, the substance of the leading arguments in defence of Christianity, which are to be found 'in the works of Bishops 'Porteus, Watson, and Marsh, of Doctors Lardner, Leland, 'Macknight, Paley, Ryan, and Wheeler, and other eminent 'writers.' His object is, 'to furnish such as have neither 'means nor leisure to procure, or to read, more voluminous 'treatises, with a *cheap*, concise, and useful manual of the 'evidences for the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures.' And he has been induced to draw it up at this period, by the hope of its contributing in some degree to counteract the effect of those compendiums of infidelity which are now spreading a moral pestilence among the lower orders. It is divided into four sections: the first briefly sums up the arguments by which a Divine Revelation has been shewn to be not only possible, and probable, but absolutely necessary; the second establishes the genuineness and the authenticity of the sacred writings; the third, the credibility of the historical records contained in the Old and New Testaments; and the fourth is devoted to the explanation of the nature and extent of the inspiration under which the Scriptures were written, comprising a statement of both the external and the internal evidences of their Divine authority. In the Notes will be found a very useful 'table of 'the principal prophecies relative to the Messiah, with their 'accomplishments as related in the New Testament.' The Tract appears to us to have been drawn up with great care, and with the advantage of a very extensive acquaintance with the chief works on the Deistical controversy; and we trust that it will amply fulfil the Compiler's pious and patriotic motive, so far, at all events, as to prevent those into whose hands it may fall, from being shaken in their religious principles by the superficial cavils of the profligate infidel.

In all treatises of this kind, however, we must confess that the Christian advocate seems to us to take too low a ground,

and to compromise, in some degree, the transcendent claims of Divine Revelation, in acting upon the defensive. Perhaps, this is unavoidable, since, for the sake of uninformed and well-disposed persons who might be caught in the specious sophistry of scepticism, it is highly important that the cavils of objectors should be repelled; and nothing can be more opposite to the style of the Divine Teacher, who characterized himself as meek and lowly in heart, than the arrogance of orthodoxy. It is due to Mr. Horne, to guard our readers against supposing that any thing of this spirit disgraces his pages. But there is a contrary extreme to be avoided. Christianity is not to be exhibited as a system which addresses men as philosophers, inviting acceptance on the ground of the rationality or purity of its doctrines. It is a dispensation of mercy to sinners, whom it addresses at once in the language of authoritative command, and of persuasive mercy. It is the conscience, not the reason, therefore, which should be the prime subject of attack: and among the foremost reasons for being a Christian, we wish ever to see placed, such as have relation to the wants, and the hopes, and the fears of dying men. We noticed one passage in this little Tract, which, as the Author meant it to be understood, has a just meaning; but it furnishes an illustration of the inadequate tone of vindication, if that term must be used in such a reference, to which we have alluded.

'But God Almighty does not work miracles to make men religious; he only means to set the truth before them, as rational and accountable beings. In all places men may embrace it if they please, or, if they please, they may reject it. God performs his part by placing it before them.'

Alas, if God did not work miracles to make men religious! Alas, if He merely placed truth before the unrenewed and darkened mind of the sinner! This, we are sure, is not Mr. Horne's theology; but in defending religion, he has imperceptibly caught a language foreign from the style in which he would from the pulpit *command* men to *repent*. There he would boldly proclaim, "He that believeth shall be saved;" nor would he stop at the half-annunciation of the alternative. And this is the testimony which we would proclaim in the ears of the wretched purchasers of Carlile's infamous trash. We would say, So far as regards man, you may embrace religion if you please, or, if you please, you may reject it. We wish not to call in the civil magistrate either to protect or to enforce the religion of Jesus. But, as regards the Divine author of this book, it is not left to your mere pleasure to embrace or to reject it; it is not simply placed before you. You will, in rejecting it, outrage your own consciences, and you will reject it at the certain peril of your souls.

But in selecting perhaps the only objectionable sentence in Mr. Horne's tract, we shall be sorry if we have at all weakened

the deserved encomium which we have passed upon his performance. We most cordially recommend it for general circulation, and have no doubt of its being adapted to usefulness. We subjoin a short extract by way of specimen.

'It were no difficult task to adduce other examples of the fulfilment of prophecy, if the limits necessarily assigned to this tract would permit. I shall therefore add but two more instances in illustration of the evidence from prophecy.

'The first is, the long apostacy and general corruption of the professors of Christianity, so plainly foretold, and under such express and particular characters in the apostolic writings; which, all the world may see, has been abundantly fulfilled in the church of Rome In that church, we behold (in the Pope), one who *opposeth and exalteth himself* above all laws, human and divine, *sitting as God in the church of God, and shewing himself that he is God, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders* (pretended miracles), *and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness*; commanding the worship of demons, angels, or departed saints; *forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats.* In short we see the characters of the *beast and the false prophet*, and the *harlot of Babylon*, now exemplified in every particular. and in a city that is seated upon seven mountains; so that, if the Bishop of Rome had sat for his picture, a more accurate likeness could not have been drawn.

'The other instance alluded to, is the *present* spread of infidelity, the efforts of which to subvert the Christian faith (we know) will ultimately be in vain, "for the gates of hell shall not prevail" against the Church of Christ. Among the various signs of the *last days*, that is, during the continuance of the Messiah's kingdom or the prevalence of Christianity in the world, it is foretold that "*there shall come scoffers and mockers walking after their own lusts, who separate themselves*, by apostacy, *sensual, not having the spirit, lovers of their ownselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.*" (Acts iii. 3. Jude 18, 19. 1 Tim. iii. 2, 5.) These predictions point at the true source of all infidelity, and of men's motives for scoffing at religion.

"The Gospel of Jesus Christ is pure and holy; it requires holiness of heart and of life, and enjoins submission to civil government as an ordinance of God. The safety of all states depends upon religion; it ministers to social order, and confers stability upon government and laws. "Religion, unfeignedly loved," (says the venerable and judicious Hooker,) "perfecteth men's abilities unto all kinds of virtuous services in the commonwealth;" while *infidelity, immorality, and sedition usually go hand in hand.* In the present state of the world, infidelity is closely allied with the revolutionary question; and, generally speaking, those who are eager to revolutionize all existing governments, under the pretence of promoting the *liberty* and prosperity of mankind, are alike infidels in precept and in practice.

The one is a necessary consequence of the other, for scepticism subverts the whole foundation of morals; it not only tends to corrupt the moral taste, but also promotes the growth of vanity, ferocity, and licentiousness. Hence, presumptuous and impatient of subordination, these 'scoffers' and 'mockers' wish to follow their own lusts, and consequently cannot endure the salutary restraints of the Gospel; therefore they labour to prove that it is not true, in order that they may get rid of its injunctions; and as ridiculing religion is the most likely way to depreciate truth in the sight of the unreflecting multitude, scoffers, having no solid argument to produce against revelation, endeavour to burlesque some parts of it, and falsely charge others with being contradictory; they then affect to laugh at it, and get superficial thinkers to laugh with them. At length, they succeed in persuading themselves that it is a forgery, and then throw the reins loose on the neck of their evil propensities. The history of revolutionary France and Germany,—the avowed "contempt of religion, morbid insensibility to morals, desecrated sabbaths, and abandonment to amusements the most frivolous, to pleasures knit in one eternal dance," which still prevail in France as well as on other parts of the continent,—the rapid strides with which infidelity is advancing in North America, and the unceasing efforts which at this time are making to disseminate infidelity in every class of society in this country, are all so many confirmations of the truth of the New Testament prophecies.'—pp. 46—48.

Art. IX. *Narrative of a Private Soldier, in one of His Majesty's Regiments of Foot.* Written by Himself. Detailing many Circumstances relative to the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, the Expedition to Holland in 1791, and the Expedition to Egypt in 1801; and giving a particular Account of his religious History and Experience. With a Preface. By the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw. 24mo. pp. 188. Glasgow, 1819.

MR. WARDLAW'S name will be, to all who know his character, a sufficient pledge of the genuineness of this interesting little narrative, as well as of its fitness for publication. The subject of the Memoir has been for many years connected with the church under his pastoral care, and has during that period sustained a consistent and exemplary profession. The Narrative is written with great simplicity and ingenuousness. It draws a picture of the horrors of war, unexaggerated by sentiment or fancy, such as the reality appeared to a brave man, which will come home to the feelings of every reader. The military details are exceedingly interesting, although they are such only as fell under the notice of a private; perhaps they are the more interesting on that account. But what will chiefly recommend the work to religious readers, is the instructive account which it presents, of the 'workings of a sensible and thoughtful 'mind, and of a conscience which had never entirely lost its 'early impressions,' under the strongly exciting circumstances of a military life:—

'the convictions, and distresses, and reasonings, the self-righteous and self-confident resolutions, and the necessary failures and inconsistencies of an awakened but unrenewed state; the natural reluctance of man to part with *self*, to plead guilty, and to depend on grace; and yet the entire inefficacy of every thing but this grace either to impart satisfactory and stedfast peace to the conscience, or to produce in the heart, a principle of vigorous and cheerful, consistent and persevering obedience'

The remarks which are scattered throughout this volume, though perfectly unaffected, are sometimes highly pertinent and sensible. In Ireland, the Writer had forced upon his observation 'the *ferocity* of civil war,' as being attended with 'barbarities not now practised in the national wars of Europe.' The incidents he cites in proof of this remark, are disgusting in the extreme.

The following account of a spontaneous train of reflections, that passed through his mind as he was beginning to recover from an infectious fever, during which his conscience had suggested his unfitness for impending death, will give no mean impression of the Writer's understanding.

'As I began to recover, I turned my thoughts more closely than before, to those places of Scripture, which describe hell, the place of torment. I examined what the scripture said of its awful nature; that it is "a fearful thing, to fall into the hands of the living God;"—for "who knoweth the power of his anger?" and "our God is a consuming fire." I found also, that the Scripture evidence of its being endless in its duration, was as conclusive as that of the endless duration of the happiness of heaven. He who said that the one was eternal, said the same of the other. But, when contemplating this awful subject, I was at times tempted to think, "It may be, that although God has said so, he may not intend to execute this dreadful threatening to the full extent; there may be a future period, in which he will extend mercy to his creatures, but which he has kept hid from them, for wise purposes, that they might not presume on his mercy, and spend their present lives in sin, and not repent in this world, because there would be an opportunity to repent in the next."—But this reasoning did not long deceive me; for I continued to ponder the subject, and I saw that such a notion did not consist with the veracity of God. He could not say one thing, while he intended another; if I admitted that he said one thing, and intended another, with respect to the duration of punishment in hell, it would with equal consistency, apply to what he said of the endless happiness of heaven, and so render uncertain any hope that might be built upon the promise of it; and if the principle were in one case admitted, it would throw loose all his promises and threatenings, respecting both this world and the next; for we should still have room to think, God has said so, but he does not mean so.—I also reflected, if God has said, that the punishment of hell shall be eternal, but has a secret purpose of mercy at some distant period; if this is a secret of his own, how can

any one know it? If he has not told it, how is it possible for any one to find out that which God intends should be secret? Reflection upon this idea, put an end to the speculation, as being a gross absurdity. I also reflected upon the nature of sin;—I said to myself, "supposing I were cast into hell for the sins of my present life, would I cease to commit sin when there? and if I did what was in itself sinful in hell, would the torments of the place excuse it? would the justice of God take no cognizance of what I did there?" This was a piercing exercise to my mind, but it was salutary: and I believe I was indebted to what I had read in Boston's Fourfold State for it, although I was not aware of it at the time. I answered the above queries in this way: If, when I am in a state of partial suffering here, I am not able to suffer without being at least impatient and fretful, if I do not actually complain and murmur;—how can I expect to behave any better in hell? My present sufferings do not excuse the sins I commit under them; I shall then, as well as now, be a subject of the justice of God; and when I shall be suffering for past sins, that will be no excuse for the commission of new ones; if I am to make the debt of sin less by suffering for it, I must not contract more debt at the time I am paying the old; for if I do, I shall continue to be a debtor; and as long as I continue to commit sin, I must continue to suffer for it, for the claims of Divine justice are indispensible. Following out these reflections, put a complete end to all speculation, of the probability, or possibility, of ever finding any portion of happiness if I did not obtain the pardon of my sins, and deliverance from sin itself, before I left this world, and appeared in the presence of God.—These speculations show, that my mind was ready to catch at any thing, that appeared to furnish the least hope, however delusive it might be; for when I looked forward to eternity, not having the confidence, that arises from faith in the Lord Jesus as an all-sufficient Saviour, and not discerning the doctrine of his complete atonement, and justifying righteousness, I was glad to lay hold of any thing that appeared to afford the smallest glimpse of hope, rather than be without hope altogether.' pp. 78—81.

The Writer was present at the landing of the troops at Aboukir Bay, on the 8th of March, 1801. The regiment to which he was attached, was intended to have been one of those which landed first, but it was so much weakened by the prevalence of fever, that another was substituted. The scene which took place on this occasion has been often described. But our readers will not be displeased to peruse the account given by one who, in the humble but efficient capacity of a private, was engaged in the achievement.

'About two o'clock in the morning the signal was made for the first division of the troops to get into the boats, and at three o'clock they were ordered to row for their rendezvous in the rear of one of the light-war vessels that was anchored about a gun-shot from the shore. This was a very fatiguing service to the seamen; because the fleet was so widely anchored, and many of the large ships so far from the shore, that it was nine o'clock before they were all collected and

arranged. The enemy could see all our movements; and the unavoidable delays that took place gave them a fair opportunity to provide for their defence, for they now knew the only point at which we could land. I contemplated the scene with an anxious aching heart. The number of troops in the boats was about 5500, and the whole army about 15000, of which there were about 1000 sick at the time of landing, and of these about 400 belonged to our own regiment.—There were two bomb ketches and three sloops of war, anchored with their broadsides to the shore; On the right flank of the boats there were a cutter, two Turkish gun-boats, and two armed launches; and on the left flank a cutter, a schooner, one gun-boat, and two launches. These light vessels were to go as near the shore as the water would admit, to annoy the enemy and protect the boats.

'At nine o'clock the signal was made for the boats to advance; and the whole line advanced at the same instant, giving three loud cheers. "The French to the number of two thousand, were posted on the top of Sand-hills, forming the concave arc of a circle on the front of about a mile, in the centre of which elevated itself, a nearly perpendicular height of sixty yards, apparently inaccessible." The left of this rising ground was a continuation of Sand-hills close to the shore gradually diminishing in their height, until they ended in a long flat tongue forming the entrance of Lake Maudy. The ground to the right of the centre height on the shore was flat, but there were clusters of thick bushes, (such as form the date or palm tree,) which were favourable for concealing the enemy; and on the extremity of the right stood the Castle of Aboukir, in which was a large Martello tower, having two brass 32 pounders on its top, and which, from its position and height, commanded nearly the whole shore. As soon as the boats set off for the beach, the two bomb ketches, and the three sloops of wars began to throw their shot and shells upon the shore; and the light vessels, stationed to protect the flanks of the boats, moved along with them and began to fire. The bulk of the enemy's field artillery, was in the flat ground to the right of the height before mentioned, the rest was among the smaller Sand-hills on the left of it. As soon as the boats were within the reach of their shot, they opened their fire on them; and it appeared to be their design, to make their shot cross the boats in the centre. The heavy guns on the top of the tower in Aboukir Castle, commenced at the same time their fire on the right flank of the boats. The scene now became dreadful; the war vessels pouring whole broadsides; the bomb ketches throwing shells, which exploding in the air, formed numerous little clouds; and the gun boats and cutters on the flanks of the boats, exerting themselves to the utmost. As none of these, however, could approach the shore, so near as to be within the reach of grape-shot, or even to have a certain aim, their exertions were of little benefit to the boats; which pursued their progress towards the shore, whilst the enemy's artillery, (12 pieces, exclusive of the large guns in Aboukir Castle,) continued to play upon them with unremitting activity. All eyes were directed towards the boats; every flash of the enemy's artillery was noticed; and every eye on the stretch, to discern where the shot might strike the water, to observe if it lighted among the boats, and

if any of them were damaged or sunk; and we too often had occasion to picture to our minds, when we saw the shot strike in the middle of them, and produce disorder, how many it might have killed, or wounded, or drowned; for my own part, although I felt thankful that I was not myself in the boats, yet my feelings for those that were, were nearly, if not altogether, as painful, as if I had been in them; and I believe that this was the case, with most of the spectators. But while we were thus feeling for them, we became increasingly astonished to behold how the boats pressed forwards toward the shore; although the wind, of which there was a smart breeze, was against them; how well they preserved their order under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery; and how quickly any disorder produced by the shot that fell amongst them was remedied. The painful feelings of anxious apprehension and suspence experienced by those in the boats, must have been greatly heightened by the circumstance, that most of the shells and shot fired by our war vessels were necessarily fired over their heads, they being between the vessels and the enemy, so that an ill directed shot from their own ships, was as dangerous to them as one from the shore; and when buzzing through the air over them, must have been apprehended as one from the enemy, about to strike destruction amongst them.

'As the boats approached the shore, the enemy moved their artillery that was on their right, and drew it nearer to their centre. It appeared to be a part of their object, to keep the extreme right of the boats, betwixt their artillery and the war vessels, and thus prevent the war vessels from having a clear opening to direct their fire: and indeed all our fire, from all descriptions of vessels, did not seem to interrupt for a moment that of the enemy, or to silence a single gun all the time the troops were rowing to the beach. When they approached near to it, the enemy having drawn their artillery from the right, planted it on the top of the centre height, which now appeared to look directly down upon the boats: and now came the most trying moment. From this elevated position they poured down such a continued fire of shot, shell, and grape, as made us, who were looking on, apprehend that few would reach the shore. Some disorder too appearing among the boats increased our fears, but at this instan we heard them begin to cheer, and saw them press forwards with redoubled vigour. We soon observed the right flank of the boats reach the shore under the centre height, and the men form immediately on the beach; while the enemy from the top of the height, poured down grape-shot, as well as the fire of musketry from a line of infantry which was ranged along it. In a few seconds the 40th flank companies and the 23d regiment were in line; and, without firing a shot, ascended the height in the face of the enemy. This movement was clearly seen by the whole fleet, and attracted all eyes. The spectators began to tremble, lest the enemy should drive them down again; but we were astonished to see, with what rapidity and order they mounted the steep face of the height. They were soon close to the enemy, and charged them with loud cheers: when the enemy fled, and in an instant both parties were out of sight. The 42d regiment, which had landed and formed, was now seen ascending the left of the

height, and charging the enemy opposed to them; who also fled and disappeared. We now turned our attention more to the left; where part of the troops were forming on the beach, but the left of the boats had not yet reached the shore. The enemy, who had been posted among the smaller Sand-hills, as soon as the boats came near the shore, rushed down into the water, fired into them, and endeavoured to prevent their landing. A party of cavalry also charged those who were in the act of landing, which produced a temporary confusion; but they were soon wholly repulsed. All the troops were landed, and the beach and the heights that lined it cleared of the enemy, I believe, in less than a quarter of an hour, and nothing to be seen by the spectators, but the empty boats hoisting their sails, and proceeding with all possible speed to receive the second division. Some of them soon reached the ship I was in, and with all haste we got into them and rowed for the shore. On the way I saw some boats swamped, which had been struck with large shot; but the men who were in them had been picked up by the small boats, which followed those that had troops in them, for this express purpose. The number of boats that were seriously damaged, was small compared with what might have been expected; but they were, in general, less or more perforated with grape-shot and musketry. The boat in which I was, had an oar broken, and was otherwise damaged; but none of the men were killed or seriously wounded in her.' pp. 87—93.

A circumstance which materially contributed to the success of the landing was, that the artillery had been landed along with the first division; it was drawn by seamen. The enemy were astonished to find that it began to play upon them as soon as the musquetry of the infantry.

Our Narrator was engaged in the skirmish of the 13th, in which his regiment suffered severely. There were few of his comrades who had not their clothes cut in several places; and many received contusions, which, he says, would have proved mortal had the French loaded their pieces properly.

'It was said that they did not use the ramrod in loading, which enabled them to fire with greater rapidity; but the charge being loose in their pieces, the shot did not fly so true to its direction, and was in many cases weak; making only a contusion, in place of perforating the body. This partly accounts for such a long continued and tremendously superior fire, not being so destructive as might have been apprehended.'

In the battle of the 20th, in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie received his mortal wound, the subject of this narrative was also wounded in the leg, which disabled him for further service. There is a most affecting account of the interior of a military hospital, but we have no room for further extracts.

Art. X. *The Backwoodsman.* A Poem. By J. K. Paulding. 12mo. pp. 198. Philadelphia. 1818.

THIS is certainly the most favourable specimen of transatlantic literature that has yet fallen under our notice. It is a poem which would be its author's passport to celebrity in any country; and unless we are greatly deceived in our estimate of its merits, it will satisfy the most sceptical as to the possible existence of such an anomaly as native poetical genius in an American. Into the causes which have operated to repress hitherto the development of poetical invention in a nation which has contributed so respectable a proportion of writers on the physical sciences, this is not the place to enter. The state of society in the United States is sufficient to account in some degree for the circumstance. There is in the national stock of recollections and associations, a paucity of the elements of poetry. There is in the calculating, sceptical, self-accommodating habits of the people, something counteractive of the spirit of poetry. They have no childhood of society to go back to for legends of the dimly distant past, where romance blends with history. They have no relics of feudal tyranny and papal superstition, scattered over their landscapes, to please the eye of taste, and to form an index to past times, while, as being ruins, they yield a feeling of complacency. They have none of the master-pieces of Art, to rekindle, by the power of sympathy, the high creative imaginings which live in the sculptured or pictured originals. They have fewer of the delusions of half-defined sentiment spread over the scenes of real life. Perhaps, the deficiency of sentiment, or rather, of that which is the source of sentiment, that which excites and feeds the finer sensibilities of our nature, the imagination, is the most striking deficiency in the American character. Woman, and Home, are not the same words—do not comprehend the same associations on the other side of the Atlantic as they do with us: the notions there prevailing, are more nearly allied to those of the Parisians. Country does not mean the same; it cannot, so long as half the population consists of slaves; nor can Man mean the same in their pronunciation of the word, who do not recognise the rights of man. When to these considerations we add the habit of relying upon an imported literature, arising from the consciousness of native poverty and inferiority, and a calculating indolence which seeks to supply its wants at the cheapest rate of exertion, it is not to be wondered at that America has hitherto produced no genuine poet, scarcely any one, indeed, who has been able to make his name heard across the ocean. Mr. Paulding, however, deserves to be heard and honoured as a brilliant exception; and as we are not aware of any other copy of his poem

n the one with which we have been favoured, having as yet ched this country, we shall be rather liberal in our extracts. The Backwoodsman is professedly a descriptive poem. The thor, that he 'may not be charged with having failed in what he did not attempt,' is anxious to have it understood that extent of his design was

>) indicate to the youthful writers of his native country, the rich tic resources with which it abounds, as well as to call their attion *home*, for the means of attaining to novelty of subject, if not riginality in style and sentiment. The story was merely assumed ffording an easy and natural way of introducing a greater vay of scenery, as well as more diversity of character; and whether writer shall ever attempt to complete his original intention in the struction of a regular plan, will principally depend on the recepi given to this *experiment*.'

The poem is divided into six books. The first two are occud with the emigration of an individual, together with his fay, from Hudson to the banks of the Ohio. The third deibes the rise and flourishing progress of the infant settlent which is subsequently formed there. The fourth and fifth pare the reader for a warlike irruption of the red men on peaceful back-settlers. The sixth describes the conflict. Basil, the emigrant, had involved himself in the cares and rows of a premature marriage. His utmost exertions had n insufficient to keep pace with the wants of an increasing ily. At length, one trying winter, his health gave way.

> 'Rheumatic agonies on BASIL fell,
> And with a rude, unsparing, withering hand
> Cast him a wreck on Life's hard frozen strand.
> No more his vigorous arm can strike the blow
> That lays the monarch of the woodland low;
> No more, alas! no more his daily toils
> Feed his poor babes, and wake their grateful smiles;
> For when the poor man sickens, all is gone,
> Health, food, and all his comforts—every one.'
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> 'Were I to tell what BASIL suffered now,
> What agonizing drops roll'd down his brow,
> As sad he lay upon his stinted bed,
> Fearing to die, yet wishing he were dead;
> How through that endless winter, Want and Pain,
> Like rival fiends, tugg'd at his heart and brain,
> How when his wife to distant neighbour's home,
> For work or charity each day would roam,
> Alone he lay, all desolate the while,
> Sooth'd by no kind caress, or offspring's smile;

While other sounds there never met his ear,
But moans for food, that smote his heart to hear;
However sad the story, or how true,
The tale, alas! were neither strange nor new;
For even in this—man's chosen resting place,—
This nestling corner of the human race;—
This new Medina of the glowing West—
Where want finds plenty, and the exile rest,
Such scenes in real life we sometimes see,
That blunt the keener edge of sympathy,
And teach, that rich and poor, the wise and fool,
Take lessons soon or late, in Misery's school.'

Health returns with the spring, but the dread of undergoing such another winter, roused in poor Basil the determination to embrace any scheme which promised to confer independence and plenty. At last, the tale of a western land beyond the hills, where a labourer was worth his weight in gold, came to his ear like music. He resolved to bid adieu to his native land, rather than live there a pauper; and as he had not quite so long a journey to take as lies before our poor fellow-countrymen when they are seized with the spirit of emigration, and as he probably had not to leave behind him all that an Englishman must leave, —although home and country are names as dear to the occupant of the rudest hut in the most cheerless climes, as to the happiest native of our own still happy island,—we think that even the Quarterly Reviewer will own that Basil was right. The Western 'prairies' that tempted Morris Birkbeck to leave a good farm and fifteen hundred a year, might serve well enough as a refuge for a poor Yankee family, which could better bear transplantation. Soon all is ready: a little covered cart held all their store.

——'But ere starting day
To village church poor BASIL bent his way.'

(N. B. Our Basil was an Episcopalian, which Morris is not: we wish he was!) There, after morning service, the neighbours, old and young, crowd round him, full of wonder at the report of his wild project. Having received the benediction of the pastor, he shakes each outstretched hand,

'Then sought the aged tree, beneath whose shade
His sire and mother, side by side were laid,
Leant o'er the simple mounds that mark'd the spot,
By all, save him, full many a year forgot,
And pray'd to live a life of honest fame,
And leave behind, like them, a spotless name.'

The second book opens with the description of the departure of the wanderers at morning dawn.

'The house was lifeless, not a breathing wight
Abided there at earliest peep of light,

Clos'd were the windows, barr'd the rustic door,
The fire was quench'd, to lighten never more.
The wife and little ones together rode,
While BASIL walk'd, for heavy was the load,
And meet it was to spare the nag the while,
Whose pilgrimage was many a weary mile.
The mother's heart was like to die away,
As looking on the nestling one that lay
Sleeping, in smiles, fast in her circling arms,
And budding forth in all its infant charms;
The brisk boys laugh'd to think they'd have a ride,
Nor seek'd whatever else might pass beside;
While on the father's brow sat anxious care,
And brave resolve his fated lot to bear,
Whether mishap betide. or bright success
With full fruition his high purpose bless.'

* * * * * * * * * *

'' 'Twas sweet the morning minstrelsy to hear,
And BASIL felt it to his heart most dear,
Although it was no bright unsullied joy,
But deeply tinctured with a sad alloy;
For as with painful effort, faint and slow,
He gained the height that look'd o'er all below,
And stopt to rest, and turn'd to gaze behind,
A thousand tender thoughts throng'd on his mind.
Home look'd so happy in the morning's smile,
He quite forgot his sufferings there erewhile,
And but for honest shame, that makes us fear
The pointed finger and the taunting sneer,
That never fail to greet the wav'ring man
Who weakly swerves from any settled plan,
He had return'd, though certain there again
To meet his old associates, Want and Pain.
Ah! there is something in the name of home,
That sounds so sweetly as afar we roam!
And who has worried through this world so lone,
But in his wand'rings this sad truth has known,
Whate'er may happen, wheresoe'er we roam,
However homely, still there's nought like home.'

These last six lines, which we do not quote as a favourable specimen of the poetry, will furnish an illustration of the disadvantage under which a man of real genius lies, who finds no other vehicle of expression for his fresh and native feelings, than the exhausted expedients of a language brought to its highest pitch of cultivation. It is impossible that the unsophisticated sentiments which are common to all ages and latitudes should not again and again have provided themselves with the most genuine and affecting modes of utterance, and with all the emphasis derivable from a happily adjusted rhyme. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, expresses his 'doubt whether we have

'not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a 'good song All the words in the language,' he says, 'have 'been so often employed on simple images, (without which a 'song cannot be good,) and such reams of bad verses have 'been produced in that kind, that I doubt whether true sim- 'plicity itself could please now.' The remark will apply to other kinds of poetical composition besides song writing. Mere simplicity will not please, nor that which appears to have cost no effort in the production. And yet it is such touches of natural feeling as that which we are referring to, that come home to the bosoms of all descriptions of readers. All that the poet can do, is to have them richly relieved.

The progress of the wanderers is briefly traced through Jersey's 'pleasant land', and Pennsylvania's '*pleasant* land' too; —the epithet is rather a favourite one with our Bard. The following description of a sunset, merits, we think, transcription.

'Twas sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve
Might almost tempt an angel Heaven to leave.
Never did brighter glories greet the eye
Low in the warm and ruddy Western sky,
Nor the light clouds at Summer eve unfold
More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.
Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast
Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem to rest,
Like golden islets scatter'd far and wide,
By elfin skill in Fancy's fabled tide,
Where, as wild Eastern legends idly feign,
Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.
Others, like vessels, gilt with burnished gold,
Their flitting, airy way are seen to hold,
All gallantly equipt with streamers gay,
While hands unseen, or Chance, directs their way;
Around, athwart, the pure ethereal tide,
With swelling purple sail, they, rapid glide,
Gay as the barque where Egypt's wanton queen
Reclining on the shaded deck was seen,
At which as gaz'd the uxorious Roman fool,
The subject world slipt from his dotard rule.
Anon the gorgeous scene begins to fade,
And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade;
The haze of gathering twilight Nature shrouds,
And pale, and paler, wax the changeful clouds.
Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm,
The silent dews of evening dropt like balm;
The hungry night hawk from his lone haunt hies,
To chase the viewless insect through the skies;
The bat began his lantern loving flight,
The lonely *whip-poor-will*, our bird of night,
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear;

The buzzing beetle forth did gayly hie,
With idle hum, and careless blund'ring eye;
The little trusty watchman of pale night,
The firefly, trimm'd anew his lamp so bright,
And took his merry airy circuit round
The sparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound,
Where blossom'd clover, bath'd in balmy dew,
In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing grew.'

At length our travellers leave behind them the haunts of social men.

'As down Ohio's ever ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair
Was the lone land that met the strangers there!
No smiling villages, or curling smoke,
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke;
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe Labour's homely rustic song;
No urchin gambol'd on the smooth white sand,
Or hurl'd the skipping stone with playful hand,
While playmate dog plung'd in the clear blue wave,
And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen along the river side,
Young busy towns in buxom painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches crown'd,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appear'd, but Nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless, woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie that aye seem'd to be
As level, and as lifeless as the sea;
They seemed to breathe in this wide world alone,
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their own.
'Twas Evening now—the hour of toil was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,
And spring upon, and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest day,
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They car'd not though the day ne'er came again.
The Moon high wheel'd the distant hills above,
Silver'd the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whisper'd it lov'd the gentle visit well—
That fair-fac'd orb alone to move appear'd,
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
'In such a scene the soul oft walks abroad,
For Silence is the energy of God!
Not in the blackest Tempest's midnight scowl,
The Earthquake's rocking, or the Whirlwind's howl,

Not from the crashing thunder-rifted cloud,
Does His immortal mandate speak so loud,
As when the silent Night around her throws
Her star-bespangled mantle of repose.
Thunder, and Whirlwind, and the Earth's dread shake,
The selfish thoughts of man alone awake;
His lips may prate of Heaven, but all his fears
Are for himself, though pious he appears,
But when all Nature sleeps in tranquil smiles,
What sweet yet lofty thought the Soul beguiles!
There's not an object 'neath the moon's bright beam,
There's not a shadow dark'ning on the stream,
There's not a star that jewels yonder skies,
Whose bright reflection on the water lies,
That does not in the lifted mind awake
Thoughts that of Love and Heaven alike partake;
While all its newly waken'd feelings prove
That Love is Heaven, and God the Soul of Love.
In such sweet times the spirit rambles forth
Beyond the precincts of this grov'ling earth,
Expatiates in a brighter world than this,
And plunging in the Future's dread abyss,
Proves an existence separate and refin'd,
By leaving its frail tenement behind.
So felt our BASIL, as he sat the while,
Guiding his boat, beneath the moonbeam's smile.
For there are thoughts which God alike has given
To high and low—and these are thoughts of Heaven.'

We regret to be compelled here to close our extracts, but we shall hope to see the volume reprinted in this country.

r. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

entlemen and Publishers who ... ks in the press, will oblige
Conductors of the ECLECTIC ... VII ... *sending Information*
t paid) of the subject, extent, ... pr ... price of such works;
h they may depend upon bein ... n ... to the Public, if
istent with its Plan.

urrows's work on Insanity is in able forwardness, and may be l in the ensuing season.

Graham, author of a Journal of ace in India, who is now in Italy, ring for the press, Two Months ce in the Mountains near Rome, ne account of the Peasantry, and the Banditti that infest that erhood.

ame lady has also been employ- time upon a life of Nicholas

lev. Mr. Bulmer, of Haverford- preparing for publication, in one 8vo, The Vicar of Landovery; t from the Welchman's Candle. work the "Divine Poems" of the es Prichard, the celebrated Vi- Landovery, will be divested of se repetitions and defects, pecu- he age in which they were writ- d the most interesting parts of ular book, called "The Welch- andle," will be given in a mo- ess. The preface will contain a l enlarged account of the Vicar, whole will be illustrated with notes, partly relating to the and present state of religion in cipality.

press, an Introduction to the of Latin; containing easy ex- n all the declineables, with ar- ists of the indeclineable parts of Adapted to the Eton Latin ar. By James Mitchell.

Rev. George Crolay, author of " a poem, is preparing for the ecimens of the Living British with biographical notices and remarks.

Rev. Mark Wilks will soon pub- ne Account of the Present State e, and of the recent persecutions outh.

lev. T. D. Fosbrooke is printing in three sizes, a History of the City of Gloucester, almost wholly compiled from new materials, and embellished with numerous plates.

G. A. Robinson, Esq. is preparing for publication, Gleanings in Africa, collected during a long residence and many trading voyages in that country, particularly between Cape Verd and the river Congo.

M. Lavaysse's Political and Commercial Account of Venezuela, Trinidad, and other adjacent Islands, translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, is in the press.

Mr. James Hogg, author of the "Queen's Wake," is printing in two duodecimo volumes, Winter Evening Tales, collected in the south of Scotland.

Mr. John Wilson, author of the "Isle of Palms," will soon publish, Lays from Fairy Land.

A History of the House of Austria, from the foundation of the Monarchy, by Rodolph, to the death of Leopold II. 1218 to 1792, is printing in five octavo volumes.

The author of "Letters from Paraguay," will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili, with a history of the latter country, illustrated by engravings.

Twenty-two Sermons, by the late Rev. James Stillingfleet, Prebendary of Worcester: with a memoir and a portrait, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

Dr. Watkins has in great forwardness, a new edition of the General Biographical and Historical Dictionary, revised and continued to the present time.

Mr. L. J. Mac Henry has in the press, nearly ready, a third edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for Self-instruction.

In a few days will be published, Christian Missions vindicated and en-

couraged; a Sermon preached at Queen-street Chapel, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, on Wednesday morning, June 23d. By Thomas Edmonds, A.M.

Shortly will be published, for the use of schools, an Abridgement of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar; by the author: to be edited by the Rev. C J. Blomfield.

The Rev John Hyatt is preparing a course of Sermons (eighteen) on the Apocalyptic Churches: to be published by subscription. Those persons who wish to encourage the work, are requested to forward their names to the author, or to his bookseller. The work will be put to the press as soon as the number of subscribers shall be sufficient to cover the expense. In one volume.

The Juvenile Miscellany, containing Geography, Astronomy, Chronology, Trade, and Commerce, &c. &c. Adapted for the use of schools, and private tuition. By R. Humber. Second edition, with considerable additions and corrections, is nearly ready.

Also, the Instructive Pocket Companion, containing a great variety of Anecdotes, Observations Maxims, Calculations and Experiments, Philosophical, Historical, Literary, and Scientific, from the most eminent authors. By Joseph Taylor.

The new edition of Mr. M'Lean's valuable Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in two octavo volumes, is in a state of considerable forwardness, and will be ready for publication on the 1st of November. The work is issued in parts, of which the fourth is now ready; it will be completed in six.

In a few days will be published, in a neat pocket volume, Memoirs of the late Mr. William Pendered, of Manchester; including extracts of letters written by him to several of his friends; journal of a voyage to Madeira; addresses to the York-street Sunday-school's, &c. &c.

Preparing for publication a series of letters on Protestant Nonconformity, and the Independence of Churches, with a special reference to the right of choosing ministers: to which will be prefixed a relation of those circumstances which first led the author to pay particular attention to the subject of these letters. By Tenax.

In a few days will be published, an authentic Narrative of the Events of the late Westminster Election, with the speeches of the candidates Sir F. Burdett, &c. and the report of the Westminster Reformers.

The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb, by Mr. Arrowsmith, illustrated with copper-plates, drawn and engraved by the author's brother, an artist born deaf and dumb, will be published in a few weeks.

In the press, America and the British Colonies; or an abstract of all the most useful information relative to the United States of America, and the British Colonies of Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Island; exhibiting at one view, the comparative advantages and disadvantages each country offers for emigration: collected from the most valuable and recent publications; with notes and observations by William Kingdom, junior.

In a few days will be published, a New Dictionary of Classical Quotations on an improved plan, accompanied by corresponding paraphrases, or translations from the works of celebrated British poets. By F. W. Blagdon, author of the "French Interpreter," &c.

Volume VII. of the late Rev. A. Fuller's Works will be published in a few days. Volume VI. containing Discourses on the Apocalypse is already published.

We have the pleasure to learn that the impatience of the subscribers to Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, is daily expected to be gratified by the publication of the conclusion of that valuable work.

In a few days will be published, the third edition of King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette. With explanatory notes, and the council of the metals; to which is added, Baron Bamlt's tour.

Mr. Taylor has published the first part of his Historical Account of the University of Dublin, (to consist of 12 parts) on an uniform plan with Mr. Ackerman's Histories of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It is illustrated with three richly coloured engravings, and twenty-four pages of descriptive letter-press. A part will be published every two months till the whole is completed. The work is intended to contain about thirty coloured views, &c. and three hundred pages of letter-press. The subscription continues open till December 31st, after which the parts will be advanced.—In the course of the work, several essays will be contributed, each by an eminent professor, on a science immediately connected with his own department.

Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Memoir of the Most Renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, translated from the Latin of the Reverend Dr. George Wishart, afterward Bishop of Edinburgh. To which are added, sundry Original Letters and Papers, never before published. With a portrait of Montrose. 8vo. 12s.

A Memoir of Charles Louis Sand; including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus Von Kotzebue: also, a defence of the German Universities. With an introduction and explanatory notes by the Editor. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

The Life of the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wilson, D.D. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man. With a portrait of the Bishop. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Volume I, Part II, of Bibliotheca Britannica; or, a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, ancient and modern, with such foreign works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; including also a copious selection from the writings of the most célebrated Authors of all ages and nations. By Robert Watt, M.D. 4to. 1l. 1s. boards.

*** It is estimated that the whole work will be completed in six parts, forming two volumes.

EDUCATION.

The Theory of Elocution; exhibited in connexion with a new and philosophical account of the nature of instituted language. By B. H. Smart, Professor of Elocution, and Public Reader of Shakspeare, 8vo. 7s. boards.

HISTORY.

The Sufferings and Fate of the Expedition wich sailed from England in Nov. 1817, to the rivers Oronoco and Apure, and joined the Patriotic Forces in Venezuela and Caraccas. By G. Hippisley, Esq. late Colonel of the 1st Venezuelan Hussars. 8vo. 15s.

LAW.

The Practical Abridgement of the Laws of Customs and Excise; including tables of duties, drawbacks, bounties, &c. The fifth edition, corrected to Aug. 16, 1819. By Charles Pope, Esq. Customhouse, Bristol. The additions comprise the New Consolidation Act, and 27 other Acts of the last Session, all affecting the vital interests of Merchants, Ship-owners, Ship-masters, and Brokers. The work contains, in the whole, upward of 800 Acts of Parliament, beside treaties, orders in council, &c. and the information in it cannot be derived from any other publication whatever. 8vo. 1l. 15s. boards.

*** The possessors of copies, dated September 1, 1818, may have the new matter separately, price 3s. 6d.

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1819.

Art. I. *On Protestant Nonconformity.* By Josiah Conder. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 606. London, 1818.

THE Nonconformist controversy would be reduced within very narrow limits, were but the respective parties capable of coming to an agreement upon one preliminary point, the sufficiency of the New Testament as the sole umpire in the disputation. If this were once fully recognised, and the plain grammatical import of the phraseology employed by the inspired writers allowed to decide the points at issue, it would be impossible that a wide difference of opinion could long continue to subsist among the real members of the Indivisible Church of Christ. The exclusive authority of the Christian Revelation is professedly admitted on both sides: the disinclination implicitly to refer the decision to this only competent arbiter, springs from no indifference to the sanction of the Scriptures, as is evident from the avidity with which any expression or remote allusion that might seem to favour certain notions of ecclesiastical polity, is appropriated by those controvertists in whom this disinclination most strongly betrays itself. The advocate of Diocesan Episcopacy will not of course be found to concede that the New Testament contains any expressions hostile to its claims; but he is not in general unwilling to allow that it is insufficient to put the question to rest. In addition, therefore, he summons to his aid the arguments drawn from expediency, the equivocal plea of usefulness, considerations in regard to the best mode of employing talents. He entangles us in intricate discussions respecting the constitution of the Jewish Church, and the civil institutions of the Jews; the difference between the existing circumstances of the Christian profession, and those of the primitive Churches; and the varieties of religious sen-

timent and practice which obtain among Dissenters themselves. When he has thus widened the field of argument, and raised a cloud of learned dust, he triumphantly adduces the impossibility of ever arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, as a proof of the unprofitable nature of the controversy.

Now, though we have no objection to meet these, and all similar arguments, in every shape which they may assume, (and indeed they have all been met already repeatedly, and shewn to be either sophistical, or equally available in our cause as in that of our opponents,) we must contend that to assert or to imply the insufficiency of the New Testament to decide the controversy, is, on the part of our opponents, a *petitio principii*. To concede it would be to compromise the grand principle of Protestantism, the most important position in the whole contest. Can any plausible reasons *a priori* be assigned, why the Divine rule of our faith should not be found to comprise principles adequate to the determination of every branch of Christian practice? Are we left in utter uncertainty as to the requisite description of character by which those are distinguishable who ought to compose a Christian society? Have we no specific laws laid down for its government, or are we to conclude that every form of government is equally the object of approbation to the Divine Head of the Church? Such a supposition would seem almost to libel the wisdom of the Author of Revelation, or to impugn the perfection of the Scripture Testimony.

While we are satisfied that in this point of view the advantage of the argument is decidedly on the side of the Nonconformists, we have no hesitation in admitting that the controversy has often, on both sides, been managed in a style of which we cannot but disapprove. Seldom has a Dissenter written on the subject but in defence. The debate has therefore too generally turned on points of inferior moment, and has been mixed up with much of a personal or local nature, which could secure only an ephemeral existence, and a limited influence to the discussion.

'The present Work is an attempt to redeem the subject of which it treats, from the disadvantages of fugitive controversy. Hitherto, the principles of Nonconformity have never been fairly and explicitly exhibited, as a coherent system of religious and political truth; owing, in part, to a circumstance which must be allowed to reflect some credit upon the Dissenters. All, or nearly all, the publications upon the subject have been, on their side, of a defensive nature, originating in some unprovoked polemical aggression. This was the case in the controversy between Archbishop Whitgift and Cartwright; it was the case with the "Melius Inquirendum," the "Mischief of Imposition," by Vincent Alsop, and the other replies to Bishop Stillingfleet, by Richard Baxter, John Howe, and Dr. Owen, with Pierce's learned

" Vindication," in reply to Dr. Nichols, and De Laune's " Plea ;" with Boyce's Reply to the Bishop of Derry ; and lastly, with Towgood's " Letters to White." In all of these, consequently, the reader's attention is disproportionately occupied with the business of personal vindication and rejoinder, with discussions foreign from the main question, often degenerating into mere logomachy, and with references to matters of temporary interest, which, although rendered necessary by the immediate occasion of the several publications, add but little to their permanent utility. In controversial works of this description, if any thing like an abstract proposition is employed as an argument, it too often assumes the shape of an indefinite dogma, which stands itself in need of being demonstrated, rather than that of an admitted principle, or established conclusion, which might serve as the medium of proof. In some of the writers alluded to, the reasons of Dissent are made to consist of a series of objections, which a scheme of wider comprehension would annihilate ; in others, the doctrine of political right occupies too prominent or too exclusive a place among the grounds of Nonconformity.'

We were in want of a work written on those broad and enlightened views, which will carry their own conviction along with them ; which will " grow with the growth, and strengthen " with the strength," of Christian knowledge and liberal thinking ; a work that should develop the principles that will finally subvert every secular establishment of Christianity on earth, and which are adequate to the regulation of the social conduct of Christians under any external predicament ; a work defending no party, as such, on the one hand, and attacking no party, exclusively, on the other, but written as if a Church of England had never existed, or an Act of Uniformity had never passed. Such a work, we hesitate not to affirm, is the " Protestant " Nonconformity" of the present Writer. It supplies, in a highly satisfactory manner, the grand *desideratum*. It combines, in an eminent degree, as we are convinced even the adversaries of the cause will acknowledge, the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*. The polemic must possess no ordinary portion of effrontery, who should deny that the Author has, in any instance, to use a homely phrase, blinked the question ; and tender must be the feelings of that Christian who will be offended by the spirit or the language of the work.

This publication we consider as not more masterly than it is seasonable. Many Dissenters are either utterly ignorant of the principles on which Dissent is founded, or in danger of undervaluing their importance. And when, too, attempts are daily making to exhibit the Dissenters as ignorant, factious demagogues, who wish to subvert the Ecclesiastical Establishment of their country, only that they may occupy the places of its present incumbents, it is highly desirable to shew that there are Dissenters who know both how to write and how to argue ;

and that they neither desire to be, nor with their principles are capable of being, incorporated with the State. The individual who, possessing the ability to write on this subject as our Author has written, has the courage to publish sentiments to which, though they have the stamp of truth and the weight of reason, so much obloquy and reproach attach, deserves the warmest encomium and support. But there are certain circumstances which impose a restriction upon us in this respect, and we consult the Author's feelings rather than our own, in waiving all further commendation, and proceeding to lay before our readers an impartial view of his performance.

The Work is divided into four books, which are again subdivided into chapters and sections, in some one or other of which is taken up every point of importance in this extended and increasingly interesting controversy. As men stand in a variety of *juxta*-positions to a common subject of investigation, it is not to be wondered at that the same object should strike individuals very differently, and should lead to a consequent variety in the mode of treating it. Far from regretting this, we consider it as highly favourable to the interests of truth. New paths are opened, which all lead to the same ultimate point; and truth, divested of its adventitious appendages, is finally placed in that simple and luminous point of view, which enables every inquirer to perceive its beauty, and to admire its perfection.

The First Book is entirely occupied in a preliminary dissertation, on the 'Necessity of ascertaining fundamental Principles 'common to both Sides in this Controversy—Definition of Religion, as opposed to Irreligion—Moral Design of Christian Institutions—Jewish and Christian Economies contrasted—Nature of Christian Profession—True Nature and Unity of the 'Catholic Church—Origin and essential Character of Idolatry '—Positive Opposition in the Jewish Ritual to Idolatrous 'Rites—Spirituality of the Christian Economy—Idolatrous 'Corruptions of Christianity—Essential Unity of the Church 'of Christ, the Basis of Union.'

No doubt can be entertained of the importance of all these topics, or of the necessity of having correct views of them; and to the correctness of all the Author's statements and reasonings we very cordially subscribe. To some readers this part of the work may be very useful, but we suspect that many will be rather displeased at being so long kept from the main design. The unavoidable extent of the work, on account of the number and diversity of the subjects it behooved to embrace, rendered it desirable that nothing should be attached to it which is not absolutely necessary. It is obvious, however, to every man who exercises even a small portion of intellect

on the existing state of Christianity in this country, that much of what is called a religious profession, is utterly undeserving of the name, and ought not to be countenanced, even as a profession, by the disciples of Christ. To maintain it, scarcely a fragment of Christian sentiment, or feeling, or practice, is required; and yet, thousands of baptized infidels glory in this as Christianity, and deceive themselves by it to their eternal ruin. This is one, and it is the most pernicious, of the effects of secularizing the kingdom of Christ. To expose all pretensions to religion, which do not originate in a change of heart, and the mistaken and cruel charity which induces men to support a system of delusion and hypocrisy,—to shew that much of the present corruption of sentiment and practice which so extensively prevails, is the remains of that mystery of iniquity, which a thousand years were required to perfect, and which therefore it would be foolish to expect that a century or two should demolish,—are important services; justly considered, perhaps, by the Author, as requiring to be performed previously to entering with advantage on the subject of the forms and ordinances of the Gospel. Without judging those who must give an account to a higher tribunal than that of man, we cannot conceal our conviction, that many of the differences which prevail among Christians, are to be traced either to a mistake relative to some important general principle, or to the influence of hopes or fears of a worldly nature. Remove what are viewed as the advantages of state patronage, worldly respectability and emolument, from one profession, and repeal the civil disabilities attached to Nonconformity from another, and we are mistaken if a wonderful transfer of weight would not speedily take place in the scales of theological debate. Place Christianity, as it was at the beginning, entirely on its own naked merits, as a revelation of mercy to sinners, and add nothing to its Divine authority to enforce its claims, and we for our part should entertain neither doubts nor fears as to the result. Something in every party might suffer; but the Church of Christ, so far from being endangered, would come forth the purer and the more glorious from the trial. There is something very striking, and much to the present point, in the account given by the five dissenting brethren of the Westminster Assembly, of the circumstances which partly led to their change of sentiments on the subject of establishments and church government. These highly respectable men, the fathers of the great body of Evangelical Dissenters in this kingdom, fled, it is well known, from the persecutions raised by Archbishop Laud, and took refuge in Holland, then the land of religious liberty. Driven from their country, residing among strangers, and detached from connexion with any church, they were, according to their own account,

'cast upon a further necessity of enquiring into and viewing 'the *light part*, the positive part of church worship and go- 'vernment; and to that end, to search out what were the 'first apostolic directions, pattern, and examples of those pri- 'mitive Churches recorded in the New Testament as that sa- 'cred pillar of fire to guide us. And in this enquiry we looked 'upon the word of Christ as impartially and unprejudicedly as men 'made of flesh and blood are like to do in any juncture of time 'that may fall out. The places we went to, the condition we 'were in, the company we went forth with, affording no temp- 'tation to bias us any way, but leading us by that light God's 'spirit should by the word vouchsafe to our consciences. And 'we had of all men, the greatest reason to be true to our con- 'sciences in what we should embrace, seeing it was for our con- 'sciences we were deprived at once of whatever was dear to us. 'We had no new commonwealths to rear, to frame church go- 'vernment into, whereof any one might here stand in the other's 'light to cause the least variation by us from the primitive pattern. 'We had no state ends or political interests to comply with. No 'kingdoms in our eye to subdue to our mould (which yet will exist 'with the peace of any form of civil government on earth), no 'preferment or worldly respects to shape our opinions for. We 'had nothing else to do, but simply and singly to consider how 'to worship God acceptably, and so most according to his word.'*

At the hazard of exercising the patience of our readers with our own preliminary remarks, we have risked the above quotation, because we think it admirably illustrates the state of mind necessary to an impartial examination of the subject of the present work. In connexion with this extract, we wish to draw the attention of our readers to the Author's statement of the respects in which true Christians cannot differ. These the Author considers as the basis of Christian union, and these positions constitute in fact the grand preliminaries to the subsequent part of the work.

'1. As to the real existence of the religious principle, how different soever the degree of its prevalence. Faith is that principle of spiritual life, which constitutes an individual a member of the true Church of Christ.

'2. As to the origin of this principle in the heart: for what diversities soever of operation may be apparent, it is "the same God who work- eth all in all." The existence of religious faith can be ascribed only to one efficient cause, the Divine agency on the heart; and the results of that Divine operation must be of a uniform character.

'3. As to those essential doctrines, a belief in which forms the basis of the exercise of the religious principle, as well as the appro- priate evidence of its reality. "Other foundation can no man lay

* *Apologetical Narrative.* pp. 3—4.

than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." On this chief corner stone "God's building" must rest. "For every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and whosoever confesseth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." This is the foundation of faith, and the exercise of Christian charity can have no different standard. The terms of Christian communion ought, so far as possible, to be determined by the terms of salvation.

'It is manifest that a diversity of belief among the members of the Church of Christ, with respect to the fundamental truths of Christianity, would be altogether destructive of the very notion of its unity. "One faith, one Lord, one baptism,"—there is no other sense in which that Church is one. If we believe, however, that religious faith is the production of the Spirit of God, we must conclude that the operations of the Holy Spirit are uniformly in accordance with His dictates; nor is it credible that the communication of the Divine influence, necessary to constitute a man a true believer, ever stops short of producing the intelligent reception of the essential doctrines of Revelation, so long as that promise made to the Church is on record; "He shall guide you into all truth."' pp. 56—58.

Having settled these preliminaries, the Author advances, in his Second Book, to the subject of Church Government, which includes four chapters, 'On Laws in general—On the Law of Admission—On the Constitution of Christian Churches—and, On Discipline.' We doubt whether this is the very best arrangement that might have been adopted. The first chapter, 'On Laws in general,' might have been thrown into the preliminary disquisition. It would then have been a natural method to proceed to examine the quality of the material of which Christian societies ought to be composed, the voluntary nature of their association, the officers by whom their affairs are managed, the ordinances they are required to observe, and the discipline to which they are subject. The first question to be determined in all discussions respecting Church fellowship, ought certainly to be, What is the character of the Church? Is it a body made up of those who give scriptural and visible evidence to one another and to the world, that they have been the subjects of that spiritual influence which removes the ignorance and enmity of every natural mind to the things of God? who have experienced what the Apostle Paul calls 'the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' and who shew that 'they have passed from death unto life by their love to each other?' Or is it a motley mass of visible believers and visible unbelievers?—of those who have the spirit of Christ, and those who have the spirit of this world?—of such as are living to God and in the exercise of Christian love, and of such as are living entirely to themselves, and in malice and hatred towards those around them? All debates respecting forms, constitutions, and ordinances, are utterly use-

less, till there is an agreement on these points. That only Christians can have fellowship with God and with one another, that only such as *appear to be* Christians ought to have this fellowship, and that this was a fixed principle in all the apostolic churches, are things that appear to us so self-evident, as well as so clear from the uniform language of the New Testament, that we despair of agreeing on any other part of the Nonconforming controversy with the man who abuses them. If we agree here, we are then prepared to go into the discussion of that form of church polity which is most likely to secure the purity, prosperity, and edification of Christian fellowship.

Though the Author pursues a method rather different from that which would appear to us the most natural, he arrives at the same conclusions. He establishes all those facts and principles which lie at the foundation of right views and conduct in this matter. Having, in his second chapter, noticed the primary import of the term church, 'an assembly of the professed disciples of 'Christ,' and glanced at the origin and voluntary nature of Christian associations, he assigns four reasons to shew that at the beginning they must have been 'constitutionally independent, although morally united and spiritually one church:' 'that the initiation into the church was the voluntary act of 'the candidate;' 'that his reception was the voluntary act of 'the church;' 'that his exclusion was no infringement of his 'social rights;' 'and that his qualifications corresponded with 'the design of the association.' All these positions are stated with great clearness, and defended with great force of argument. The last is so important, that we deem it worthy of all the recommendation and circulation that our pages can afford it.

'The purpose for which Christian churches were instituted, is purely spiritual, and cannot be fulfilled except so far as there prevails in the characters of their respective members, a moral correspondence with the design and object of their formation. To the evidences of this correspondence, the principle of selection must exclusively relate: in other words, to those dispositions and characteristics by which men, whose social claims are equal, are, as religious beings, essentially distinguishable. The necessity of certain moral pre-requisites to initiation, is recognised even in those ecclesiastical incorporations in which the principles of selection and voluntary association are abandoned. Faith and repentance are exacted from the infant at the font, previous to his ceremonial initiation into the national Church; and although these conditions are strangely supposed to be discharged by proxy, and the qualifications exist only in the hypothesis of future performance, still, it is manifest that the original notion of a Christian Church, as a congregation of believers, is to be traced in the corrupt institutes of a secular establishment. It may perhaps be contended, that faith and repentance are indeed the moral conditions of becoming a member of the true and spiritual Church of Christ; but that simply the profession

of belief is requisite to entitle the candidate to be received into a Christian Society, as part of the visible church upon earth. In what light then are we to contemplate admission into the visible church,—as a civil, or as a religious transaction? If it be only a political society into which the profession of faith constitutes a term of introduction, the condition may well enough be performed by a legal fiction; and the profession of a proxy may, if the civil authorities be pleased so to determine it, be valid; only, it may reasonably be inquired, what faith and repentance should have to do with an individual's qualifications for admission into a political community, or why any qualifications should be required that may so easily be dispensed with, by means of a legal fiction. But if, on the contrary, the view we have taken of what constitutes a Christian Church, be correct, if it be a voluntary association of believers for purposes purely spiritual, admission cannot be considered as either a civil or a ceremonial transaction; and the terms of communion, therefore, must respect the religious character. The profession of religious belief is, in truth, as much a moral action, as faith itself; it must be so, considered as a duty, and it consequently lies wholly out of the province of compulsion. A profession that is not spontaneous and voluntary, is justly liable to suspicion; but should it obviously originate in impure motives, so far from its being the discharge of a religious duty, or its forming a personal qualification for admission into a Christian society, it would be absolutely fatal to the pretensions of the individual, by bringing in question his moral character. How fearful, then, must be the amount of guilt entailed by the irreligious attempt to force indiscriminately upon all descriptions of persons, the profession of what there is every reason, in the majority of cases, to believe they do not actually possess. Yet, if a man's civil rights and privileges are suspended on his outward profession of religious belief, what is this but to hold out the strongest inducements to either a thoughtless or a deliberate hypocrisy? This is indeed doing evil that good may come; but evil in the hands of man can bring forth only evil. To require all men to make a profession of Christian belief, and to enforce that requisition by penal sanctions or secular inducements, is to take away all that is distinguishing in that profession as an expression of character; to confound together those two grand moral classes into which mankind are divided, as believers and unbelievers; and to destroy the only basis upon which religious communion, as a practical reality, can be established.

'It is of the more importance to place in a clear point of view, the primitive character of Christian assemblies as voluntary societies, because upon this point hinges the whole controversy respecting ecclesiastical polity. The terms of communion in Christian Churches, their constitutional form, and the nature of discipline, would be with far less difficulty adjusted, were these first principles of religious union admitted as furnishing a key to the inquiry.' pp. 91—94.

After some important remarks on the nature of Christian fellowship, corresponding with those we have offered above, we have a long and interesting discussion on the nature of Religious Tests, and on the Creeds of the churches in the first cen-

turies. All such devices of human wisdom are shewn to have uniformly been, and still to be, ineffectual substitutes for that identity of spiritual sentiment and character which constituted the glory of the primitive churches, for the absence of which nothing can compensate, and which, wheresoever found to exist, will render human symbols and forms superfluous and undesired.

'Unity of sentiment in matters of religion, can be obtained by no other means than such as lay the foundation for congeniality of character. It is in vain to attempt to produce it by legislative enactments; it must originate in the development of principles uniform in their operation, as well as in their origin. The Christian character is not an ideal formation: it is the genuine result of the faithful promulgation of the Gospel; and it cannot prevail without giving birth to a unity of spirit which will constitute the strongest bond of peace. Church polity attains its perfection, when it is wholly unconnected with every thing except religion, and altogether unsupported by irreligious motives. Coercion, by suspending the exercise of free-agency, and corrupt influence, by vitiating the motives of action, are equally destructive of the very principle of religion, of every thing which constitutes religious actions acceptable to God or beneficial to man.'

The Third Chapter of this Book, is a very long and a very important one. It presents a correct and admirable view of the agency by the instrumentality of which the Gospel was made so successful at the beginning, treats of the influence of miracles and the operation of miraculous evidence, and then gives a sketch of the early manifestation of that corruption by which Christianity was ultimately made subservient to worldly policy. The Author shews that it was never designed to introduce new political relations; that church government has no other object than the edification of the body, and that no political power is involved in the authority of the rulers of the church. He next proceeds to examine the nature of that spiritual authority with which the Christian ministry is invested. On this subject the following passage is particularly deserving the attention of all our Nonconformist readers.

'It is, however, a capital error to represent the Christian minister as invested with no species of authority, but that which he derives from the choice of the people over which he is appointed to preside; as if his being a minister of Christ depended upon their will, and they could make or unmake him such by suffrage. Persons have been driven into this extreme of opinion, by the arrogant pretensions of ecclesiastics to political jurisdiction; forgetting that although a church is a voluntary society, it is not founded upon the will of man, but upon religious obligations, which constitute the relation between the minister and his people, the basis of mutual duties of the most sacred nature. Surely, the denying to the Christian pastor all political authority, does not tend in the slightest degree to weaken the founda-

tion of his moral claims; these are as real, as unalienable, as much demand our respect, as any rights which arise from the relations of civil society. It must be confessed, that much evil has been connected with a depreciation of the moral authority of the Christian minister. The people who have been led to regard their pastor as, in respect to his authority, the creature of their choice, are not very likely to have an adequate sense of the importance of the sacred relation which subsists between a minister and his charge, so as to be duly influenced by this consideration in their election of a minister, or to be habitually regardful of the obligations under which that election places them. The Christian teacher who has no higher idea of the ministerial office than as originating in human appointment, who imagines that he needs no other credentials of being constituted a minister of Christ than the will of men, is in great danger of under-rating the responsibility, as well as the just authority, which adheres to the sacred character he has assumed. He is indeed unsuspectingly symbolizing with the advocates of opinions from which his own may seem to be the most remote: he is guilty of not less absurdity in supposing that he could receive his appointment to be a minister of Christ, from the hands of the people, than if he ascribed a similar efficacy to the imposition of episcopal hands. The pastoral office must, it is true, be *conveyed* by human appointment, and that appointment, according to the principles advocated in these pages, must rest with the members of the Church considered as a voluntary society; but as the exercise of the ministerial function is not bounded by the pastoral relation, so it is not in any way dependent upon it; and the spiritual authority which, distinct from the superadded claims of the pastorship, is vested in every faithful minister of the Gospel by virtue of the appointment of Christ, cannot be in any wise conveyed as a circumstance of office, by either popular or sacerdotal ordination. The laying of undue stress upon either mode, may be equally prejudicial, as tending to withdraw the attention from the true source of ministerial authority.' pp. 158—161.

In support of this important view of the Christian Ministry, our Author examines its original institution in the appointment of the Apostles, illustrates the nature of their office, shews that as Apostles they would have no successors, but that the carrying on of their work in the conversion of the world, and the edification of believers, is still committed to faithful men. The whole of the reasoning in this part of his work, is highly interesting. If Conformists have frequently unduly magnified their office, and employed much offensive and absurd language both respecting themselves and others, Dissenters have not unfrequently erred in the other extreme, and both in word and conduct have discovered a want of due respect for the ordinance of God. Moral and spiritual qualifications for the work of the ministry, are the gifts of God; the right to exercise them in a given society, depends indeed on the suffrage of its members, but the authority which it is called to respect, is not a human creation, any more than the suc-

cess which attends its administration, is in the power of man to confer.

The Author then proceeds to consider more particularly the offices of bishop or pastor, and deacon; the only offices which the body of Evangelical Dissenters recognise as of Divine appointment, the former being appointed for the care of spiritual things, the latter for that of temporal, which are the only matters that belong to a Christian society. On the spiritual office he remarks, 'that the term elder, and the office of bishop, are ascribed in the 'New Testament to the same individual, is a point clear beyond all 'dispute.' That they do not describe two offices we readily admit, and that all bishops were elders appears equally clear; but we do not think that all elders were bishops. Nor indeed does the Author, for he afterwards acknowledges that the two words are not of identical import. 'There is reason to doubt,' he remarks, 'whether '*presbyter* is ever used in the sacred writings as, strictly speaking, 'a term of office in reference to the Christian ministry.' p. 190. We are satisfied it is not. But we do not think with the Author, that it is used frequently to denote elder or senior in respect of age, or for the head of a family. We apprehend that it is generally employed to denote standing or age *in respect of the Christian profession.* When the Apostles first preached in a city or village, and certain persons believed their testimony, they laid their hands on these first converts, and conferred on them miraculous gifts. Frequently, soon after this had taken place, the Apostles were obliged to flee to another quarter, and to leave the society thus formed, in a state of infancy, under the temporary care of the few individuals, male and female, who first received the truth, and who were miraculously fitted for teaching and defending it. These, we apprehend, were the *Elders* so frequently spoken of in the book of the Acts, and the *first fruits* referred to elsewhere. In opposition to which were the *novices,* Νεόφυτοι; persons lately planted in the Christian Church, whose information was not matured, and whose fidelity had not been tried, and who were therefore unfitted for holding any office in the church. On a second visit to the churches thus gathered and left, the Apostles, or the Evangelists sent by them, proceeded to elect proper persons for the stated service of the church. These appear to have been chosen from among the Elders or first converts. As moral qualifications did not always accompany miraculous endowments, many who received them might be found destitute of the qualifications for the offices of spiritual and temporal oversight specified in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and therefore churches and Evangelists are directed not to consider supernatural attainments sufficient in themselves to qualify for sacred offices.

This view of the import of the term, and of the way in which persons were appointed to be chosen to the ministry, we conceive

to be at once natural, that is to say, what was to be expected from the way in which the Gospel was propagated and societies were raised at the beginning, and to be supported by the language of the New Testament and of some of the earliest Christian writers. The first account we have of the appointment of regular officers, is in Acts xiv. 21, 23, a passage which fully accords with the above representation. The expression, "They had ordained to them "elders in every church," is elliptical, and supposes the reader to understand what they had ordained those elders to be. The persons ordained were elders before; they were now ordained to be, bishops or deacons to the disciples in every church. The passage in the original is, χειροτονησαντες δε αυτοις πρεσβυτερους κατ' εκκλησιαν. Let this be compared with the only other passage in the New Testament in which the word χειροτονεω occurs, 2 Cor. viii. 19. "Having been ordained by the churches *to be our fellow* "*traveller.*" This is the complete expression. The reason that the purpose is mentioned for which the brother was ordained, is, that being a particular purpose, it could not have otherwise been known; whereas, the general purposes for which the Apostles ordained elders, were so well known, that it was unnecessary to mention them. The same elliptical mode of expression occurs in Tit. i. 5. The learned reader may consult the following passages in the original, in which the structure for which we contend is exemplified. Luke xii. 14. Acts vii. 10. 27. Heb. vii. 28. Rom. v. 9. 2 Pet. i. 8.

The account which is given by Clemens Romanus of the ordinations of the Apostles, completely corresponds with these statements. 'The Apostles having preached the Gospel through 'countries and cities, καθιστανον τας απαρχας αυτων, δοκιμασαντες τω πνευ-'ματι, εις Επισκοπους και Διακονους των μελλοντων πιστευειν, *appointed* '*their first fruits* (having tried them by the Spirit) *to be bishops* '*and deacons* of those who should believe.' 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. Sect. 42.

We can only throw out hints, our limits not admitting of a full illustration of our sentiments on this curious and much controverted subject; but we would recommend the Author, in the view of another edition of his work, and any of our readers who wish to follow up our ideas, to consult Benson's "Essay on the Settlement of "the primitive Church;" "Lord Barrington's *Miscellanea Sa-*"*cra,*" and Ewing "On the Constitution, Government, &c. of "the Church of Christ."

We apprehend our Author places more confidence in the position that the first churches were formed on the mode of the Jewish Synagogue, than is warranted by the evidence. We must confess that after all that has been said by Grotius, Vitringa, and Lightfoot, on the constitution, worship, and officers of the synagogue, that we are still in darkness and doubt about many things. Their statements and reasonings are frequently fanciful and hypothetical

or built on the assertions of Rabbinical writers, a set of men for whose judgement and honesty we have a very limited respect. The synagogue we conceive must have resembled the complex character of the Jewish Church, being partly a spiritual, and partly a temporal institute, resembling perhaps the Jewish churches of this country, in which birth and locality rather than spiritual qualifications and voluntary choice, constitute the grounds of association. Its officers must have been invested with a mixed authority, and the forms of their administration must have been in many respects different from those of a purely spiritual and voluntary society. We see nothing in the synagogue like the endearing relation of pastor and flock; nothing corresponding to our ideas of that instruction which the spiritual guide of a Christian church is called to deliver; and nothing of that solemn responsibility which devolves on him who holds the office of Overseer. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to doubt whether the Apostles, in forming the societies collected by their labours, were at all influenced by the forms of government in any country. The Patriarchism of India, the Democracy of Greece, and the Despotism of Rome, were probably never thought of by them when teaching the disciples to observe all things which their Master commanded. They inculcated principles and enjoined practices which were to be neither of local nor of temporary obligation, but which were to live in their writings, and wherever their Gospel came to be held in remembrance. The few arrangements necessary to preserve order and promote edification, were equally suitable in every place, and left little room for that supposed variety of practice which is alleged in the following passage.

'To this question it may be replied, in the first place, with the learned Bishop to whom we are under so great obligations, that there is reason to believe, that the Apostles did not themselves observe a fixed uniform rule in settling the government of the primitive churches, but adapted their course of proceeding to the circumstances of the persons with whom they had to deal. The same reason that induced them, under certain circumstances, to adopt the form of the synagogue government, led them to prefer, under different circumstances, a form of government better suited to the national customs of their converts. Where the churches were small, the number of rulers would be proportionably few, the episcopacy being, there can be no doubt, in some instances confided to an individual pastor; in others, vested in a consistory of elders answering to that of the synagogue. Of the existence of "a college of elders," as it is termed, acting in concert with the presiding pastor, or arch-presbyter, there are undoubted traces in the annals of the early ages. Ignatius terms the presbyters, "the "Sanhedrin of the Church." Other Fathers allude to them under the title of *clergy*. Jerome speaks of them as the Senate or Common Council by whom the church was governed. Eutychius remarks, that there were twelve presbyters who constituted the government of the

ch at Alexandria. Dismissing, however, the doubtful testimony
e Fathers, there is nothing in the New Testament, to lead us to
ıse that either the Pastoral, or the Presbyterian form of govern-
was exclusively adhered to. On the contrary, St. Paul's Epistle
: Corinthians, would seem to warrant the conclusion, that in that
:h at least, there existed no order for the public service, and con-
ıntly no ordained elders or archi-synagogue. It is observable, that
icers of the church are specified in the opening salutation of either
: Epistles to this church; and that the Apostle, after reprobating
party spirit and their disorderly meetings, recommends them to
ı the close of the first Epistle, to "submit themselves" to the
e of Stephanus, who had "addicted themselves to the ministry
the saints," intending, probably, to convey by this recommen-
n, the wish that they should elect Stephanus and his companions
e governors of the church. The existence of prophets and teach-
ı particular churches, as at Antioch, and the distinct offices
ected with miraculous gifts, necessarily produced some variations
e mode of government, although the general form might still be
ıyterian. In some cases, the Apostles and the Evangelists may
ıpposed to have exercised in person an episcopal presidency,
h was probably devolved at their decease, or removal, on the senior
ıyter, as their successor. This, it may be said, is building upon
:cture; but the burden of proof rests with those who maintain
pposite opinion, that the Apostles did adhere to one settled plan,
:hat that prescribed form of government has Divine right in its
ır; for if, in any one instance, there was a deviation from uni-
ity in the proceedings of the Apostles themselves, or, if the churches
allowedly left to frame their own regulations, independent of
ıtolic directions, the positive duty and perpetual obligation of a
ı adherence to certain forms, are disproved; and the departure
the original model ceases to excite that surprise which it occa-
:d when contemplated as a direct infringement of Apostolic law.
hose who are accustomed to attach superlative importance to the
titutional form of Christian churches, it may appear a notion bor-
ıg upon heterodoxy, that the New Testament, our only rule in
ers of faith and practice, does not furnish specific directions in
; is deemed by them so essential a particular. Let it, however, be
ırked that while the *form* of government is left thus indefinite
uncertain, the *principles* of ecclesiastical government are laid
ı in the Apostolic writings with the utmost clearness; principles
riable, common to every modification of outward circumstance,
which are all that the Divine wisdom has seen fit to render binding.
these been adhered to, departures from the primitive model,
:h were in fact unavoidable, would have been attended by no evil
lts,' pp. 213, 17.

We are not sure that we fully understand the Author's intention
ıis passage. If he intends to convey the idea merely that in
e churches there were several pastors, and in others only one
:or, and in some no pastor at all for a time, we are of the same
ıion. But we do not see that this implies any difference in the

form of Government. If he means much more than this, we apprehend he will be found inconsistent with himself, and that he is employing language of which a use may be made very hostile to his own principles. We do not wonder at Stillingfleet and Mosheim, and Whitgift and Burnet, whom he quotes, maintaining that neither Christ himself nor his Apostles commanded any thing concerning the external form of the Church. But surely the Author uses this language in a very different sense from that in which it is employed by those writers. We do not see the necessity of contending for the *jus divinum* of every circumstance of church polity; but we believe the grand outline of the form which is contended for throughout his work, to be Divine; that this form was recommended and acted on by the Apostles every where in every church; and that it will not be found an easy matter to retain the principles where the form is wanting. We hope the Author will reconsider this language, and in another edition either explain himself more fully, or in such a manner as will deprive his adversaries of a most powerful weapon against his own cause. We do not know more pernicious or ensnaring language than that which is often so dogmatically employed by those who are conscious that their ecclesiastical system cannot stand the test of Scripture: 'All 'forms of church government and of observing divine ordinances, 'are indifferent.' 'The Bible contains nothing on such subjects, 'and those who think otherwise are narrow minded bigots or petty 'dealers in 'small wares.' We hold such language to be very unmeaning and very silly, and we are sure that nothing would be farther from the Author's thoughts, than to afford any justification of it in his valuable work. We regret his use of two terms in speaking on the neglect of Church Government—'*Democracy and* '*Presbyterian*.' The former is capable of a bad political interpretation, and his use of it has already been taken hold of. The other will be understood, at least in the northern part of the island, in a different sense from that in which he employs it. We quote with pleasure the concluding paragraph of the chapter, as containing every thing in the form or constitution of a Christian church, for which we think it of importance to contend.

'Such was the decision of the founders of our present Establishment—a decision imbodying some of the main positions laid down by Nonconformist writers, and which ought, one would imagine, to have some effect in moderating the confidence of their polemical adversaries. The principles of Nonconformity, as respects the constitution of Christian churches, are briefly these: the purely voluntary nature of religious union; the necessary independence of societies so originating; the spirituality of the objects they are exclusively designed to promote; the moral nature of the authority to which they are subject, as opposed to all admixture of secular power; and, finally, the unalienable right vested in every such society to choose its spiritual pastors

and teachers. It only remains to examine more particularly into the laws which relate to the discipline of societies established upon these principles.' pp. 248, 9.

The Discipline of Christian Churches, which is the subject of the last chapter of this Book, is a part of the will of Christ which is of no small importance to the prosperity and respectability of his cause, and is one of the things in regard to which most Christian societies have much to learn. The deceitfulness of the heart, the ensnaring influence of the world, the ease with which, in our circumstances, a profession of religion can be made and maintained, expose a church to constant danger of receiving or of retaining false brethren in its fellowship. The long standing of a society, the number and respectability of its members, the talents and popularity of its minister, act as bounties on the profession of the Gospel, the operation of which is to be most carefully watched by every pastor and every flock which is placed in such circumstances. The danger at present certainly lies on the side of too great laxity, rather than of too great strictness. There are many temptations to receive into communion, and to retain in it, and but few inducements to reject, or to expel from it. There may be an interest in opening the door too wide, but there can be none in narrowing it. It deserves, however, constantly to be remembered, that the effective strength of a church consists entirely in the aggregate of Christian character, or in the number of spiritual persons which it contains. Every thing else must operate as an injurious clog to its movements, and be a deformity in its external aspect. The proper exercise of discipline, in order that all its ends may be secured, requires a combination of wisdom, vigilance, and decision in the spiritual Overseer, all of which ought to be more the subjects of cultivation, than we fear they generally are. One thing in the state of this country acts as a powerful discouragement and counteraction to the exercise of Christian discipline. In the time of the Apostles, and long after, the man who was rejected from the company of the Disciples, was thrown at once upon the world, and was placed among the open enemies of the Gospel. This armed the censures of the primitive church with an awful force, and clothed its excommunications with a terror that was at times in danger of overwhelming the offender with deadly sorrow. But since the world has become Christian, spiritual inflictions have lost much of their efficacy. The ANATHEMA of Rome was terrible, because it was accompanied with the literal "destruction of the flesh;" but the spiritual decision of a body solemnly convocated in the name of the Lord Jesus, although, if pronounced on sufficient grounds, it will be confirmed by the Judge of all, men are too much accustomed to despise. Not only it is attended with no civil con-

sequences, which, so far, indeed, is well, but it is not considered as divesting the transgressor of his Christian name. He has only to walk to the next street, or it may be in at the next door, and he will there find in the ready enjoyment of privileges which belong exclusively to Christians, the flattering unction which soothes his soul to slumber and to death. But though the times are changed, the appointment of Christ remains the same, and ought never to be abandoned by the church, or scorned by the guilty.

'Although submission to ecclesiastical discipline is, in the first instance, voluntary on the part of the individual, since it is by his own free act he becomes connected with any Christian society at all, yet it is not to be imagined that no other species of power or authority attaches to the decisions of a Christian church, than what is derived, as in other free societies, from common consent. The same moral authority which attends the promulgation of the Gospel, is vested in the church for edification, and attends the administration of the laws of Christ, with respect to the conduct of its members. To the spiritual censures of a Christian society, when in accordance with the dictates of the Scriptures, and the secret voice of conscience, an importance not ideal, a fearful efficiency belongs. From the consequences of such a sentence, it is not at the will of the offender to withdraw himself. The voice of the church, in such a case, is not the voice of man, but the voice of God, and "he that despiseth, despiseth not man but "God." An unjust sentence, it is true, can have no such force, but would seem to fall back upon the church that inflicts it. "A groundless "sentence of excommunication, or absolution," remarks a very judicious Expositor, "cannot possibly make any alteration in a man's state "or character: all such decisions being merely *declaratory*. This "has been entirely overlooked, in all those scandalous perversions of "church censures, which are the real cause of that relaxation, or rather destitution of discipline, which now so generally prevails." pp. 272—4.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

Art. II. *Tales of my Landlord*, Second Series. Collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1818. Third Series, 4 Vols. 12mo. 1819.

TO the intense eagerness with which the publications of this Author are devoured by readers of all classes, it would seem to be alike useless either to add the stimulus of commendation, or to oppose our critical *caveat*. A Second and a Third Series, the last being professedly the concluding one, have now appeared, since, in the performance of a stern moral duty, we had occasion to expose the grossly injurious historical misrepresentations of which the First Series was made the vehicle. We have preferred to wait till the first feelings of interest should in some degree

have subsided, before we offered any remarks on these subsequent productions.

We shall not repeat the considerations suggested in our former article, with regard to the pernicious effects of novel reading. It has been imagined by some, that the Tales of this Author will at any rate have one good effect, that of inducing a taste for intellectual excitement of a higher order, which shall render the trash of circulating libraries, the inane productions of the needy panders to sentimentalism, no longer palatable. There is certainly nothing in the Tales of the Schoolmaster of Gandercleugh, which tends to corrupt or to inflame the imagination. Were it, therefore, at all a probable case, that such readers as were, previously to their publication, wholesale customers at the Minerva library, would henceforth be content with one novel a year of a superior description, we should have cause warmly to congratulate both the Author and the public upon the change. The fact, however, will not, we fear, bear out the supposition. If Waverley, or Rob Roy, or the Tales of my Landlord, or, we might add, Self-Control, or Cœlebs, is not at home, some Romance of the Pyrenees, or Children of the Abbey, or Scotish Chiefs, will be accepted, to break the force of the disappointment. And when all have alike ceased to be the talk of the town, and their broken backed, thumb-worn covers proclaim the respective duodecimos to be tenants of equal standing on the shelf, we question whether half of their readers will care or be competent to discriminate the distinctive qualities of the productions which rank with them under the common head of works of amusement. But seeing that the constant demand for such works necessitates a supply of some kind, (and perhaps, if *ennui* had not such a resource, it would take refuge in some less equivocal recreation,) we will not dispute that a service is rendered to the lovers of light reading, by writers of superior talent who take this way to fame, and who furnish the public with amusement more deserving of the name of intellectual, than the generality of novels. The moral efficiency of such works we hold to be at best extremely small; indeed, that which gravely purports to be the moral, is often no better than a pretence by way of apology for the wholly uninstructive character of the production. But as vehicles of sentiment, and description, and observation, and satire, such works may, we acknowledge, be rendered instructive, and possess that genuine interest which attaches to whatever bears the stamp of Mind. It must not be forgotten, too, how large a share in what literature has at any period done for the interests of society, has been effected by this very species of composition. The modern novel is but the representative of a long literary ancestry. The deserved contempt into which that description of productions has fallen, from the facility with which the thing can be manufactured out of

the scantiest intellectual materials, as well as from the baseness of their average quality, will not, therefore, justify our passing over a species of literature which has, more than perhaps any other, served to embody and to perpetuate the characteristics of the nation, and the period to which it belonged, and which, measured by its influence, may be considered as of no mean importance.

Abstracting then for the present from moral considerations, it is impossible to deny to the very original series of fictitious narratives which have proceeded from the present Author, a very high degree of literary merit. They claim, in this point of view, to be distinguished from the class of works to which they might seem to be referrible; they partake almost as much of the dramatic, as of the narrative character. Considered as historical memoirs, they are indeed in the highest degree exceptionable. The tale of Old Mortality could not have been more completely adapted to convey a false impression of the characters and circumstances of the period to which it relates, had that been the Author's deliberate design. Nor can any plea be admitted in justification of the unfeeling levity with which every thing that is dear and sacred to man, is treated by him in his eagerness to ridicule the Covenanters. It should seem that the Writer was himself convinced in some measure of the wanton injustice of which in that instance he had been guilty; for in the Second Series, there appears something like an attempt to atone for the offence, by bespeaking the reader's kindliest and most reverential feelings for the Presbyterian character, in the persons of Jeanie Deans and her father. In that tale, as well as in those by which it has been followed, the Novelist has done well to meddle with history no more than was expedient to heighten the interest of his fictions by connecting them with real events, and to furnish a sort of background to the more prominent groupes in the picture. Whenever more than this is attempted, under the pretence of giving an 'unbiassed picture of the manners' of the period, the historical novel will either prove less interesting, as well as infinitely less useful, than the simple annals of the historian, or be indebted for its power to produce a stronger impression, to interpolations which throw a disguise over the facts, and which are at direct variance with the truth and spirit of history.

We venture to affirm that the whole of the additions to the reader's previous stock of ideas relative to the character and manners of the Covenanters, which were supplied by the tale of Old Mortality, was purely of this description; that just so much of falsehood was received into the mind, as was added to his knowledge of the bare facts upon record in the Scottish annals; and that so far from his being assisted to realize the circumstances of the times, or to form a more distinct conception, much less a

more correct judgement of either the character or the events, he would find himself in the possession of notions incongruous and irreconcileable, derived from the opposite sources of fiction and testimony. And yet, scarcely any writer, since Shakspeare's dread self has displayed greater skill in imparting to the personages of his drama an historical verisimilitude. It is not till we compare the ideas received from the Tale, with those excited by the representations of the historian, that we discover the extent of the imposture. It then perhaps occurs to us to summon up an indignant feeling at the boldness of the attempt to supply the details both of history and personal biography, out of the scanty materials of individual experience and observation. We recollect that whatever date is assigned to the supposed events in the fictitious narrative, the real originals of the imaginative representation must be sought for in the beings of to-day; that the fancy is limited in her combinations, to those forms of things with which she is supplied by memory, and that it is therefore only a modification of the present, which comes to us under the guise and semblance of the past. The idea of looking to the Novelist for historical illustrations, must strike us upon reflection as exceedingly absurd. It is but a masquerade that he exhibits to us, in which the elements of human character, such as they have, in the persons of real individuals, displayed themselves to his own observation, are made to pass before us under borrowed names, and in the fantastic costume of another age or country.

It is true that such an imposition can be successfully practised upon us only by a writer of rare genius. The general run of historical novels and romances may just serve to perplex a school girl's recollections, or to array to her imagination the Edwards and the Wallaces of ancient times in the attractions of sentimental love and heroism; and on this account, were there no other reason, we would wish to banish all such trash from the library. But there is little reason to apprehend that works of this order would give a permanently wrong direction to the feelings of general readers, on any important subject of history.

It is true, also, that in the boldness of his attempt to pass off upon us fiction in the garb of history, the Novelist may seem to claim no more than the privilege conceded to the Poet. But the Poet does not affect to add to our stock of historical information. His very purpose requires that he should be at liberty to select and to modify facts and circumstances at his pleasure, so as to render them subservient to the impression which it is his aim to produce on the imagination, and to the emotions he seeks to awaken. No one would for a moment be misled by the "Lay of the last Min-" strel," or "Marmion," where the poem deviates from history. But with regard to such a narrative as "Old Mortality," or the

"Legend of Montrose," the best informed reader will, we think, be in some danger of having his opinions biassed by the plausible representations of the Author. And yet we are much deceived if those portions of the Tale in which references and descriptions strictly historical are introduced parenthetically, to give the air of authenticity to the fiction, are those which are found to interest the most strongly on the perusal. On the contrary, the reader is sensible that the action of the tale is at a stand, while these needful explanations are being given, and that the generalizing style of the historian throws him back from that familiar and near converse with the individuals whose fortunes and feelings have been the objects of his sympathy. History will not bend to the purpose of the Novelist: its details can scarcely in any instance, without being perverted, be made the subject of unmixed complacency, or even of those mixed but still pleasing emotions which are connected with the excitement of the imagination by works of taste. The interest we take in the perusal of history, is of another kind, and requires an exercise of abstraction the very opposite of that state of feeling which leads us to sympathize with human nature in the person of an individual, the hero of the Poet or of the Novelist.

The Author of these Tales, however, in bringing them to a close, while he intimates that his primary aim has been to exhibit the Scottish character in all its varieties, seems to point to the illustration of history as one object which he has had in view. His reader, he says, cannot be more sensible than he is,

'That sufficient varieties have now been exhibited of the Scottish character, to exhaust one individual's powers of observation, and that to persist would be useless and tedious. I have the vanity to suppose, that the popularity of these Novels has shewn my countrymen, and their peculiarities, in lights which were new to the Southern reader; and that many, hitherto indifferent upon the subject, have been induced to read Scottish history, from the allusions in these works of fiction.'

They certainly have had this effect in some degree, for even the misrepresentations which they contain have put many upon examining for themselves the records of history; while several volumes of memoirs, republished in reliance upon the strong momentary interest excited in every thing relating to the subjects of the fictitious narrative, have found their way into extensive circulation. But this idea on the part of the Writer strikes us as wearing very much the appearance of an after-thought. It was probably with quite as much of an intention to illustrate Scottish history, that the Author of the Lay of the last Minstrel sat down to the composition of his successive metrical productions; that is to say, caring very little more about either Scottish history or Scottish character, than as it might furnish materials for his fancy to work upon. We may allow, however, both the poems and the

talesto be considered as illustrations of history to this extent, that they abound with admirable illustrations of human character. And it is precisely this which constitutes their potent charm and their distinguishing merit. It is this which, fictions as they are, and fictions often at variance with historical verity, stamps them with the character of truth. As representations of the manners of remote times, it is impossible that they should not be delusive and faulty. The same description of faults will be found in them, that is often glaringly conspicuous in some of the finest historical paintings,—anachronisms in the detail, (as, for instance, Eli with spectacles on nose,) or defects in the conception, where the invention of the artist has outstepped his knowledge. In matters of costume and of antiquarian interest, our Novelist is, indeed, quite at home: his characters are always well dressed, if not as uniformly well sustained. The descriptions of natural scenery too, are topographically accurate, as well as highly picturesque; and often by the reality of the scene, he deceives us into a belief in the reality of the transaction; so difficult is it for the mind to disentangle the false and the true, when skilfully interwoven. The defects to which we allude, are those in which the Author's imagination is at fault, for want of the materials with which on most occasions his observation so richly supplies him; as, for example, when he attempts a style of character which neither his own feelings nor his extensive acquaintance with society will enable him to realize. Sometimes this failure is but occasional and partial, and betrays itself chiefly in the dialogue: thus, an illiterate Gaël bred up in the ignorance of Popery, is made to discover in conversation, as apt a recollection of Scripture, as any Cameronian. The Author's fondness for quoting Scripture for the purpose alike of illustration and of jest, betrays itself, indeed, on all occasions, and forms one of the most offensive characteristics of his productions. At other times, the failure of conception applies to the entire portrait. We are not to look to the Author, for the *beau idéal* of character. He describes men and women as they are found to average in society. But it is singular that his observation should have supplied him with so little that is interesting in the female character. The prevailing cast of his heroines is insipidity; and where he ventures upon a higher effort, as in Flora Mc Ivor, it is often at the expense of being natural. Jeanie Deans is a fine exception. As the Author descends in the scale of society, he finds himself supplied with subjects for his sketch book. There are some characters, however, evidently out of his reach, because they have never been submitted to his observation; for we do not attribute to him a philosophical comprehension or abstract knowledge of the internal workings of the human mind. He is, in regard to intellectual objects, a painter, not an anatomist. As to the very existence of the moral heroic, he is, possibly, a sceptic, not having

recognised the species in any of the live specimens he has met with. But there is another species of character allied to the heroic, though not generally referred to that class, we mean the devout, with which his powers of conception would seem to have as little affinity. It would not perhaps have suited either the Novelist's purpose, or that of his readers, to exhibit this variety of character, unalloyed by fanaticism or weakness, in any of his Covenanters; yet, we cannot help suspecting that he was conscious he had not the elements of such a character at hand. His forte lies in the comic, the familiar, and the wild. A man must have within himself the hero and the saint, to know how to embody in that form the conception of intellectual grandeur. And we do not look for intellectual grandeur in the accomplished, vivacious, jocund Novelist. Nor should we have adverted to this as a deficiency, had not the Author attempted subjects which seemed to call for the introduction of this higher style of character, in order to give relief to the darker exhibitions of human nature, as well as completeness to the fiction.

With the limitation we have specified, there is a truth of nature, an individuality, and a life, in the portraits, or rather in the actors, introduced in this long series of narratives, which none but the master-hand could attain to. It is really astonishing with what discriminating tact the Author seizes on, and indicates by a few touches, the distinctive features of the individual. No human invention could have supplied the diversified combinations, or have given forth the idea in the definiteness with which it is outlined. It is impossible to resist the impression that the personages which pass before us in the Tale, had, and perhaps still have, their prototypes in the living world. Substantially, therefore, these Tales are not fictions; they are sketches of human nature in its existing varieties, but varieties which do not fall under the observation of many in the middle ranks of society, some of which are on the point of becoming extinct amid the all modifying progress of civilization, and which we are therefore glad to have thus placed upon record in the only species of literature in which they could have obtained a memorial. It is not necessary to imagine that in any instance the portrait is a literal representation of an existing original. Doubtless, in passing through the richly imbued mind of the Author, the forms of things as they disclosed themselves to his perceptions, would gain something of its imaginative character, or, at the touch of fancy, would lose something of the hardness and commonness of real life. But still, the living world must have supplied the beings to which we instinctively feel, as soon as they are presented to us, the relationship of a common nature, and in whom we seem to recognize, although with but a vague recollection of the time and circumstance, the features of those

we have met with before. The charm of the language contributes, without doubt, in no small degree, to produce this impression;—its idiomatic and conventional style, rich with local allusions, and national peculiarities. 'Send me, carelessly and 'freely,' writes Mrs. Brunton to one of her friends, 'whatever 'you happen to hear of anecdote, superstition, proverb, or 'provincial expression, which at all marks the peculiarities of 'character or the state of society in our country. It is with 'these Scott has given life and reality to his novels. In those 'admirable works, I am persuaded there is little, except the 'mere story, which is invention. The more prominent persons 'in them are, indeed, as it seems to me, real characters, and 'his dialogues, the essence of thousands of real conversations. 'Scott,' she adds, (referring to him without hesitation the series of productions on which we are animadverting,) 'is gifted 'with a memory which absolutely retains every thing, good, 'bad, and indifferent. Hence he can never be at a loss for re-'alities to enliven his tale; and there is a spirit in the truth, 'which no human genius can give to mere fiction. From whence 'comes the wonderful verisimilitude of De Foe's novels, but 'from this, that they contain only so much falsehood as is ne-'cessary to make truth connected and entertaining?'

The merit of De Foe has not been in general fully appreciated, notwithstanding that wherever the English language is known, there his delightful master-piece is to be found, which may perhaps be pronounced the most extensively popular tale extant in any country. But most readers of Robinson Crusoe take it for a simple recital of facts, and think of nothing less than of the genius displayed by the author of the romance, of the admirable knowledge of the heart, the simple pathos, and the philosophical observation which his writings display. The parallel between the merits of De Foe and those of the author of the Tales under consideration, needs not, however, be pursued, further than the coincidence in the character of their fictions, in point of verisimilitude. It is needless to point out how greatly this enhances the value of their compositions; but it may not be equally obvious, that the faculty of seizing and appropriating in this manner objects and appearances in real life, which lie open to the common observation of all, is a far rarer endowment than that habit of combination which claims the name of invention. To be able even to tell a story well, is no despicable evidence of a well cultivated understanding. But when to the narration of facts is to be added the development of character, the task requires natural talents of a still higher order. Add to this, the conception of how the imaginary characters would display themselves in novel situations, and how they would act upon each other when brought into contact, still

preserving to the end of the chain of incidents their separate identity in the reader's mind, and the performance, though it be but a tale, will appear to deserve no mean rank among the efforts of genius.

Of the comparative degree of ability displayed in the Tales more immediately before us, viewed in connexion with the Author's former productions, various opinions will be entertained. For our own part, we incline to rank the one which occupies the Second Series, among his happiest efforts. It is not the most perfect as a tale; it neither excites the most powerful interest, nor abounds with the most striking situations. There is no scene in the whole equal to that in the Antiquary, in which old Elspeth, by lucid fits of recollection, disburdens her mind of its secret; or to that in Old Mortality, in which Morton is watching the hand of the clock which is to strike his doom. The interest is of a milder kind. But there is more of care, we think, bestowed upon the characters, more of the genuine workings of the heart unfolded, and more exquisite touches of nature. There is great merit in the conception of the heroine, who, without beauty, rank, or any other quality to seize on the imagination, powerfully engages the reader's kindliest esteem. Effie Deans, too, is marked by strong traits of individuality; it is very touchingly drawn and ably supported. Deans, the father, Reuben Butler, Dumbiedikes, father and son, Madge Wildfire, and several other subordinate personages of the drama, are highly interesting originals. The Duke of Argyle is a portrait from history, on which the Author has evidently laboured *con amore:* the interview that nobleman procures for his *protegée* with Queen Caroline, is as fine a specimen as could be given, of the spirit and fidelity of his pencil. May it be set down among the merits of this tale, though a merit rather of the negative description, that the Writer has throughout imposed a restriction upon his strong propensity to turn into ridicule the Presbyterian faith and discipline, and that he has actually laboured to make his readers believe there are many simple hearted, intelligent, pious people among that persuasion of his fellow countrymen? This in a high Tory, and a devout admirer of Episcopacy, is assuredly a praiseworthy instance of candour.

The Second Series has been so long before the public, (that is, so long for a novel, since it is more than a year old,) that we doubt whether our readers would thank us for taking the trouble to give them any further account of the contents of the volumes. We claim, however, the usual privilege of being allowed to support our opinion of their merits, by a few characteristic extracts.

To understand the following scene between the two sisters, it is necessary to premise, that Effie is committed to prison on the capital charge of having concealed the birth of her infant,

which is supposed to have been murdered, and that her acquittal, or her condemnation, hinges on the fact of her having, or of her not having made any person previously acquainted with her situation; the concealment being, according to the then existing law, constructive murder.

'Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie!' it is lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sun-beam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed, and sate down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

'"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter, "ye are very ill."

"O what wad I gi'e to be ten times waur, Jeanie," was the reply—"what wad I gi'e to be cauld dead before the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I amna his bairn langer now—O! I hae nae friend left in the warld!—O that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle Kirkyard!"

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'"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

'"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burthen—"Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

'"It was ane that kenned what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

'"Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright.—"Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now?—Was it—was it *him*?"

'"Hout," said Radcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither?—I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

'"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—"was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!"

'Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the

author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming,—"O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

'"We maun forgi'e our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

'"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

'"Love him?" answered Effie—"If I had na loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend—And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no."

'"What needs I tell ye ony thing about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himself, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside."

'"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

'"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell—Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forbye Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue—Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that may be."

'"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—"D'ye ken whare they have putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O, man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in Heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me whare they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

'"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo' she? How the de'il suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that at auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yourself."

'As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.'

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'Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "O, if ye kenn'd how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned,—if ye but kenn'd how muckle good it does me but to ken ony thing o' him, that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wished to hear o' him."

'Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it at the first as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow,"—"poor George," which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

'"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

'"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye." replied her sister.

'"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks that wad save my young life?"

'"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

'"And you tauld him,' said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death I am to die, and me no aughteen year auld yet?"

'"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I dared na swear to an untruth."

'"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again shewing a touch of her former spirit—"Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—Murder?—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its e'e."

'"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose, as the new-born babe itsell."

'"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie, haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

'"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

'"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson—How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith?—Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you"—here she paused and was silent.

'"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

'"Ay lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time aneugh to repent o't."

'"But that word is a grievous sin, and its a deeper offence when its a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

'"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony body."

'"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? O, Effie, look but up, and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amaist to say that I wad do't."

'"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best, I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am na worth saving? God knows, that, in my sober mind, I wadna wus ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the warld, and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gi'e the Indian mines of gold and diamonds, just for life and breath—for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever; but instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bull-segg, that I used to see spieling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans, and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's—And then they stretch out their faces, and make mouths, and girn at me, and which ever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson, when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face." She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.'

The trial scene is exquisitely affecting; and wherever Jeanie appears, the interest is of the most natural, and, at the same time, of the most touching kind. Her interview with the Laird of Dumbiedikes, her conversation with Butler, her behaviour in the presence of Mac Callummore, and in that of the Queen's Majesty, are nature itself. One feels for the time as assured of the personality of Jeanie Deans, as of that of her friend, John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, of whom the reader is presented with an historical full-length in the Author's best style. Poor Madge Murdockson's insanity, too, is worthy of his genius, although it is much more of a fancy sketch. The low characters are, we dare say, to the life; but there is too much of them, and most readers would very gladly have spared the proof they afford of the Author's universality of acquaintance with the darker varieties of human nature. The story lags towards the end; and the incidents are of a nature foreign from the general tenour of the narrative. We wish, in particular, that the Writer's restless fancy had been content to leave untold the fate of the infant, who starts up to the reader in the person of 'The Whistler.' He is evidently labouring at last to point the moral of the tale. But the moral, if there is any, is comprised in the characters of the Deanses. That of Lady Staunton is finely developed. We had marked several passages for extract, but to be understood, they would require too long an introduction, and we shall therefore proceed to give our readers some account of the more recent publication.

The Third Series consists of two Tales, The Bride of Lammermoor, and the Legend of Montrose. In his introductory chapter to the former, the Writer intimates that he has endeavoured to render his narrative in this instance more descriptive, and less dramatic, than in his former productions. We must confess that we do not approve of Dick Tinto's advice to his friend Peter, to alter his mode of composition in this respect. It is the dialogue, still more than the story, which interests the reader, while his imagination is excited by the picturesque circumstances of the action. These must of necessity be conveyed by description, and it gives the fictitious narrative the advantage over the drama, that it will admit of the introduction of description, the absence of which is but ill supplied to the imagination by any thing that can be represented to the eye. Dialogue is confessedly 'the 'essence of the drama,' but there is no reason whatever that it should be excluded from the narrative; for if it suspends the course of the story, it imparts to it the spirit of reality, and is the only means of giving expression to the characters.

The subject of the first tale is deeply tragic. The Writer seems to wish to apologize for the introduction of so shocking a catastrophe, which, he is aware, 'may by many readers be 'deemed overstrained, romantic, and composed by the wild ima-'gination of an author desirous of gratifying the popular appe-'tite for the horrible.' He adds:

'But those who are read in the private family history of Scotland during the period in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of an OWER TRUE TALE.'

The story is briefly as follows. Edgar Ravenswood, the heir of an ancient but ruined noble family, is in the act of seeking, on his alienated patrimonial estates, an interview with the intrusive proprietor, whom he considers as the oppressor of his house and the murderer of his father, with the intention of upbraiding him with his tyranny, before he should leave for ever his native land, when he is led by the impulse of humanity to rescue both his enemy and his enemy's daughter from imminent death, on seeing them attacked by a wild bull. This incident not only defeats his purpose for the time, but being followed by a subsequent interview, which is prolonged by accident, leads to a fatal attachment between the Master of Ravenswood and the daughter of his foe. The struggle in his mind between the conflicting passions of love and vindictive animosity, is very naturally and finely depicted. It issues in his sacrificing his resentment, and, as he feels, his honour, to the new-born sentiment which Lucy Ashton's charms have inspired. The wily politician, her father, sees, with satisfaction, the progress of an attachment which places him beyond all fear for his personal safety, arising from the resentment of

Ravenswood, while it imposes, as he imagines, no restriction upon his future schemes. Very different is the light in which his imperious lady views an intimacy which she is pleased to regard as equally derogatory to her family dignity, and impolitic. She behaves to her husband's visiter in the most haughty and insulting manner, and claims the right of a parent, to reject all proposal on the part of Ravenswood, for a union between the two houses. A change in the Scottish administration now leads to a considerable alteration in the master of Ravenswood's prospects; and he leaves Scotland for a few months, on an important mission to the continent, which has been confided to him through the good offices of his noble relation, the Marquis of A. Twelve months pass away, and afford colour to a report insidiously raised, that other affairs than those of his mission, connected with his personal interests, detain him abroad. Lady Ashton, regardless of her daughter's happiness, in the prosecution of her implacable purpose, intercepts all the letters transmitted to her daughter by her absent lover; and taking advantage of the state of agonizing suspense into which by this means she is plunged, exerts all her art and all her authority to force her victim into marriage with another. She at length extorts from her a conditional promise of obedience; the condition relating to her not hearing, by a certain period, from Ravenswood, in answer to a letter written at the dictation of her mother. The letter is professedly despatched to the continent by a courier, but Lady Ashton had issued her secret instructions. Lucy Ashton, however, has the precaution to send off a double of her letter, unsuspected by her mother, by a private hand. At the moment when, in the passive submission of despair, she is about to sign the marriage articles, Ravenswood arrives; but it is only to receive from her scarcely conscious hands the pledge of their mutual vows, and, under a false impression of her inconstancy, to release her from her engagement. Lucy remains for some days in a state of stupor, but at length recovers sufficiently, to outward appearance, to admit of the marriage being solemnized. A shrill and piercing cry from the bridal chamber announces the catastrophe. The bridegroom is found weltering in his blood on the threshold, and the unhappy victim of her mother's perfidy is discovered in a state of confirmed insanity, which soon terminates in her death. The bridegroom recovers, but refuses to satisfy any inquiries relative to the events of that evening, and soon leaves Scotland for ever. Ravenswood, in hastening to keep his appointment with Colonel Ashton, fulfils an ancient prediction, by perishing in a quicksand, for which, as the shortest way, he had forsaken the usual track.

There is something so exquisitely mournful in the catastrophe, that it could scarcely have been made otherwise than affecting

by a writer even of *médiocre* talents. It is in fact too deeply, terribly tragic, to please as a fiction; the Author has done well, therefore, to disclaim having in this instance exercised the ingenuity of invention. But the merit of the biographical details and of the romantic embellishments of the Tale, is all his own. In no one of his productions is the interest excited of so chaste and homogeneous a kind; in no one is there so much of the very spirit of poetry. The predominant sentiment in the reader's mind throughout, is that fearful pity with which we contemplate the ineffectual struggle of a brave mind with what appears to be destiny. There is nothing that interferes with this emotion. Even the humorous effect of the comic character Caleb, an old servant of Ravenswood's, whose life is one constant stratagem to uphold the honours of the decayed house, has a tinge of the pathetic. We cannot help pitying the faithful old creature, and respecting every thing but his want of honesty. The scenery, grand and desolate, aids the impression which the Tale is adapted to produce, by harmonizing with the spectacle of fallen greatness, while the occasional introduction of the supernatural, in that form in which it is most difficult for reason to combat its reality, the form of legend and omen, adds to the whole a character of solemn mystery.

We transcribe the description of Wolf's Crag, the only possession remaining to the house of Ravenswood, and the scene which takes place on his finding Sir William Ashton and his daughter Lucy under his roof.

'The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that toward the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and draw-bridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a greyish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder, or more disconsolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

'Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and

only one, of the narrow and staunchelled windows which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.'

* * * *

'At that moment the cloud which had long lowered above the height on which Wolf's Crag is situated, and which now, as it advanced, spread itself in darker and denser folds both over land and sea, hiding the distant objects and obscuring those which were nearer, turning the sea to a leaden complexion, and the heath to a darker brown, began now, by one or two distant peals, to announce the thunders with which it was fraught; while two flashes of lightning, following each other very closely, shewed in the distance the grey turrets of Wolf's Crag, and, more nearly, the rolling billows of the sea, crested suddenly with red and dazzling light.

'The horse of the fair huntress shewed symptoms of impatience and restiveness, and it became impossible for Ravenswood, as a man or a gentleman, to leave her abruptly to the care of an aged father or her menial attendants. He was, or believed himself, obliged in courtesy to take hold of her bridle, and assist her in managing the unruly animal. While he was thus engaged, the old gentleman observed that the storm seemed to increase—that they were far from Lord Bittlebrain's, whose guests they were for the present—and that he would be obliged to the Master of Ravenswood to point him the way to the nearest place of refuge from the storm. At the same time he cast a wistful and embarrassed look towards the Tower of Wolf's Crag, which seemed to render it almost impossible for the owner to avoid offering an old man and a lady, in such an emergency, the temporary use of his house. Indeed, the condition of the young huntress rendered this courtesy indispensable; for, in the course of the services which he rendered, he could not but perceive that she trembled much, and was extremely agitated, from her apprehensions, doubtless, of the coming storm.

'I know not if the Master of Ravenswood shared her terrors, but he was not entirely free from something like a similar disorder of nerves, as he observed, "The Tower of Wolf's Crag has nothing to offer beyond the shelter of its roof, but if that can be acceptable at such a moment"—he paused, as if the rest of the invitation stuck in his throat. But the old gentleman, his self-constituted companion, did not allow him to recede from the invitation, which he had rather suffered to be implied than directly expressed.

'"The storm," said the stranger, "must be an apology for waiving ceremony—his daughter's health was weak—she had suffered much from a recent alarm—he trusted their intrusion on the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality would not be altogether unpardonable in the circumstances of the case—his child's safety must be dearer to him than ceremony."

'There was no room to retreat. The Master of Ravenswood led the way, continuing to keep hold of the lady's bridle to prevent her horse from starting at some unexpected explosion of thunder. He was not so bewildered in his own hurried reflections, but what he remarked, that the deadly paleness which had occupied her neck and

temples, and such of her features as the riding-mask left exposed, gave place to a deep and rosy suffusion; and he felt with embarrassment that a flush was by tacit sympathy excited in his own cheeks. The stranger, with watchfulness which he disguised under apprehensions for the safety of his daughter, continued to observe the expression of the Master's countenance as they ascended the hill to Wolf's Crag. When they stood in front of that ancient fortress, Ravenswood's emotions were of a very complicated description; and as he led the way into the rude court-yard, and hallooed to Caleb to give attendance, there was a tone of sternness, almost of fierceness, which seemed somewhat alien from the courtesies of one who is receiving honoured guests.' pp. 243—247.

* * * *

' " And am I not then," said the Master of Ravenswood, gravely, " to consider the honour of this visit as purely accidental."

' " Let us distinguish a little,"—said the Keeper, assuming an appearance of ease which perhaps his heart was a stranger to: " this is an honour which I have eagerly desired for some time, but which I might never have obtained, save for the accident of the storm. My daughter and I are alike grateful for this opportunity of thanking the brave man, to whom she owes her life and I mine."

' The hatred which divided the great families in the feudal times had lost little of its bitterness, though it no longer expressed itself in deeds of open violence. Not the feelings which Ravenswood had begun to entertain towards Lucy Ashton, not the hospitality due to his guests, were able entirely to subdue, though they warmly combatted, the deep passions which arose within him, at beholding his father's foe standing in the hall of the family of which he had in a great measure accelerated the ruin. His looks glanced from the father to the daughter with an irresolution, of which Sir William Ashton did not think it proper to await the conclusion. He had now disembarrassed himself of his riding-dress, and walking up to his daughter, he undid the fastening of her mask.

' " Lucy, my love," he said, raising her, and leading her towards Ravenswood, " lay aside your mask, and let us express our gratitude to the Master openly and barefaced."

' " If he will condescend to accept it," was all that Lucy uttered, but in a tone so sweetly modulated, and which seemed to imply at once a feeling and a forgiving of the cold reception to which they were exposed, that, coming from a creature so innocent and so beautiful, her words cut Ravenswood to the very heart for his harshness. He muttered something of surprise, something of confusion, and, ending with a warm and eager expression of his happiness at being able to afford her shelter under his roof, he saluted her, as the ceremonial of the time enjoined upon such occasions. Their cheeks had touched and were withdrawn from each other—Ravenswood had not quitted the hand which he had taken in kindly courtesy—a blush which attached more consequence by far than was usual to such ceremony still mantled on Lucy Ashton's beautiful cheek, when the apartment was suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, which seemed abso-

solutely to swallow the darkness of the hall. Every object might have been for an instant seen distinctly. The slight and half-sinking form of Lucy Ashton, the well proportioned and stately figure of Ravenswood, his dark features, and the fiery, yet irresolute expression of his eyes,—the old arms and scutcheons which hung on the walls of the apartment, were for an instant distinctly visible to the Keeper by a strong red brilliant glare of light. Its disappearance was almost instantly followed by a burst of thunder, for the storm-cloud was very near the castle; and the peal was so sudden and dreadful, that the old tower rocked to its foundation, and every inmate concluded it was falling upon them. The soot which had not been disturbed for centuries showered down the huge tunnelled chimnies—lime and dust flew in clouds from the wall; and whether the lightning had actually struck the castle, or whether through the violent concussion of the air, several heavy stones were hurled from the mouldering battlements into the roaring sea beneath. It might seem as if the ancient founder of the castle were bestriding the thunder-storm, and proclaiming his displeasure at the reconciliation of his descendant with the enemy of his house.

'The consternation was general, and it required the efforts of both the Lord Keeper and Ravenswood to keep Lucy from fainting. Thus was the Master a second time engaged in the most delicate and dangerous of all tasks, that of affording support and assistance to a beautiful and helpless being, whose idea, as seen before in a similar situation, had already become a favourite of his imagination, both when awake and when slumbering. If the Genius of the House really condemned a union betwixt the Master and his fair guest, the means by which he expressed his sentiments were as unhappily chosen as if he had been a mere mortal. The train of little attentions, absolutely necessary to sooth the young lady's mind, and aid her in composing her spirits, necessarily threw the Master of Ravenswood into such an intercourse with her father, as was calculated, for the moment at least, to break down the barrier of feudal enmity which divided them. To express himself churlishly, or even coldly, towards an old man, whose daughter (and *such* a daughter) lay before them, overpowered with natural terror—and all this under his own roof—the thing was impossible; and by the time that Lucy, extending a hand to each, was able to thank them for their kindness, the Master felt that his sentiments of hostility towards the Lord Keeper were by no means those most predominant in his bosom.' pp. 267—272.

On looking through the Tale, for the purpose of selecting our extracts, we find few passages that will bear to be detached from their connexion. The visit of the lovers to old blind Alice, a dependant of the Ravenswood family, is striking, and has its due effect in preparing the reader for what is to follow.

'The old woman was on her accustomed seat beneath the weeping birch, basking, with the listless enjoyment of age and infirmity, in the beams of the autumn sun. At the arrival of her visitors she turned her head towards them "I hear your step, Miss Ashton,' she said, "but the gentleman who attends you is not my lord, your father."

"And why should you think so, Alice?" said Lucy; "or how is it possible for you to judge so accurately by the sound of a step, on this firm earth, and in the open air?"

"My hearing, my child, has been sharpened by my blindness, and I can now judge of the slightest sounds, which formerly reached my ears as unheeded as they now approach yours. Necessity is a stern, but an excellent school-mistress, and she that has lost her sight must collect her information from other sources."

"Well, you hear a man's step, I grant it," said Lucy; "but why, Alice, may it not be my father's?"

"The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious—the foot takes leave of the earth slowly, and is planted down upon it with hesitation; it is the hasty and determined step of youth that I now hear, and—could I give credit to so strange a thought—I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood."

"This is, indeed," said Ravenswood, "an acuteness of organ which I could not have credited had I not witnessed it,—I am indeed the Master of Ravenswood, Alice—the son of your old master."

"You?" said the old woman with almost a scream of surprise—"you the master of Ravenswood—here—in this place, and thus accompanied?—I cannot believe it—Let me pass my old hand over your face, that my touch may bear witness to my ears."

'The Master sate down beside her on the earthen bank, and permitted her to touch his features with her trembling hand.

"It is indeed!" she said, "it is the features as well as the voice of Ravenswood—the high lines of pride, as well as the bold and haughty tone—But what do you here, Master of Ravenswood?—what do you in your enemy's domain and in company with his child?"

'As old Alice spoke, her face kindled, as probably that of an ancient feudal vassal might have done, in whose presence his youthful liege-lord had shewed some sympton of degenerating from the spirit of his ancestors.'

"The Master of Ravenswood," said Lucy, who liked not the tone of this expostulation, and was desirous to abridge it, "is upon a visit to my father."

"Indeed!" said the old blind woman, in an accent of surprise.

"I knew," continued Lucy, "I should do him a pleasure by conducting him to your cottage."

'"Where to say the truth, Alice," said Ravenswood, "I expected a more cordial reception."

"It is most wonderful," said the old woman, muttering to herself; "but the ways of heaven are not like our ways, and its judgments are brought about by means far beyond our fathoming.—Hearken, young man," she said; "your fathers were implacable, but they were honourable foes; they sought not to ruin their enemies under the mask of hospitality. What have you to do with Lucy Ashton?—why should your steps move in the same foot-path with her's?—why should your voice sound in the same chord and time with those of Sir William Ashton's daughter?—Young man, he who aims at revenge by dishonourable means"—

" Be silent woman!" said Ravenswood sternly; " is it the devil that prompts your voice? Know that this young lady has not on earth a friend, who would venture farther to save her from injury or from insult."

' " And is it even so?" said the old woman in an altered but melancholy tone—" then God help you both!'

' " Amen! Alice," said Lucy, who had not comprehended the import of what the blind woman had hinted, " and send you your senses, Alice, and your good humour. If you hold this mysterious language instead of welcoming your friends, they will think of you as other people do."

' " And how do other people think?" said Ravenswood, for he also began to think the old woman spoke with incoherence.

' " They think," said Henry Ashton, who came up at that moment, and whispered in Ravenswood's ear, " that she is a witch that should have been burnt with them that suffered at Haddington."

' " What is that you say?' said Alice, turning towards the boy, her sightless visage inflamed with passion. " that I am a witch, and ought to have suffered with the helpless old wretches who were murdered at Haddington?"

' " Hear to that now," again whispered Henry, " and me whispering lower than a wren cheeps."

' " If the usurer, and the oppressor, and the grinder of the poor man's face, and the remover of ancient land-marks, and the subverter of ancient houses, were at the same stake with me, I could say, light the fire in God's name!"

' " This is dreadful," said Lucy; " I have never seen the poor deserted woman in this state of mind; but age and poverty can ill bear reproach.—Come, Henry, we will leave her for the present—she wishes to speak with the Master alone. We will walk homeward, and rest us," she added, looking at Ravenswood, " by the Mermaiden's Well."'

' Alice made no answer till she was aware that they were out of hearing. She then said to Ravenswood, " And you too, are angry with me, for my love?—it is just that strangers should be offended, but you, too, are angry."

' " I am not angry, Alice," said the Master, " only surprised that you, whose good sense I have heard so often praised, should give way to offensive and unfounded suspicions."

' " Offensive?" said Alice—' Ay, truth is ever offensive—but, surely, not unfounded."

' " I tell you, dame, most groundless," replied Ravenswood.

' " Then the world has changed its wont, and the Ravenswoods their hereditary temper, and the eyes of old Alice's understanding are yet more blind than those of her countenance. When did a Ravenswood seek the house of his enemy, but with the purpose of revenge?—and hither you are come, Edgar Ravenswood, either in fatal [illegible]er, or in still more fatal love."

In neither," said Ravenswood, " I give you mine honour—I [illegible] assure you."

[illegible]ould not see his blushing cheek, but she noticed his hesita[illegible] he retracted the pledge which he seemed at first dis[illegible] to his denial.

'"It is so, then," she said, "and therefore she is to tarry by the Mermaiden's Well! Often has it been called a place fatal to the race of Ravenswood—often has it proved so—but never was it likely to verify old sayings so much as on this day."

'"You drive me to madness, Alice," said Ravenswood; "you are more silly and more superstitious than old Balderstone. Are you such a wretched Christian as to suppose I should maintain war with the Ashton family, as was the sanguinary custom in elder times? or do you suppose me so foolish, that I cannot walk by a young lady's side without plunging headlong in love with her?"

'"My thoughts," replied Alice, "are my own; and if my mortal sight is closed to objects present with me, it may be I can look with more steadiness into future events. Are you prepared to sit lowest at the board which was once your father's own, unwillingly, as a connection and ally of his proud successor?—Are you ready to live on his bounty—to follow him in the bye-paths of intrigue and chicane, which none can better point out to you—to gnaw the bones of his prey when he has devoured the substance?—Can you say as Sir William Ashton says—think as he thinks—vote as he votes, and call your father's murderer your worshipful father-in-law and revered patron?—Ravenswood, I am the eldest servant of your house, and I would rather see you shrouded and coffined."

Ravenswood's next visit to Alice's cottage, is after he has seen or fancied he has seen an apparition near the fatal spot, the Mermaiden's fountain, and which assumes old Alice's form. On reaching her hut, he finds she had just expired, after having earnestly desired once more to see her master's son and renew her warning. Despatching her solitary attendant to the neighbouring village to procure the assistance of some females, he takes upon himself the melancholy office of watching by the dead body, till he is relieved by the speedy arrival of three sybils.

'The burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniments of a Scottish old fashioned burial. What the funeral feast, or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straight the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

'The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to

him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted church-yard of the Armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

'"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sybil, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile—"he dwells near the Tod's hole, an house of entertainment where there has been mony a blithe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to ane anither."

'"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not—he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out with his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonnie bouk of man's body."

'It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sybil. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southern-wood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewed upon the body, and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

'The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:—"That's a fresh and full-grown hemlock, Annie Winnie—mony a cummer lang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee over hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light doun in the King of France's cellar."

'"Ay, cummer! but the very de'il has turned as hard hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whinstane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinny-winkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times over, Satan will never gi'e me amends o' them."

'"Did ye ever see the foul thief?" asked her neighbour.

'"Na!" replied the other spokeswoman; "but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for't. But ne'er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master's, and we'll send doun for bread and for aill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugar—and be there de'il, or nae de'il, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't."

'Here her leather chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

e is a frank man, and a free handed man, the Master," said Winnie, " and a comely personage—broad in the shouthers, row around the lungies—he wad make a bonnie corpse—I wad hae the streaking and winding o' him."

is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," returned the octoge- her companion, " that hand of woman, or of man either, will raught him—dead deal will never be laid to his back—make ir market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand."

'ill it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gour- Will he die by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae dune im mony ane o' them?"

sk nae mair questions about it—he'll no be graced sae far," the sage.

ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay—But wha e this?"

ashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie," answered the " I hae it frae a hand sure aneugh."

ut ye said ye never saw the foul thief," reiterated her inquisi- npanion.

hae it frae as sure a hand," said Ailsie, " and from them that is fortune before the sark gaed ower his head."

lark! I hear his horse's feet riding off," said the other; " they ound as if good luck was wi' them."

lak haste, sirs," cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, let us do what is needfu', and say what is fitting; for, if the orpse binna straughted, it will girn and thraw, and that will e best of us."' Vol. ii. pp. 227—233.

se three amiable personages are again introduced at the l of Lucy Ashton.

ile the mourners were busy in the vault, the three village hags, otwithstanding the unwonted earliness of the hour, had snuffed rrion like vultures, were seated on the " through-stane," and d in their wonted unhallowed conference.

Did not I say," said Dame Gourlay, " that the braw bridal be followed by as braw a funeral?"

think," answered Dame Winnie, " there's little bravery at it; r meat nor drink, and just a wheen silver tippences to the poor t was little worth while to come sae far road for sae sma' profit, sae frail."

Out wretch!" replied Dame Gourlay, " can a' the dainties they gi'e us be half sae sweet as this hour's vengeance? There they at were capering on their prancing nags four days since, and re now ganging as driegh and sober as oursells the day. They ' glistening wi' gowd and silver—they're now as black as the

And Miss Lucy Ashton, that grudged when an honest woman near her, a taed may sit on her coffin the day, and she never r when he croaks. And Lady Ashton has hell-fire burning in east by this time; and Sir William wi' his gibbets, and his s, and his chains, how likes he the witcheries of his ain dwelling

'"And is it true then," mumbled the paralytic wretch, "that the bride was trailed out of her bed and up the chimley by evil spirits, and that the bridegroom's face was wrung round ahint him?"

'"Ye needna care wha did it, or how it was done," said Ailsie Gourley; "but I'll uphaud it for nae sticket job, and that the lairds and ladies ken this day."

'"And was it true," said Annie Winnie, "sin ye ken sae mickle about it, that the picture of auld Sir Malise Ravenswood came down on the ha' floor, and led out the brawl before them a'?"

'"Na," said Ailsie; "but into the ha' came the picture—and I ken weel how it came there—to gi'e them a warning that pride would get a fa'. But there's as queer a ploy, cummers, as ony o' thae, that's gaun on even now in the burial vault yonder—ye saw twal' mourners, wi' crape and cloke, gang down the steps pair and pair?"

'"What should ail us to see them?" said the one old woman.

'"I counted them," said the other, with the eagerness of a person to whom the spectacle had afforded too much interest to be viewed with indifference.

'"But ye did not see," said Ailsie, exulting in her superior observation, "that there's a thirteenth amang them that they ken naething about; and, if auld freets say true, there's ane o' that company that'll no be lang for this world. But come awa, cummers; if we bide here, I'se warrant we get the wyte o' whatever ill comes of it, and that gude will come of it nane o' them need ever think to see."

'And thus, croaking like the ravens when they anticipate pestilence, the ill-boding sybils withdrew from the church yard.' Vol. iii. 113–116.

The Second Tale is entitled, 'A Legend of Montrose.' It relates to the civil commotions which took place in Scotland, during the time that the dispute between Charles I. and the English Parliament was still under the decision of the sword, on the Convention of Estates having resolved to send an auxiliary army into England to take part against the Royalists. We waive entering into the Author's preliminary observations on the history of that period; they are substantially correct. The Tale itself will not admit of analysis, as the greater part of it is occupied with the development of two or three striking varieties of the wild Highland character, and of that of a loquacious, self-conceited, thorough-paced soldier of fortune, Captain Dugald Dalgetty. The chief interest arises from the bustle of warlike preparation, and the details of an actual conflict which terminated fatally for the Campbells. There is of course a heroine, whose unknown birth adds to the Tale a circumstance of mystery, and to whose powers of song the reader is indebted for the introduction of two or three beautiful little poems. In one of the prominent Highland characters, the attribute of second sight is described with all the effect which the Author knows so well how to impart to the supernatural, without seeming to exact too much from the reader's credulity. The portrait of

Montrose himself, as well as that of Argyle, is sketched with nice discrimination, and we, apprehend, historical accuracy.

The most striking scene in the Tale is that in which Dugald Dalgetty, who is sent from the army of Montrose with a flag of truce to Inverara castle, finds himself committed to a dungeon as a prisoner.

'The Captain finding himself deprived of light, in the manner we have described, and placed in a very uncertain situation, proceeded to descend the narrow and broken stair with all the caution in his power, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself. But with all his care he could not finally avoid making a false step, which brought him down the four or five last steps too hastily to preserve his equilibrium. At the bottom he stumbled over a bundle of something soft which stirred and uttered a groan, so deranging the Captain's descent, that he floundered forward, and finally fell upon his hands and knees on the floor of a damp and stone-paved dungeon.

'When Dalgetty had recovered, his first demand was to know over whom he had stumbled.

'"He was a man a month since," answered a hollow and broken voice.

'"And what is he now, then," said Dalgetty, "that he thinks it fitting to lie upon the lowest step of the stairs, and clew'd up like a hurchin, that honourable cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him?"

'"What is he now?" replied the same voice; "He is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have one by one been lopped away, and which cares little how soon it is torn up and hewed into billets for the furnace."

'"Friend," said Dalgetty, "I am sorry for you; but *patienza*, as the Spaniard says. If you had but been as quiet as a log, as you call yourself, I should have saved some excoriations on my hands and knees"

'"You are a soldier," replied his fellow prisoner; "do you complain on account of a fall for which a boy would not bemoan himself?"

'"A soldier?" said the Captain; "and how do you know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a soldier?"

'"I heard your armour clash as you fell," replied the prisoner, "and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest eft that crawls on the floor."

'"I had rather the devil picked them out!" said Dalgetty; "if this be the case, I shall wish for a short turn of the rope, a soldier's prayer, and a leap from a ladder. But what sort of provant have you got here—what food, I mean, brother in affliction?"

'"Bread and water once a day," replied the voice.

'"Pri'thee, friend, let me taste your loaf," said Dalgetty; "I hope we shall play good comrades while we dwell together in this abominable pit."

'"The loaf and jar of water," answered the other prisoner, "stand in the corner, two steps to your right hand. Take them, and welcome. With earthly food I have well nigh done."

'Dalgetty did not wait for a second invitation, but groping out the provisions, began to munch at the stale black oaten loaf with as much heartiness as we have seen him play his part at better viands.

'"This bread," he said, muttering with his mouth full at the same time, "is not very savoury; nevertheless, it is not much worse than that which we ate at the famous leaguer at Werben, where the valorous Gustavus foiled all the efforts of the celebrated Tilly, that terrible old hero, who had driven two kings out of the field—namely, Ferdinand of Bohemia, and Christian of Denmark.—And anent this water, which is none of the most sweet, I drink in the same to your speedy deliverance, comrade, not forgetting mine own, and devoutly wishing it were Rhenish wine, or humming Lubeck beer, at the least, were it but in honour of the pledge."

'While Dalgetty ran on in this way, his teeth kept time with his tongue, and he speedily finished the provisions which the benevolence or indifference of his companion in misfortune had abandoned to his voracity. When this task was accomplished, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and seating himself in a corner of the dungeon in which he could obtain a support on each side, (for he had always been an admirer of elbow-chairs, he remarked, even from his youth upward,) he began to question his fellow-captive.

'"Mine honest friend," said he, "you and I being comrades at bed and board, should be better acquainted. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth, Major in a regiment of loyal Irishes, and Envoy Extraordinary of a High and mighty Lord, James Earl of Montrose—Pray what may your name be?"

'"It will avail you little to know," replied his more taciturn companion.

'"Let me judge of that matter," answered the soldier.

'"Well, then—Ranald Mac Eagh is my name—that is, Ranald Son of the Mist."

'"Son of the Mist!" ejaculated Dalgetty. "Son of utter darkness, say I. But Ranald, since that is your name, how came you in possession of the provost's court of guard? what the devil brought you here, that is to say?"

'"My misfortunes and my crimes."

* * * * * *

'"I presume, Ranald," continued Dalgetty, "that the three pretty fellows whom I saw yonder in the market-place, strung up by the head like rizzer'd haddocks, claimed some interest in you?"

'There was a brief pause ere the Highlander replied, in a tone of strong emotion,—"They were my sons, stranger—they were my sons!—blood of my blood—bone of my bone!—fleet of foot—unerring in aim—unvanquished by foemen till the sons of Diarmid overcame them by numbers! Why do I wish to survive them? The old trunk will less feel the rending up of its roots, than it has felt the lopping off of its graceful boughs. But Kenneth must be trained to revenge—the young eagle must learn from the old how to stoop on his foes.

will purchase for his sake my life and my freedom, by discovering my secret to the Knight of Ardenvohr."

"'" You may attain your end more easily," said a third voice mingling in the conference, " by entrusting it to me."

'All Highlanders are superstitious. " The Enemy of Mankind is among us!" said Ranald Mac Eagh, springing to his feet His chains clattered as he rose, while he drew himself as far as they permitted from the quarter whence the voice appeared to proceed. His fear in some degree communicated itself to Captain Dalgetty, who began to repeat, in a sort of polyglott gibberish, all the exorcisms he had ever heard of, without being able to remember more than a word or two of each.

'" *In nomine domini*, as we said at Mareschal College—*santissima madre di dios*, as the Spaniard has it—*alle guten geister loben den Herrn*, saith the blessed Psalmist, in Doctor Luther's translation "——

'" A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice they had heard before; " though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present streight, if you are not too proud to be counselled."

' While the stranger thus spoke, he withdrew the shade of a dark lantern, by whose feeble light Dalgetty could only discern that the speaker who had thus mysteriously united himself to their company, and mixed in their conversation, was a tall man, dressed in a livery cloak of the Marquis. His first glance was to his feet, but he saw neither the cloven foot which Scottish legends assign to the foul fiend, nor the horse's hoof by which he is distinguished in Germany. His first enquiry was, how the stranger had come among them?

'" For," said he, " the creak of these rusty bars would have been heard had the door been made patent; and if you passed through the key-hole, truly, sir, put what face you will on it, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men."

' " I reserve my secret," answered the stranger, " until you shall merit the discovery by communicating to me some of yours. It may be that I shall be moved to let you out where I myself came in."

* * * * * *

' " You are a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty," said Murdoch Campbell, " and cannot be ignorant of our old Scotch proverb *gif-gaf*, which goes through all nations and all services."

' " Then I should know something of it," said Dalgetty, " for, except the Turks, there are few powers in Europe whom I have not served, and I have sometimes thought of taking a turn either with Bethlem Gabor, or with the Janizaries."

' " A man of your experience and unprejudiced ideas, then, will understand me at once," said Murdoch, " when I say, I mean that your freedom shall depend on your true and upright answer to a few trifling questions respecting the gentlemen you have left; their state of preparation; the number of their men, and nature of their appointments; and as much as you chance to know about their plan of operations."

' " Just to satisfy your curiosity," said Dalgetty, " and without any farther purpose?"

' " Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there," said the Marquis, " instantly."

" It were too much honour for the like of me," said Dalgetty; " your lordship shall remain under charge of mine honest friend Ranald Mac Eagh; therefore, prithee let me drag you within reach of his chain—Honest Ranald, you see how matters stand with us. I shall find the means, I doubt not, of setting you at freedom. Mean time do as you see me do; clap your hand thus on the weasand of this high and mighty prince, under his ruff, and if he offer to struggle or cry out, fail not, my worthy Ranald, to squeeze doughtily; and if it be *ad deliquium*, Ranald, that is, till he swoon, there is no great matter, seeing he designed your gullet and mine to still harder usage."

' " If he offer at speech or struggle," said Ranald, " he dies by my hand."

' " That is right, Ranald—very spirited—a thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million." ' pp. 100—109.

These must suffice for extracts, and the length to which the article has extended, warns us to decline putting the patience of our readers to the test of any further comment. We had intended to offer a few remarks on the moral tendency, as well as the literary merits of these productions, but there lie before us so many works of fiction and no fiction, that we shall be at no loss for future opportunities to resume the discussion.

Art. III. *The Articles of the Synod of Dort*, and its Rejection of Errors: with the History of Events which made Way for that Synod, as published by the Authority of the States-General; and the Documents confirming its Decisions. Translated from the Latin, with Notes, Remarks, and References. By Thomas Scott, A.M., Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks. 8vo. pp. 185. Price 6s. 1818.

WERE the history of religious intolerance fairly written, and the causes to which the most disastrous and extensive injuries that Christianity has ever received, impartially recorded, it would be found that synods and councils have been among the most fruitful sources of mischief. Whether ancient or modern, in the East or in the West, general or particular, Popish or Protestant, they have ever proved admirable auxiliaries to the powers of darkness in their attempt to divide and afflict mankind. That the truth of the Gospel has not received any addition either to the force of its evidence or to the weight of its moral recommendations, from the decrees, and creeds, and confessions ordained and published by ecclesiastical assemblies, requires no proof beyond the mere recital of their acts and the perusal of their history. These must satisfy every impartial person who gives them his slightest attention, that it must have been by other means that religious truth and religious liberty have been preserved in the world. The patronage, the

" you must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself. Lord of Argyle," he added, throwing himself suddenly on the disguised nobleman, " I arrést you in the name of King Charles as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will wrench round your neck."

' The attack which Dalgetty made upon Argyle's person was so sudden and unexpected, that he easily prostrated him on the floor of the dungeon, and held him down with one hand, while his right, grasping the Marquis's throat, was ready to strangle him on the slightest attempt to call for assistance.

' " Lord of Argyle," he said, " it is now my turn to lay down the terms of capitulation. If you list to shew me the private way by which you entered the dungeon, you shall escape, on condition of being my *locum tenens*, as we said at the Mareschal College, until your warder visits his prisoners. But if not, I will first strangle you—I learned the art from a Polonian heyduck, who had been a slave in the Ottoman seraglio—and then seek out a mode of retreat."

' " Villain! you would not murder me for my kindness," murmured Argyle.

' " Not for your kindness, my lord," replied Dalgetty; " but first, to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* towards cavaliers who come to you under safe conduct; and secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonourable terms to any worthy soldado, in order to tempt him to become false to his standard during the term of his service."

' " Spare my life," said Argyle, " and I will do as you require."

' Dalgetty maintained his gripe upon the Marquis's throat, compressing it a little while he asked questions, and relaxing it so far as to give him the power of answering them.

' " Where is the secret door into the dungeon?" he demanded.

' " Hold up the lantern to the corner on your right hand, you will discern the iron which covers the spring," replied the Marquis.

' " So far so good—Where does the passage lead to?"

' " To my private apartment behind the tapestry," answered the prostrate nobleman.

' " From thence how shall I reach the gate-way?"

' " Through the grand gallery, the anti-room, the lackey's waiting-hall, the grand guard-room."—

' " All crowded with soldiers, factionaries, and attendants?—that will never do for me, my lord;—have you no secret passage to the gate, as you have to your dungeons? I have seen such in Germany."

' " There is a passage through the chapel," said the Marquis, " opening from my apartment."

' " And what is the pass-word at the gate?"

' " The sword of Levi," replied the Marquis; " but if you will receive my pledge of honour, I will go with you, escort you through every guard, and set you at full liberty with a passport."

' " I might trust you, my lord, were your throat not already black with the grasp of my fingers;—as it is, *beso los manos a usted*, as the Spaniard says. Yet you may grant me a passport;—are there writing materials in your apartment."

' " Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there," said the Marquis, " instantly."

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artifices, the ambition, the turbulence, the wranglings and contentions, the uncharitableness and rigour, the censures and anathemas, which the history of councils and convocations exhibits, savour not at all of the spirit by which Christianity is to be purified of the corruptions which may blend with its profession and its institutes, and by the force of which it is to be perpetuated. And as to the settling of theological questions by a synod, it is the most hopeless of all projects that could be proposed for such a purpose. Controversies have originated and have been multiplied to an extent that defies calculation, by the debates and decrees of ecclesiastical assemblies. Nothing can be assumed as a more promising symptom for the peace of religious men, and the tranquillity of nations, so far as diversity of sentiment on questions of divinity is matter of consideration, than the entire desuetude of these assemblies. The history of ecclesiastical councils it would not perhaps be desirable to assign to complete forgetfulness; it might rather seem to be advisable, in the present state of religion, that somewhat more of the public attention should be given to the records of their proceedings, for the purpose of maintaining in full operation the safeguards which are provided against religious usurpation in the recognised rights and liberties of Christians.

The Synod of Dort, our readers are aware, was assembled in the early part of the seventeenth century, for the purpose of determining the religious controversies which then prevailed in the Low Countries. To give even an abridged account of its proceedings, would occupy a greater number of our pages than we should be justified in devoting to any one subject. The doctrinal opinions of its members, are to us of no more consequence, than the opinions of the same number of individuals in our own country at the present moment, on the same points; but their proceedings in proscribing their opponents, and pursuing them with all the rigours of the civil authority of the state, excite our utmost abhorrence against them, in common with those of all other supporters of intolerant measures. We should find no relief to the painful feelings with which we regard those measures, in the circumstance that the doctrines thus patronised, were articles of our own faith. In such a connexion they cease to challenge that attention which under other circumstances we should be ready to give them; and we consider it to be, in reference to all such cases, our principal duty, to expose and censure the assumption and the exercise of a judging and punitive authority in the hands of religionists. The religious articles which Mr. Scott has translated from the *Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechti*, we shall not therefore examine; but as he has, in some of the appended Remarks, introduced certain

questions of ecclesiastical polity which affect the essential liberties of religious profession, it is to these we shall confine our notice, with the view of furnishing an antidote against what we must characterize as their noxious tendency.

Were our opinion of books to be governed by the respect which we entertain for the authors of them, the present volume would possess no common claim to our most favourable judgement; the name in the title-page would at once supersede inquiry into its merits, and the expression of our sentiments on its contents. The character and the services of Mr. Scott lose nothing of their value by being referred to our estimation: the former we hold in high veneration, and the latter we cannot consider otherwise than as having been eminently useful in the support of truth and piety. It is however with his Book that our present business lies. Of this, it would have given us great pleasure to be able to speak in those terms of commendation which we have been accustomed to employ in reference to the former productions of the venerable Author. Our praise, however, must in the present instance be generally withheld, since neither the nature nor the execution of the volume which we are now reviewing, would justify our giving it our recommendation, as a work either necessary or useful.

This publication is but little entitled to be regarded as a solemn protest against all the means and occasions of debasing and corrupting the institutes of Christ; a kind of instrument which we confess we should be glad to see issuing from the hands of a Christian Minister in almost the very act of concluding the duties of such an office. And this perhaps we might have received, but for the influence which the secular establishment, within the pale of which he has so long ministered, has successfully employed, to induce in him an oversight of errors and corruptions, which with the light of the Scriptures he would not have failed to detect, and the detection of which could be accompanied only by the absolute renunciation of them. There are many passages in the work before us, which confirm us in the opinion that men bound by the chains of secular institutions of religion, and linked by oaths and office to a national establishment of Christianity, are the most unfit persons in the world to write and publish on subjects which regard the rights and liberties of Christian men. Their eye is not single, and their whole body therefore cannot be full of light.

In the Introduction which Mr. Scott has prefixed to the 'Preface addressed to the reformed Churches,' in which the rise and progress of those Controversies in Belgium, for the removal of which the Synod of Dort was convened, are related, he remarks, that no history can be attested as authentic, in a more satisfactory andunexceptionable manner, it being drawn up and

published by the authority and with the sanction of the States General and the Prince of Orange, as well as by that of the Synod itself; and that in every part of it, the *Acts*, or public records in which the events were registered, are referred to with the exact date of each transaction. He complains, that contrary to all the rules of a sober and unbiassed judgement, the unauthenticated histories of the Remonstrants concerning the Synod of Dort, have almost exclusively been noticed and credited by posterity, especially in this country, to the neglect of the authentic records. Now, we confess that the circumstances which are here mentioned as vouchers for the purity and unimpeachable authority of the history, would not induce us to regard it as unexceptionable. It is an *ex-parte* history, and the reader's suspicion certainly cannot be laid asleep by the facts which are connected with its original publication. An edict issued by the States General, strictly prohibited the printing or the vending of any other account in Latin, Dutch, or French, in the federated provinces, during seven years, without a special licence for that purpose. This measure, which Mr. Scott remarks 'was impolitic, 'if not unjustifiable,' is certainly not adapted to gain our unhesitating confidence to the exclusive account; and when it is remembered that Prince Maurice and the Patrons of the Synod were the declared enemies of the party condemned by its decrees, caution would appear to be by no means unnecessary in perusing a history compiled under their sanction. As Protestant Dissenters, we should not consent that an account of the Hampton Court conference, published with the sanction of royal and of episcopal names, should be assumed as an unexceptionable history of that transaction: it would evidently be unfair to estimate the claims of the Puritans and to judge of their proceedings by such a standard. There is therefore strong ground on which to demur to the correctness and fulness of the account republished by Mr. Scott, and our objections to receive it as a satisfactory and authentic narrative, are not removed by the perusal of it.

Speaking of the Confessions and Catechisms of the Belgic Churches, Mr. Scott remarks, that the appeal of the Contra-Remonstrants is constantly made to those articles; 'not under the 'disadvantage in which some of us in England appeal to the 'Articles of our established church, while our opponents, with a 'degree of plausibility, interpret them in a different meaning.' This sentence may at once exhibit a specimen of the delusion into which some good men can permit themselves to be drawn, and of the useless and pernicious effects which spring from subscription to the formularies of ecclesiastical establishments. Mr. Scott, and the whole Evangelical party in the Church of England, do, we think, appeal with singular disadvantage to the Liturgy and Catechism of that Church. Doctrines which they do

not believe, are certainly as clearly defined in those documents, as any of the articles of religion in the Confession and Catechism of the Belgic Churches can be. There is not, we venture to assume, a single person capable of ascertaining the sense of any set of words whatever, and without prejudice, who would not consider the Liturgy and Catechism of the Church of England, as exhibiting a doctrine which Mr. Scott renounces as neither true nor safe, but as destructive as it is unscriptural. Is it possible for any doctrine to be more precisely defined in the Belgic or in any other Catechism, than the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is in the Formularies of the Church of England? No appeal was ever more correct than the appeal of Mr. Scott's 'opponents' to those Formularies, when they cite them, and urge their authority, in support of the tenet which they teach, that the Baptism of their church is identical with the spiritual regeneration of the baptised person. In the same way, therefore, and for the same reason, that a minister of the Church of England who does not believe in the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration, subscribes to its Formularies, its Liturgy, and its Catechism, the Belgic standards of divinity might have been subscribed by any and by every class of Theologians. That men who can and who do actually denounce Baptismal regeneration, as a doctrine irrational and unscriptural, an impious and fatal error, should hold office in a church which demands as a *sine qua non* of their ministry within its pale, subscription to this doctrine, is as much adapted to excite in our minds unfeigned surprise, as it can be that other ministers in other churches should retain situations at their altars, under the imposition of the articles of a creed in which they do not believe. In the present case, the non-importance or trivial consequence of the doctrine, is quite out of the question, since in the view of the Evangelical subscribers to the formularies of the Church of England, the doctrine of Baptismal Grace is an error of the greatest magnitude, and pregnant with destruction. If the tenet which a minister is required to subscribe with unfeigned assent to its truth, be one which he does not believe to be true, it can be only by a compromise of integrity that he can bend his neck to the yoke of office by professing his belief of it. Nothing, therefore, can be alleged in favour of the Contra-Remonstrants, in their opposition to the party in the Belgic Church, which they charged with the violation of the most solemn obligations, that may not be as fairly and as strongly urged against the opponents of Baptismal regeneration by their adversaries in the Church of England. How easily and how truly may the following judgement in reference to the one case, be applied to the other!

'Now he must be a most unreasonable and unfair advocate for the Remonstrants, who would require decided and conscientious Contra-

Remonstrants, holding responsible stations in the Belgick Churches, universities and schools, by virtue of their subscription to this Confession and Catechism, to suffer, without any effort to the contrary, those documents to be opposed, proscribed, and vilified; and contrary doctrines promulgated even by persons, who generally held their situations in the same manner.'

It seems then, that the abettors of Baptismal regeneration in the Church of England, ought not to suffer the opposers of that doctrine to assert and maintain tenets at variance with it, and entirely subversive of it! Further to shew the folly of all such methods of determining questions of religious doctrine as those which it is an object of this history of the Synod of Dort to countenance, we may consider what would be the result of a Synod of the English clergy at this present time, assembled for the purpose of deciding the controversy between the contending parties in the Church, on the baptismal regeneration question. Would not the party to which Mr. Scott belongs, be denounced and condemned, as being enemies to the doctrine of the Church? The reviving of the powers of Convocation has been by some of the English clergy recommended as a measure called for by the present state of their Church. We shall, we trust, have no more Convocations for the purpose of religious legislation; but if the present differences in the Church were to be referred to the judgement of a Convocation, after the example of the Synod of Dort, the result, we are persuaded, would be most disastrous to one class of its ministers, who would not fail to be proscribed as guilty of promulgating doctrines contrary to those formularies which they had solemnly pledged themselves to maintain. We certainly do think that every word which Mr. Scott has written in favour of the Synod of Dort and the Contra-Remonstrants, admits of an application which is strictly just against himself and his associates, as teaching a doctrine to which the Liturgy and Catechism of the Church of England are directly opposed. There can be no doubt that the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration would be the test to which the leaders in a Convocation of the Clergy of the Church of England, would bring the professed fidelity of their opposing brethren to the doctrines of the Catechism and Liturgy; nor is there more room for doubt that a sentence of exclusion would be the result of such an ordeal. Were the evangelical part of the Clergy in the Episcopal Church of England, however, to be treated by their brethren in Convocation, as were the Remonstrant divines of the Presbyterian Church in the Low Countries, by the Synod of Dort, their complaints would be loud and grievous. It is clear that in all such assemblies, the majority and the powerful must prevail against the minority and the weak. We make these remarks for the purpose of shewing the absurdity of appeals to ecclesiastical councils, and the utter impossi-

bility that creeds and confessions, and liturgies and catechisms, should secure unanimity in religious doctrines, the utmost diversity being found to exist in national churches the most abundantly furnished with them. Unless the reign of ignorance and mental tyranny be complete in such communities, the boast that Articles of Religion are favourable to uniformity of religious doctrines, is the most idle and unmeaning of all declarations.

Mr. Scott, at pp. 9, 99, ventures to correct Mosheim, who remarks, (Vol. v. p. 367) that 'After long and tedious debates, 'which were frequently attended with popular tumults and civil 'broils, this intricate controversy was, by the counsels and au-'thority of Maurice, Prince of Orange, referred to the decision 'of the church assembled in a general Synod at Dordrecht, in 'the year 1618.' But though Maclaine's note is cited as in correction of Mosheim's representation, there is evidently not the smallest occasion for finding fault with the statement of the historian. That the counsels and authority of Prince Maurice were employed in procuring the convocation of the Synod, is all that Mosheim asserts, and his assertion is proved to be correct, by the very history which Mr. Scott has translated and published.

'But, moreover, the most illustrious Maurice, Prince of Orange, the governor of federated Belgium, as often before this, so now did not desist daily, in a most solemn and weighty manner, to obtest, as well the illustrious and most powerful the States General, and also the illustrious the States of Holland and West Friesland, that in proportion as the safety of the republic and the churches was dear to them, so they would give diligent endeavours that a remedy as soon as possible might be applied to these most grievous evils. For this purpose *he also commanded* and pressed upon them, the convocation of a national Synod, as the most ordinary and the safest remedy.'

It was then unquestionably by the counsels and authority of Maurice, Prince of Orange, that the Synod of Dort was procured. To this measure he was the more inclined, as he was politically opposed to the patrons of the Remonstrants. The agitations of the State were mixed with the religious questions which, in the United Provinces, divided the public mind; and as has been but too commonly the practice of civil rulers, it was an object of great moment with Maurice, to engage the most popular and powerful ecclesiastics in his support. The deed by which the Synod was convoked, was in form similar to all the other public documents of the country, and necessarily included the mention of the States General as the supreme authority by which the assembly was called; but Mosheim is unquestionably substantially correct in his statement of the facts.

We entirely concur in opinion with Mr. Scott, when he remarks, in reference to the religious dissentions in the Low

countries previously to the assembling of the Synod of Dort, hat

'The enlightened and decided friend to free enquiry, will see even n the causes of these complaints, (while the *immediate* effects may erhaps be deemed very unfavourable to truth and holiness.) the awn of that more enlarged state of things, in which free investiga- on of both received, and exploded, and novel opinions, proves ulti- mately and highly beneficial to the cause of truth; and he will agree, hat the arm of authority, secular or ecclesiastical, could not bene- cially be exerted against it.'

But how unfortunate is it, that his mind should have been nder the bias of a situation which seemed to him to require an xception that invalidates the whole force of the admitted axim.

'Except so far,' he adds, 'as to require those who voluntarily belong , and minister in any church, to conform to the rules of that church, r to recede from it without further molestation.'

Now, let the reader observe, that it is not the dismission of minister from the congregation in which he officiates, when he an no longer perform the duties of his station agreeably to the ill of the people whom he has engaged to serve, that is here ecognised as the right of the congregation; the position is of very different nature, that 'the arm of authority may benefi- cially be exerted' against the individual, to compel him either o conform to the rules of the church, or to resign his office. f his conformity to the rules of the church, the secular or cclesiastical authority is then to be the judge; and as the free nvestigation of received opinions is evidently inconsistent with hat submission to confessions and catechisms which conformity o the rules of the church requires, and which binds the sub- criber to the reception of definite articles of religion through he whole extent of the *credenda*, the arm of authority, accord- ng to this system, can be employed with the strictest justice to revent, not merely free investigation, but all investigation of eceived opinion whatever.

Thus, Mr. Scott's exception, as in some other cases, destroys he rule altogether. With this proposition, that the 'arm of authority may be exerted beneficially in compelling the minis- ters of the church to conform to its rules, or to recede from it,' he Author cannot possibly maintain the consistency of free nquiry, or save his own credit as a patron of establishments of eligion. The arm of authority is the arm of the person or ersons who are to take cognizance of the rules of the church, nd of the conformity of its ministers to its laws. Of these ules, and of this conformity, the persons in authority must herefore be the judges; and nothing can be clearer than that he opinions of these very persons will be assumed as the rule

by which to determine every question of difference among the ministers of the church. No doctrine will be allowed to be promulgated, but such as they themselves profess, and the abettors of opposite opinions must therefore be compelled to recede from the church. In this state of things, how is it possible that there should be permitted 'the free investigation of 'received and exploded and novel opinions?' It, in course, occurs to us on this subject, and we must remind Mr. Scott of the important fact, that the entire formularies of his Church are provided, and by authority of its rulers are prescribed, expressly for avoiding 'diversities of opinion, and for establishing uni-'formity of consent in true religion.'

This prescription to which Mr. Scott has submitted *ex animo*, as being a righteous one, involves him again in inconsistency, since it utterly and peremptorily excludes that investigation of opinions received, exploded, or novel, which he has informed us proves ultimately and highly beneficial to the cause of truth!

It is at best but perilous to a man's integrity, for him to undertake to advocate confessions of faith which other men have compiled. Into this predicament of peril is a man betrayed, who has subscribed his unfeigned assent and consent to formularies of religious doctrine enjoined by secular authority, and prepared to his hand by individuals as fallible as any of their race, and whose circumstances might not be nearly so favourable as those of their descendants, for the investigation of truth. In our progress through this volume, this idea has on more than one occasion been forcibly impressed upon our minds. We have been obliged to view the Author in a connexion in which we certainly do not wish to view any person for whom we entertain so sincere a respect. In the following extract, compared with the formularies of the Church of which he is a minister, he will be found maintaining, in the one case, a doctrine to be false and unscriptural, which, in the other case, he declares that he believes to be scriptural and infallibly certain! The XVIIth Article of the Synod of Dort, is as follows:

'Seeing that we are to judge of the will of God by his word, which testifies that the children of believers are holy, not indeed by nature, but by the benefit of the gracious covenant, in which they are comprehended along with their parents, pious parents ought not to doubt of the election and salvation of their children, whom God hath called in infancy out of this life.'

On this Article Mr. Scott has the following note.

'The salvation of the offspring of believers, dying in infancy, is here scripturally stated, and not limited to such as are baptised. Nothing is said of the children of unbelievers dying in infancy; and the Scripture says nothing. But why might not these Calvinists have

as favourable a hope of all infants dying before actual sin, as Anti-Calvinists can have?' p. 119.

In the service for the Public Baptism of Infants, in the Book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments in the Church of England, to which Mr. Scott has given his solemn assent, it is stated that '*It is certain by God's word* 'that children *which are baptised,* dying before they commit 'actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.' Now, if the salvation of the offspring of believers dying in infancy, be scripturally stated in the Dort Article, it is not scripturally stated in the service for the Public Baptism of Infants in the Common Prayer Book. This says nothing about the offspring of believers, but declares the salvation of *all children baptised in infancy,* and dying before they commit actual sin. Yet, to this doctrine of the Common Prayer Book Mr. Scott has subscribed; a doctrine which is declared to be 'certain by God's word.' We should be glad if he could lay before us those parts of the word of God which establish this certainty: these however he cannot produce. To how pitiable a dilemma is that man reduced, who must declare his belief that the very same doctrine *is* scriptural, and is *not* scriptural!

Some very inappropriate remarks on Schism, which Mr. Scott includes in the number of 'great and grievous sins,' occur at p. 168. We affirm, that in a number of persons voluntarily uniting in Christian communion and worship, who cherish love to every true follower of Christ, wherever they may assemble, there is no schism. Mr. Scott well knows, that were the most pious company of Christian worshippers on earth, out of the pale of the Episcopal Church, to request his ministerial services in their assembly, he would not either preach to them the word of life, or administer the Lord's supper; nor would he admit the most gifted and the most holy minister that ever lived, not being a Member of the Established Church, to conduct the public services of religion in the place where he himself statedly officiates as a minister.—And is it for a man thus fencing himself out from the followers of Christ, to declaim against schism?

We should not have expected to find Mr. Scott writing in so very indistinct and unmeaning a manner upon this subject. He speaks of the Church of Christ being rent and split into parties, and seems to think that a national establishment is the *panacea,* the all healing remedy for this evil. The following description we submit to the reader's consideration.

'For these parties are generally more eager in disputing with each other, than "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints," in making proselytes than in seeking the conversion of sinners; and in rendering their opponents odious and ridiculous, than in exhibiting

our holy religion as lovely and attractive to all around them. In these things their zeal spends itself to no good purpose.'

This description we should apprehend is meant to be applied to professors of religion out of the Episcopal Church. For what strange work would it make, to suppose that within that Church there could really be *parties*, from which would follow, as a necessary consequence, that there could also within that Church be *schism*. The next thing would be to start the inquiry—who are the schismatics, and to what ramifications does the schism extend; an inquiry which might be attended with some danger to the party to which Mr. Scott is attached. We can guess somewhat at the meaning of the Daubenys and the Mants, in their invectives against schismatics, but we really are at a loss to account for the use of such unmeaning language in a man like Mr. Scott.

The following passage affords a further illustration of the nature of the prejudice to which we have adverted as having a tendency to incapacitate a man for writing on these subjects with either clearness or consistency.

'But, whatever were the opinions or practice of those times in this respect, or whatever the sentiments of any in our times may be, it seems to me incontrovertible, that every church, or associated company of Christians, whether as a national establishment, or in any other form, has a right (for the use of which they are responsible to God alone) to appoint the terms, on which such as *voluntarily* desire it, shall be admitted to communion with them, or to teach as pastors, and as tutors in their schools and academies; to refuse admission to such as do not agree to these terms, and to exclude those who afterwards act contrary to them. And if they have funds, which are properly *their own*, they have a right to employ these funds, to the exclusive support of such as voluntarily concur with them; *volenti non sit injuria*, and it is absurd to deem those *compelled* or their liberty infringed, who *of their own voluntary will* choose to conform, whether under an establishment, or elsewhere. The Eclectic Review on "Gisborne on the Colossians," says; "Was it possible for the "author of these discourses to put down a sentiment so just and so "weighty as this, without the perception of its censure bearing "against the rites and ceremonies of his own church? Is there "nothing of will-worship in that communion? What are sponsors "and the sign of the cross in baptism, the *compulsion* to kneel at the "Lord's supper, but new commands and prohibitions added to those "which are established in the Bible?" Eclectic Review, May 1817, p. 481.'

'My concern at present, is only with the word *compulsion*. Can it be conceived that they who voluntarily come to the Lord's supper in the Church of England, consider kneeling as compulsion? And who is at present *compelled* to receive the Lord's supper in that church? Some indeed are *tempted*, too strongly tempted; but none are compelled. Again, would it not excite at least as much surprise and per-

plexity in a dissenting congregation, both to minister and communicants, if one or more of the company should kneel down to receive the bread and wine, and refuse to receive them in any other posture; as it would in a church, if one or more should sit down, or stand, or refuse to kneel, at the time of receiving? Should the custom of receiving in a sitting posture, be considered as *compulsion*, and as a command or prohibition added to those which are established in the Bible? By no means. Each company has its usage, whether established by law, or by the appointment of an independent Church." pp. 182, 183.

By no means, we repeat, should the custom of receiving the Lord's Supper in a sitting posture in Dissenting Societies, be considered as compulsion, and as a command or prohibition added to those which are already established in the Bible, for this reason,—the posture is discretionary in the communicant. Dissenting Societies have no command or prohibition on the subject. There is not, we verily believe, a Dissenting Society in the kingdom, in which a candidate for commmnion would be repelled from the Lord's Table, because he preferred receiving the elements in a kneeling or a standing posture. Instances have come under our own knowledge, in which the communicant has received, and is still in the practice of receiving, the bread and wine, otherwise than in a sitting posture, without offence either to the minister or the other communicants. Independent churches have no such appointment in regard to any particular usage, but recognise in all their members perfect freedom to adopt that posture which they may themselves think right. It is nothing less than disingenuous in the Author, to represent the two cases as parallel: they differ from each other *toto cœlo*. In the Church of England, a communicant *must* kneel, else would he not be allowed to receive the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper. There is a peremptory and exclusive law in the Church of England, that every person receiving the Lord's Supper, shall receive it kneeling; it is therefore a *compulsory law*. Mr. Scott will not pretend that kneeling is a Scriptural term of communion, and he expressly designates the imposition of things not *Scriptural*, as an instance of spiritual tyranny, as the practice of those who would "lord it over other men's consciences." He describes it as the proper duty of ecclesiastical rulers, to 'desist from peremptorily 'requiring such things as are doubtful, and liable to be mis-'understood, and so scrupled by upright, peaceable, and con-'scientious persons.' p. 168. Kneeling has been scrupled by thousands of upright, peaceable, and conscientious persons: were their scruples ever regarded by the rulers of the Church? Was not compliance with the law of kneeling at the Lord's Supper peremptorily required, and have not the most grievous pains and penalties been inflicted upon the upright and the peaceable for their refusal? Mr. Scott must be reminded that it is the *consti-*

tution of his Church that is the subject of consideration, and is to be sought in the laws and canons on which it was origi founded, and which are still its laws. To represent the Ch of England as a voluntary association of Christians, and to s of its ministers as if the circumstances of their appointmen the sacred office bore a resemblance to those of the officer voluntary societies, is to pervert things as well as words. plain account of the matter is, that in the Church of Englan the principles essential to the existence of a voluntary society unknown, and that kneeling at the Lord's Supper, like m others of its ordinances, is enforced by a compulsory law.

To expose the utter futility of Mr. Scott's remarks on passage quoted from our Review of Mr. Gisborne's work, would just put his question into the lips of a Roman Cath who might ask, whether any person in England is compelle receive the Lord's Supper in the Church of Rome, or other to be in communion with it. No one, he would say, is compelled. But would it be incorrect, therefore, to assert intolerance of that Church, or to maintain its assumption compulsory power? Looking at the whole constitution of Romish Church, is it any thing else than compulsory in laws? So let the constitution of the Church of Englan examined, and its rules will be found to be compulsory statu The constitution of the Church of England is the very sam when it was originally established; its laws have neither b annulled nor altered: if its provisions were compulsory *th* they are compulsory *now*. Our communicating in anot church, is in the exercise of a right which, with the consen the Church of England, we certainly never should have joyed: we owe no part of our rights and liberties to her con sions. There is but too much reason for believing that c her will have availed, we must either have bowed our knee fore her altars, and paid good English pence for our Pa noster, or have felt the full weight of the arm of secular thority.

'Every associated company of Christians,' we agree w Mr. Scott, has a right to appoint the terms on which such voluntarily desire it, shall be admitted to commune with th or to teach as pastors; and if they have funds *which are p perly their own*, they have a right to employ these funds to exclusive support of such as voluntarily concur with them. these principles we would rest the whole of the discussion.

'An associated company of Christians,' is the subject of Scott's proposition;—but where are we to find it? Not in National Church by law established. For can persons who h no knowledge of each other, who never saw each other, and w reside some hundred of miles apart from each other, be descri as 'an associated company of Christians?' To put the question i

nt out proof demonstrative that the proposition of Mr. Scott utterly devoid of propriety and truth in its application to a ational establishment. 'An associated company of Christians,' ust indubitably mean a number of Christians who form one ciety, by voluntarily assembling together. Let us, then, next amine how the proposition will apply to a congregation as-mbling in a parish church. Here the people who constitute e congregation, have absolutely nothing at all to do with the mission of candidates to communion, nor with the appointment d admission of pastors. When there is no pastor, or, to use e common and more proper term, when the living is vacant, e congregation cannot so much as conjecture who will be the xt occupant. He receives his appointment not from them; ey have not even a negative upon his appointment; and when e takes possession, he comes to them a stranger, and frequently found to be a person from whom they are altogether averse, and hom, if they could, they would dismiss. Then, as to the em-loyment of the funds, what construction are we to put upon the ualifying expressions, 'which are properly their own?' What e the funds which belong to a voluntary society, 'an associated company of Christians?' and who are the persons that should ve the control of such funds? For an 'associated company of Christians' possessing and entitled to possess the rights in uestion, Mr. Scott must look elsewhere than to either a national r a parochial church.

How just is the following account of Excommunication!

'Excommunication, according to scripture, is nothing more than mple exclusion from the communion of the Church, "Let him be as an heathen man, and a publican:" except when God *miraculously* y his Apostles, who could in that respect, "do nothing against the truth, but for the truth," inflicted salutary chastisements, "for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus;" or that "others might learn not to blaspheme."'

The subsequent sentence describes precisely such an excommunication as the Church to which our Author belongs, fulminates against transgressors.

'But when, in addition to such an exclusion, many heavy consequences followed, even to fines, banishment, imprisonment, exclusion rom the common benefits of society, and even death, the very word *xcommunication* became dreadful and hateful.'

How could the Author, how could so many like him, continue for many years to retain situations as ministers in the Church, without protesting against its law of excommunication? How can they boast at public meetings of their Apostolical Church, with the dreadful and hateful curse of its excommunication before them? We must be allowed to think it strange hat Mr. Scott and men who agree with him in religious senti-

ment, should quietly retain their situations in the Church, without protesting against, without using every exertion to free themselves from, the burden of this interdictive law—this form and ordinance of Excommunication. It is not an abrogated law, but still retains its place in the statute book of the Church, and its sentence could be fulminated, to the terror and ruin of its unhappy victims.

Proofs crowd upon us as we proceed towards the conclusion of the volume, of the influence of the Author's situation in disqualifying him for the office of a reviewer of ecclesiastical history. It is impossible for us to conceal our astonishment when we find Mr. Scott, the Editor of a valuable Commentary on the whole Bible, gravely stating, (page 172) that on the subject of interference with religion by penal means, 'not a word occurs in the 'New Testament, except as our Lord blamed the Apostles when 'they forbad one to cast out devils, because he followed not with 'them.' How is such an assertion coming from such a man, to be accounted for? Did not Jesus reprove his disciples who would have commanded fire from heaven to destroy the Samaritans for not receiving him? and did he not deliver a maxim on that occasion, which furnishes a conclusive reason against all annoyance for religion?—"He turned and rebuked them, and said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of "Man is come, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Are there not besides this, numerous other passages in the New Testament, similar in spirit and in import? Did not the Apostles, in refusing compliance with the commands of the Jewish rulers who had assumed the authority of controlling religion, and in the reason which they assigned to justify their refusal, "We ought "to obey God rather than men," protest against the use of penal means in the cause of religion? And what but the exclusion of all such means are we to consider as the design of the inspired writers of the New Testament in such passages as these?—"The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all "men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that "oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repent-"ance to the acknowledging of the truth"—"Who art thou "that judgest another man's servant?"—"The weapons of our "warfare are not carnal," &c. &c.

Before we conclude, we must notice a principle which is not peculiar to the present Author, but which we believe is neither impartially applied, nor advantageous to those who maintain it, as assisting them in the correct appreciation of the religious rights of mankind. The principle in question is, that the abettors of persecution in other times than the present, ought not to be held amenable to the rule by which in the present times we should judge the subject. 'The measure adopted by the Rulers of Bel-

gium, in respect of the decisions of the Synod of Dort, ought not,' says Mr. Scott, 'to be judged according to the generally prevailing sentiments of modern times.' How is it that we hear so much of this allowance as being proper and necessary in some cases, and in others that we hear nothing of it? Certainly, if it be 'palpably unjust' to judge the rulers of Belgium for their persecution of the religionists whom they condemned, by a law which is admitted to be a just one in the present circumstances of mankind, it must be as unrighteous to try the proceedings of the Romish Church in matters of persecution, by the same standard. Yet we never hear from clergymen, members of the Church of England, a single word in relation to the latter, but on the contrary the enormities of the Romish Church are described in the language of invective, and are cited as proofs of the antichristian spirit of her institutions. When are the cruelties of Bonner and Gardner softened down by considerations drawn from the age and circumstances in which they conducted the trials and the execution of Protestant sufferers? But if in the prevailing sentiments and practice of the times in which they lived, palliating circumstances are to be found to lessen the guilt and extenuate the odium of persecuting measures, as directed by one class of Protestants against another, the same apology must be allowed on the behalf of other persecutors, should they be found even in the precincts of the Church of Rome. Whatever be, or whatever may have been, the practice of religionists, there is an equal and unbending law by which they must be all judged; and we cannot but suspect that some very unworthy influence is suffered to pervert men's judgements, when they make the distinction, and apply the softenings and the filings of their apologies, for any class of men, in any time or country, who have afflicted and tormented their fellow creatures for religious differences.

Mr. Scott's Book itself affords a practical demonstration of the folly and inutility of ecclesiastical legislation. For it must be evident that the exercise of private judgement, is excluded by the authority assumed by religious Synods in the compilation and publishing of their decrees; yet, Mr. Scott's remarks are in several instances condemnatory of the acts of the Dort Assembly. Thus the right of judging them, and of pronouncing on the equity and expedience of them, is by him both claimed and exercised; and if one individual may in this manner decide upon them, another person may so express his opinion upon them, and another, till the right and practice become universal. But could it be the design of any council to admit of such a right, as the right of all men, or is the examination and refusal to receive its dictates consistent with the purpose and supposed authority of its laws? The cases are at variance with each other, and the one can be maintained only as the other is de-

stroyed. The conclusion to which the better part of Mr. Scott's remarks would lead every unprejudiced mind seriously engaged in the inquiry which religious duty involves, is in perfect accordance with our own frequently expressed opinion, that every individual must on his own personal responsibility to the Judge of all men, be the arbiter of his own religious creed and practice, receiving as obligatory on his conscience such doctrines and precepts as he perceives are communicated in the means of instruction furnished to him by a Divine authority; and that a congregation of religious worshippers is scripturally and truly formed only by the voluntary association of individuals for religious purposes. This account is simple and intelligible, and is amply sufficient for our guidance in the whole business of religion. Let it not be deserted or exchanged for the sophistry and mischievous assumptions that would impose upon us the right, the necessity, or the utility of ecclesiastical Councils and Convocations.

Nunquam periclitatur Religio nisi inter Reverendissimos.

Art. IV. *Select Scriptural Proofs of the Trinity,* arranged in Four Discourses; delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin: to which are annexed, Notes and Illustrations. By the Very Rev. Richard Graves, D.D. M.R.I.A. Dean of Ardagh, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 144. lxxvi. Price 7s. 1819.

DEAN Graves writes with simplicity and seriousness; and his pages are exempt from the common vices of theological controversy. Indeed, these Discourses are professedly not of a controversial character. The Author's object has been, he says, to select for the use of general readers,

'the most clear, decisive, and undisputed proofs of this radical doctrine of the Christian Faith (the Trinity); to disentangle them as far as possible from the intricacy, and free them from the personality, of controversy; to exhibit them in such an arrangement, as might mark out their connexion, and express these vital truths of the Gospel in such a manner as might not only convince the understanding, but impress them on the heart.'

He has brought forward especially those

'scriptural arguments and views which, at an early period of his life, had decided his own opinion on this sacred subject, and which, after studying the Controversy upon it, he still thinks the most convincing. That they may equally satisfy the minds of his readers, is his most anxious wish; as he does not hesitate to declare it as his firm conviction that, in whatever portion of the Christian Church this great truth is denied, or even neglected and unattended to, the foundation of true christianity will be gradually subverted, and a re-

pid and deplorable decay of religious faith and of reverence for the Holy Scriptures will follow; until ultimately, infidelity and irreligion will undermine gospel truth and gospel piety.

'Happy indeed would the Writer be, if (this volume) should contribute to impress, upon a single ingenuous mind, that faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which is the sum of the Christian religion, the basis of piety and virtue, and the guide to heaven.'

The argument of the First Discourse is founded, chiefly, upon the *formula* of baptism, (Matt. xxviii. 19.) and the apostolic benedictions (2 Cor. xiii. 14. and other places). The remaining three Discourses treat the usual heads of argument in proof of the Supreme Divinity of our Lord. We must remark upon the *incorrectness* of the designation of the volume. The necessary implication of one doctrine in another, does not furnish a good reason for an indiscriminating metonymy in the employment of terms. The topic of more than four fifths of this volume is, the Divinity of Christ; while points properly belonging to a defence of the doctrine of the *Trinity*, are not even adverted to. It is not the restriction of the Author's plan, but the inappropriateness of his Title, with which we find fault. Perhaps it may seem hypercritical to remark upon this mere catachresis. But the term, 'the Trinity,' is surely one which should be used with especial propriety, and had always better be economized than lavished. Nothing would seem to demand that it should be obtruded upon the title-page of a volume like the one before us. It is granted that the employment of this term has perhaps become unavoidable; but we must not forget that it is of polemic origin;—that it is *heresy* which has introduced it into theology, and that it is *heresy* alone which can sanction our continued use of it. It recalls to the thoughts the errors it has been employed to oppose, rather than the truth it seems to express, and it is therefore best used where it is most needed; that is to say, as a *defensive invention*, when we are called explicitly to withstand heretical hypotheses on the mystery of the Divine name. It continues, perhaps still, to be unavoidable, that we should so far consent to accommodate our phraseology, as to tell the Socinian, the Arian, the Sabellian, that we are Trinitarians. But, except on such occasions, we may surely well be content with the competency of Scripture phraseology. Nor must we allow ourselves to be seduced, by a spirit of controversial anxiety, into the supposition, that this hostile word can add any thing to the faith of him who, unlearned in the history of human presumption, in simplicity of mind receives from the Christian Scriptures alone, as the object of undivided worship, the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

May we be allowed, without being accused of a sinister or

offensive feeling, to remark, that the appearance of what might be termed a *professional* fondness for this word—the "Trinity," betrayed by an unsuitable and incorrect obtrusion of it, presents a very great occasion of stumbling to those whom we would fain lead back to purity and simplicity of the faith. Whatever may be thought of the large advantages of a national profession of orthodoxy, secured by statutes and endowments, the existence of an attendant partial evil, cannot be denied, in the occasion, thereby afforded, and actually employed, to inflate the outcry of objectors, and to corroborate the prejudices of the sceptic. Nor is it easy to imagine to what extent this evil might operate, were it not for the counteraction furnished by the fact of a wide and firm orthodoxy that is unendowed and unimpeachable. We grant that an eagerness or a willingness to impute insincerity or secular motive to the clergy of an established and endowed church, ought to be taken as an indication of the low illiberality of a vulgar spirit; but surely, the beneficed defenders of our common faith should think a peculiar necessity imposed upon them, to study eminent propriety and Scriptural simplicity in the terms and style of their apologies. Although they may be themselves conscious of a well-grounded and unbiassed conviction of the doctrines they teach, they must feel that they are subjected to a peculiar disadvantage in their attempts to dissipate the scepticism of those whose disease and misfortune it is to have become the prey of a temper of universal suspicion. This disadvantage requires to be counterpoised by an undeviating restriction in argument to the sufficient and supreme authority of Holy Scripture. In the controversy with Socinians, there are many subsidiary topics which ought not to be neglected; but perhaps they are insisted upon with the best grace and effect by those whose profession of orthodoxy is liable to no kind of invidious exception. The reader unconsciously grants the largest indulgence in the pursuit of secondary proofs, to the writer whose belief and profession he esteems to be the most independent and spontaneous. Yet he may soon be won to give his confidence even to the *official*, and, perhaps, suspected apologist, whom he perceives to demand no assent that is not directly yielded to the One Master and Lord of Faith.

It would, however, be quite unjust to seem to insinuate that Dean Graves attempts to rest his argument on any other ground than that of the sovereign authority of Holy Scripture, or that he displays any other temper than that which becomes a minister of Christ. The following passage certainly does not indicate the spirit of priestly imposition or intolerance.

'This great truth' (the Trinity, as contained in the formula of baptism) 'is therefore put forward by the Founder of our holy religion, the author and finisher of our faith, not as an obscure and unconnected

dogma, which may be rejected because mysterious, or disregarded as unessential, but as the great confession of faith, indispensably required from all who seek admission into his church on earth, or hope to be received as his followers in heaven.

'I do not, in thus asserting the importance of this great truth, mean to pronounce any sentence of uncharitable condemnation against those who may question or deny it; to the all searching God, who alone knows the sources of every man's opinions, the sincerity of his faith, and the singleness of his heart, must the final decision be referred; "to his own master must every man stand or fall;" but the rank in which this leading doctrine is placed by the divine teacher of truth himself, must not be lowered or concealed, from an affectation of a liberality, which is only another word for indifference to religious truth, a sacrifice of the doctrines of God, to the applause of man; "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear," the Minister of the Gospel must proclaim its clear truth aloud, and spare not; he must endeavour to rouse the careless to serious inquiry, to check the presumption of the arrogant disputant, by placing in a clear light the greatness of that authority which such men disregard, and to fix the faith of the wavering, by exhibiting to them the danger of incurring serious guilt, by making shipwreck of their faith; and certainly there can be no tenet of Christianity, the admission of which appears more necessary, or its abandonment more dangerous, than this which our Divine Lord places at the very foundation of his system, and the acceptance of which he marks as the indispensable condition of admission into his church.'—pp. 8, 9.

In these sentiments the Author seems to observe the line on which it behooves us to move. Here is the χρη κρατειν which we are fully justified in attaching to Scriptural statements; but not the ανιν διαγμου which has been so unhappily appended to human explications.

Dean Graves presents the argument in a way that may indeed be sufficiently satisfactory to the reader who is simply concerned to yield himself to the plain intention of the inspired volume, and who believes that the rule of faith cannot demand an elaborate casuistry for the detection of its true import. But where this spirit of elaborate casuistry has once fascinated the mind, it so far impairs the natural susceptibility of the understanding to the impression of evidence, that a degree of force, condensation, and urgency of style, is required, even to disturb for a moment, if we may so speak, the stagnancy, the infatuation of the faculties. These discourses are adapted to make a favourable impression on the mind of the serious and candid inquirer, but we could hardly recommend them where we feared that seriousness and candour were wanting.

Art. V. *Travels in France*, in 1818. By Lieut. Francis Hall, 14th Light Dragoons. H. P. Author of Travels in Canada and the United States. 8vo. pp. 434. London. 1819.

IT so happens that this volume has fallen under our notice, before the Author's former publication. The title of the present work does not promise much novelty, but we were led to argue well of its contents by two circumstances; first, that the Traveller is one who had visited other latitudes before he crossed the Channel, and might therefore be expected to know his business better than most gentlemen or lady tourists; and secondly, that he shews himself, in his first sentence, well aware of the hackneyed nature of his subject, having chosen the undistinguishing and unpromising title of "Travels in France," apparently from a dislike of affectation. 'A man must have 'considerable literary courage,' he says, 'to write "Travels '"in France," especially if he begins by Calais;' and at Calais the work begins. Of the quality which he thus designates, there is certainly no deficiency displayed: no timid hesitancy of opinion, or unmanly diffidence, discovers itself in treating any subject which occurs. The Author, throughout the volume, converses with his readers with the air of competent self-possession, generally inspired by military habits and what is termed a knowledge of the world. He has evidently been at some pains to render his journal interesting, in order that those who, on the strength of his Travels in Canada, should become the purchasers of his second production, might not complain of their pennyworth. The architectural descriptions claim the merit of minuteness and technical propriety, the plans of several churches being introduced. There is a careful specification of dates in the historical notices, sometimes in correction of writers who have preceded him. The references to Authors on topics of literary interest or antiquarian curiosity, are, indeed, sufficiently various to have required, in the getting up of the work, the aid of a good library. In fact, Lieutenant Hall writes like a well read, intelligent man, accustomed to the independent though desultory exercise of his own faculties, and to the free assertion of his own opinions, but making no pretensions either to philosophical habits of thinking, or to an over-rigid morality.

We have reason to wish, indeed, that the evidence on this last point, had been somewhat less glaring; but we like a person to speak out, claiming in return for ourselves a similar privilege. It certainly might be adduced as a signal exhibition of 'literary courage,' that in combating Mr. John Scott's 'unmerciful philippics' against a certain class of the female population of Paris, our Author becomes the apologist for that

much misrepresented description of character, the *Aspasias* of the day. The following sentence will suffice to make our readers acquainted with the tenor of the paragraph referred to.

'The Greeks did not hold our orthodox opinion in this respect; since their gravest philosophers and statesmen professed to find not only pleasure, but improvement, in the fascinating society of the Aspasia, or Leontium of the day.'

It is of no great consequence whether the Author has misunderstood, or designedly misrepresented, what former writers have advanced upon the subject; nor do we care to know to whom he refers under the designation of *the saints.* 'It is 'always the saints,' he says, 'who find vice so dreadfully 'attractive.' What appears to have been the sentiment he wishes to hold up to ridicule, is this, that the external decorum which for the most part vice is said to observe in the French metropolis, although in itself a circumstance seemingly favourable to the interests of society, yet, connected as it is with a prevailing laxity of morals, and an intercommunion of the virtuous and the vicious portions of the female community, has in effect a tendency rather prejudicial than otherwise. It is very true, that when the habit of self indulgence, whatever be its object, has acquired a certain degree of force, it is neither the attractions of the object itself, nor the pleasure it is capable of yielding, that then regulate the eagerness of passion; for even loathing and disgust may mingle with the momentary satisfaction of attainment. In this case, to use our Lieutenant's metaphor, 'the demand for the commodity' will not be 'a jot 'lessened by the deterioration of its quality.' The impulses to which the voluptuary has abandoned himself, are only in part caused by the object to which they point; and at every step in his progress, the share which the object has in producing the impulse, is diminished. No degree of deformity or loathsomeness, of which vice is susceptible, would be found sufficient to repel the ardour of her votaries. It is a fact, that, in some cases, qualities the very opposites of those which first attracted and delighted, become in time the stimulants of the palled faculties, and nature becomes reconciled to antipathies. It is this which makes vice 'so dreadfully attractive.' Our Author flippantly remarks, that 'to say vice must be rendered perfectly loath-'some, before virtue is out of danger from its attractions, is to 'declare that, *cæteris paribus*, vice is preferable to virtue.' This could scarcely impose itself upon his own mind as reasoning; but we would go further, and say that even though vice were rendered perfectly loathsome, such virtue as man can boast of, would not even then be out of all danger in maintaining with it a familiarity of intercourse. Nothing can be more

certain than that the moral sentiments of men are subject to indefinite modification according to the affinity existing between the qualities of good or evil attaching to the objects of pursuit, and their own characters. This 'is the secret' for which our Author would substitute a different solution.

We believe that disgust at vice in any form, is, at the best, a very feeble barrier of virtue; more especially when that disgust has respect not to the essential character of the object, but to something purely extrinsic and accidental attaching to it, as for instance, the disregard of outward decorum which is not necessarily attendant upon immorality. It were easy to extirpate a sentiment which had no deeper root than that; and feeble indeed would be the resistance it would oppose to occasion. We cannot therefore for a moment admit that the seductive attractions of vicious pleasure would become more dangerous, in consequence of its being compelled to put on in public, the appearance of modesty and decorum. Yet, if the observance of these terms be all that is required as a passport to social intercourse, if the boundaries of moral character be disregarded, if there be no other regulating principle of virtuous propriety than physical shame, it is obvious that the distance between the respectable and the vicious portions of the community, is not lessened in appearance only; there has taken place an actual compromise. And this, we believe, is strictly true of Parisian society.

Even our gay Lieutenant, who is unwilling to regard the hopeless abandonment of principle in the class alluded to, as any thing more than 'a single moral defect which neither 'necessarily involves all other vices, nor is in such natural 'antipathy with good qualities as never to be found in their 'society,'—even he bears testimony to the facts which may be regarded as the natural consequence of such a sentiment having become general. This 'single moral defect' is found co-existing in the character of the French women, with all the *good qualities* which will admit of such combination, under the aggravated circumstances of conjugal infidelity.

'I have sometimes,' he says, 'questioned females on this point (which, by the way, may be done without any fear of giving offence,) "The French ladies, madam, sometimes play their husbands false?" "*Oh, mais oui, Monsieur, dix fois par jour*—et les Anglaises? jamais, "n'est ce pas? elles sont glacées.' I confess the liberality of such concessions often tended rather to shake, than to confirm my belief, till I met with, what I must be allowed to call, the unexceptionable testimony of an officer of cavalry, with whom I happened to discuss the matter at a *table d'hote* at Angouleme. I urged the usual mode of exaggeration peculiar to moral declaimers, and worshippers of old times; instancing the debaucheries and corruption of the old French court, as well as that of Charles II. in England. He admitted the truth

of this, but observed, that the contagion was then confined within the narrow circle of the court and capital, "*mais à present,*" said he, with the air of an angry monopolist, "*tout le monde s'y méle.*" The fact, after all, is too probable.'

Our Author confesses that he cannot say much of the state of Parisian society from personal knowledge. His work therefore adds but little to our previous information on this head. We attach, indeed, but slight credit to reports brought home to us by residents of six weeks, or six months, who have never gained admission to the private circles in which alone the domestic morals and manners of the people have room for display, and who, had they been admitted to those circles, would not have been able to detect the half of what constitutes the spirit of character, under the disguise of idiomatic phraseology, and, if we may be allowed the phrase, the idiom of sentiment and feeling. From what has come to our own knowledge, however, we have reason to believe that a prolonged domestication in a French family, that should introduce the foreign visitant to a confidential understanding with its inmates, would serve only to discover to him in its more secret channels, the moral contamination which appears on the very surface of society. Our knowledge of what French society was, prior to the Revolution, is derived from the unequivocal testimony of their own philosophers and wits. Marmontel's memoirs of himself is in this respect a highly interesting document. Since that period, both the morals and the manners of the people have been subjected to the operation of many circumstances of a deteriorating tendency, and to few which can be conceived to have had a favourable aspect on the national character. Still, Paris is not France, and out of the sphere of intrigue and display, which form the element of a dissipated metropolis, there would no doubt be found, in every direction, plots of society in which the social virtues are expanding, and human nature is exhibited in its fairer varieties. The generalizing spirit of depreciation in which the present Writer, like most other travellers, indulges, in his chapter on the French character, is any thing but philosophical or candid. What can tourists tell us about the national character? Or what reason upon earth is there that every writer of travels in France should think it necessary to give us a dissertation on the subject, when his only *data*, perhaps, are the company he meets with in the diligence, or at a *table d'hote?* What should we think of a foreigner who had attempted to form an estimate of the English character from such meagre opportunities as these? Anecdotes are all very well; they tend at least to illustrate human nature in general, if they prove but little as to the specific character of any national variety; and we are always glad, therefore, to meet with them.

The Author's fellow-travellers betwixt Toulouse and Paris are thus described.

'My fellow-travellers, betwixt Toulouse and Paris, were an elderly lady, and her son, a young officer of the line, about to join his regiment; a student in surgery, vulgar and good-natured; a woman with "no character at all;" and a gentleman, such as could be met with no where but in France: he was a man, seemingly about forty, of a gentlemanly appearance, and (as I learnt during our journey,) born in family and connection, above the middling classes of society: he was, moreover, well informed, even scientific, and combined perfectly easy manners, with a fund of humour and vivacity. Such elements should have constituted a very agreeable fellow traveller, and so, doubtless, he would have been, had he had as much taste as wit; but this was not the case: he was an intellectual Yahoo, at whom Dean Swift would probably have admired the discussions ingeniously filthy, and scientifically obscene, with which he uninterruptedly amused us during the two days he was our companion. It is to be observed, that all this went on in the presence of a lady, not only of respectability, but of rank and good breeding, to whom he frequently addressed his observations, without any seeming intention of giving offence, or even consciousness of overstepping propriety. The lady, though she once slightly remarked the licentious freedom of his conversation, exhibited no symptoms of indignation, even when it was addressed to her, and usually joined in the laugh it occasioned. nor did her son appear to feel he was in any respect called upon to resent what our notions would interpret most indelicate familiarity. In England this could not have occurred without mastering three impossibilities: first, the impossibility of finding a gentleman of education, who would indulge in such conversation before a lady, or a decent female, or even before any female: secondly, that of finding a lady or female who would unconcernedly listen to it: thirdly, that of finding fellow-passengers, who would not conceive themselves bound to repress such behaviour in a woman's presence. I wished to ascertain the political sentiments of an individual, who was evidently not only a thinking being, but one endowed with considerable strength of intellect: I found them to be such as are usually embraced by those who seek to disguise the shame of submission under an appearance of philosophy, and to erect despotism into a law of necessity. "The French," he said, "required to be governed by a rod of iron." Thus individuals exculpate themselves at the expense of human nature: the rulers of the earth cry out, "Mankind are wicked and "must be governed by force;" the reply naturally is—"Granted; "but you also are men, and as such, need the rod as much as any of "us: how then do you pretend to wield it?"—But the timid and indolent dreaders and admirers of power assent to this shallow sophism, and flatter themselves they are philosophers when they are only cowards. It was of a piece with his general system of human nature, that my fellow-traveller, who had visited and admired the comforts of England, should be utterly incredulous as to the general fairness with which justice is, in our country, administered betwixt individuals.

He could not imagine an uncorrupt judge. His reasoning was simple,—"Human nature is every where the same; it is impossible, "therefore, but that in England, as well as in France, a pretty "woman must be able to influence the judge before whom her suit is "tried." Probably, had he *seen* several of our judges, he would have been less incredulous of the impotence of female attractions.'

An assertion is made at page 338, for which we wish the Author had assigned his authority. Adverting to the assassination of General Ramel, at Toulouse, by his own officers, on the suspicion of his being a Bonapartist, while their men were under arms before his lodgings, he tells us, that 'the actors in the plot 'were well known; yet no inquiry was instituted: it is just, 'however, to state that the assassins are regarded with horror 'by many of their fellow citizens, and excluded by the force of 'opinion from society.' At the same time he informs us, which seems hardly consistent with this statement, that the popularity of the Duke d'Angouleme is upon the decline, 'both in Toulouse and 'generally in the South, from his inability to gratify the feelings 'of intolerance and revenge with which his faction is agitated.'

The most interesting portion of the Volume is that which relates to topographical and antiquarian details. On these subjects, Lieut. Hall displays considerable taste and information, and we have only to regret that he so often turns aside from his subject to dissert or moralize. The following remarks, however, suggested by the view of the Pantheon at Paris, are characterized by discrimination and correct sentiment, and it is but justice to our Author to transcribe them.

'Setting aside political prejudices, it might have been worth considering whether the appropriation of a building like the Pantheon, to a purpose similar to that for which it was intended during the Revolution, would not have been more consistent with the rules of good taste, and even of Christian piety, than the method now followed, of decorating churches with the monuments of departed greatness. Monuments may be divided into two classes, each of which has a character wholly irreconcileable with that of the other, though they continue to be perpetually confounded.—First, and according to their primary intention, they are records of mortality, raised to protect, or contain the remains committed to them: such were the ancient tumuli, and are still the turf heaps of our country church-yards; these being the simplest forms by which man can commemorate the decay of man. The inscribed stone, sculptured sarcophagus, and votive urn or altar, were the next steps by which affection sought to perpetuate its recollections, and not unfrequently to excite the sympathy of strangers by a recital of the talents or the virtues of the deceased. But with whatever care and expense the ancients may have enlarged and decorated the receptacles of death, they seem never to have forgotten, or overstepped the purpose for which they were erected. They placed no emblems of life and triumph by the side of corruption:

these they reserved for their temples, forums, gardens, and other places connected with the occupations or enjoyments of existence. The rude Christians, who established their empire on the ruins of Roman and Pagan grandeur, appear to have long followed a course equally natural. Their kings and chieftains were honoured with coffins of more durable materials, than the inglorious commonalty; but their statues, if they had any, were placed in front of the edifices they had founded, or restored, while their mortal remains rotted with those of their humbler brethren in the common church-yard. Even when the practice was introduced of burying withinside of Churches, and taste and vanity began to be exerted in displays of monumental splendour, a character was adopted in these structures which admirably united their original intent with the feelings of Christian belief. Warriors and prelates lay in their magnificent chauntries, in attitudes of rest and humiliation, which told they were brought down to the dust, and that their glory had passed from them: the figures sculptured round their tombs, were the silent representatives of that Christian congregation, whose prayers and masses they begged for the repose of their souls. Such is the universal character of Gothic monuments, which seem on all occasions to adhere strictly to the original design of such structures: the effect they produce, and the feelings they excite, are consequently always appropriate They are records of the grave, triumphant over the principalities of earth.

'A second class of monuments was designed to perpetuate the memory of such deeds and characters, as might rouse the emulation, or had a claim to the gratitude, of posterity. The purport of such memorials, is evidently the reverse of that of the former class; and the distinction betwixt them was studiously observed, both by the ancients, and by the modern nations of Europe, previous to the introduction of the arts from Greece and Italy. But it is to the old Greeks and Romans, we must especially refer for good taste in this particular: justly considering such monuments as no longer referring to a fleeting and perishable state of being, they separated them from the spot which marked the triumph of mortality. The breathing forms of demigods and sages stood erect amid such scenes, and in such situations, as had been once consecrated by their living presence, or were deemed most forcibly to recall their memories. Even when adulation had learnt to deify imperial vices, the temple was not erected over bones and ashes, but consecrated to a being who shared the board and quaffed the nectar of immortal agencies. The Egyptians alone among the ancients, seem to have had a taste for mummies and skeletons.

'The revival of the arts in Europe, first introduced a confusion of these two classes of monuments, which has continued to increase ever since; a consequence of which is, that churches which every day resound with the nothingness of human grandeur, and the emptiness of our proudest achievements, the temples in short of humility and self-abasement, are filled with gorgeous commemorations of worldly exploits, and proud personifications of our most anti-christian feelings. What have fame, glory, and victory, to do with a religion

hich teaches, that with our best efforts, we are unprofitable servants? hat means this sepulchral pomp set up over the remains of "miserable sinners?" Are men taught "to take no thought for toorrow," by erecting trophies to human foresight and exertion? hat example of devotion, prostration of the understanding, and nunciation of worldly vanities, is enforced by the mausoleums of warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, many of whom are known ther to have despised the influence of religion, or to have prostituted name for secular purposes? Yet nations, their epitaphs tell us, ep over them; their memories are hallowed; their names live for er.—The truth is, the spirit of the age is at war with the spirit of ligion; but why force them into an unnatural connection, which rves but to illustrate their discord? The apotheosis of human naiture belongs to philosophy; it is for religion to preach its impotence id degradation. The approbation therefore of a building, like the antheon, to the reception of monuments of the second class, seems idea deserving the patronage of any government, whatever might its political or religious sentiments'

Our Traveller visited the monastery of La Trappe, and from lortagne, proceeded through Tours, Poitiers, Angouleme, id Saintes, to Bourdeaux. Tours, described as a gay looking wn, is stated to be 'at present *half-peopled with English.*' n a spot overlooking the city of Poitiers, stands the famous *ierre levée*, or Cromlech, which has employed the speculaons of the French antiquaries. It consists of a flat slab of arse limestone, about 20 feet long, 17 wide, and 2½ thick, and sted originally on three upright slabs, about 3½ high, 2½ wide, nd 1 foot thick, but of these one only remains supporting one nd of the stone. Many of these raised stones are to be met ith in different parts of France. On digging beneath one in ie department of *Deux Sevres*, between Bourdeaux and oitiers, a skeleton was discovered 'placed in a coffin of natural rock, and covered with flat stones.' The Author represents ie one he examined, to be a *fac simile* of two monuments in ur own islands, which are generally referred to the Celtic *borigines;* one of them is in the county of Kilkenny, in reland, and bears the inscription, *Beli Diu-one*, "To Beli the God of fire;" the other is the Lan-y-on Cromlech, in ornwall.

At Civaux, a little hamlet on the Vienne, about six leagues om Poitiers, there were presented objects of still greater ntiquarian interest.

'At the entrance of the village, and on the left of the road, is a lain of 3071 square toises, full of stone coffins, almost all on the rface of the ground; some a little buried, but very few covered ith the earth. In several adjacent fields are also found tombs of a milar kind, but in less number. The principal plot of ground is ckoned to contain, or to have contained, from 5000 to 6000 coffins.

The Irish jesuit, Routh, was the first to notice these singular antiquities, in a dissertation published at Poitiers in 1737, since which time M. Siauve has been deputed by the *Societé d'Emulation* at Poitiers, to survey and report on the same subject. The result of his researches was published in 1804. Most of the sarcophagi he inspected, were plain or simply ornamented. They were full of bones, each tomb having apparently held two and sometimes three bodies. He discovered no kind of weapon, medal or utensil, and but five short inscriptions, namely, ULFINO, SANCTA, MARCA, FIGA, and MEANTIE. M. Siauve rejects the idea of assigning to these tombs an earlier date than the ninth century. His reasons are: that during the earlier ages of Christianity, stone coffins were of very rare use, and at any rate confined to saints and martyrs; that the harassed and devastated state of Poitou, during the period preceding the reign of Charlemagne, was little favourable to so expensive a method of inhumation. The shape of the coffins is another argument in favour of his hypothesis: both the Abbé Lebeuf and M. Lenoir, having decided that it was not till the eighth century that coffins ceased to be made in the form of trunks, or rectangular parallelograms, at the same time that the custom of burying within churches began first to take place subsequently to that period. To account for the number of these tombs, M. Siauve observes, that it was anciently a custom to have but one burying ground to several parishes, and that to possess a cemetery was often a privilege conferred on a particular monastery, and therefore very probably conferred on that which anciently existed at Civaux.' pp. 286—291.

Of this same *Monsieur Siauve's* antiquarian scent, an instance is given in a note, which would seem to be well worthy of ranking with the etymological derivations of Dean Swift. It relates to the *unde derivata* of the name of the village. M. Siauve informs his readers, that it was anciently surrounded by the waters of the Vienne: 'hence it was called *Insula 'Vallis*, whence *Ileval* and *Ilevaux*, by corruption *Sivaux*, 'and finally *Civaux*.'

Both at Bourdeaux and at Toulouse, 'the two most loyal 'cities in France,' our Author says he was surprised to observe, —he does not say whether or not he experienced it,—that the behaviour of the inhabitants generally, was characterized towards the English by evident rudeness and dislike. The occasions of this surprize are, we believe, of very frequent occurrence in most parts of France, especially where the military abound; and where this spirit can manifest itself with impunity, it has sometimes broken out into acts of dastardly aggression. From Toulouse, the Author returned to Paris, where his travels terminate. The last three chapters of the volume treat 'of the 'French character,' 'of Bonaparte,' and 'of the present go-'vernment of France.'

We like our Author far better in the character of a traveller, than when he launches out into political disquisition.

'I. *Select Letters of Ganganelli ;* Pope Clement XIV. Trans-d from the French by C. J. Metcalfe, Esq. 12mo. pp. 275. ce 5s. London, 1819.

is a rather singular circumstance, that the present Trans-tor of these Letters does not seem to be aware that they ıpposititious. Even if this were not sufficiently ascertained e absence of all substantial authentication, it would, we , be manifest from the evidence afforded by the Letters selves. They are palpably written for the press, and ıd in set phrases, studied points, measured and balanced ıeses, without any of the ease and abandonment of a ine correspondence. In fact, they are universally assigned e Marquis de Caraccioli; and if any portion of them really gs to Ganganelli, it is so small as to be completely lost in general mass. The literary merit of these compositions is ery great. They are ingenious trifles, generally common-, never deep, though sometimes lively and amusing; and egree of popularity which they have acquired, is chiefly, if wholly, to be ascribed to the novel and *piquant* effect pro-d by making a pope the dispenser of liberal opinions.

ıere is however nothing, so far as we recollect, in the ers, which might not have been written by Ganganelli. He an amiable and liberal minded man, a Roman Catholic from y, but most probably with as little real veneration for the l institutions, as the more enlightened of his predecessors, pting inasmuch as they contributed to the extension and rmation of the influence and interest of Rome. Circum-es, together with the exertions of the Cardinal de Bernis, to Ganganelli the throne of the Vatican; but we are per-ed that he would often afterwards have gladly exchanged ıneasy honours of the tiara, for the humbler privileges of his ious cardinalate, or even for the tranquil privacy of his nal cell. His reign was short and troubled, and its leading t, the suppression of the order of the Jesuits, not only occa-ıd him great anxiety, but if strong suspicions may be cre-l, contributed to the brevity of his administration. While ring under acute and protracted pain, he is said to have ıimed: '*I am going into eternity, and I know well for at!*'

s these Letters have been so long in the hands of the public, feel no disposition to enter into a specific discussion of their ities; but to those who may wish to make themselves ac-nted with a popular and not uninteresting work, we would mmend the present selection. It appears to have been judi-sly made, and the translation is respectably executed. Mr. calfe has, however, fallen into some errors in his rendering ames, which he should have been careful to avoid. Benedict

is invariably written Benet, a mere French contraction, never used in English composition; Leghorn can scarcely be recognised under the name of Livurnum; we have Baromie for Borromeo; and in the XXXth Letter, we are told of the 'Theo-'dosia,' as a work of Leibnitz, instead of *Theodicée.*

Art. VII. *A Theory of the Moral and Physical System of the Universe,* demonstrated by Analogy; in which the Elements of general Science are explained upon a Principle entirely new. By Francis Maximus Macnab, Solicitor of the Supreme Courts of Scotland. 8vo. pp. 474. Price 12s. Edinburgh, 1817.

WE scarcely know how to treat this very singular book. It would not be difficult to make out a general analysis of its contents, but we are withheld from the attempt, first, by the conviction that a large portion of our readers would derive little gratification from our labour, and secondly, by the consideration that such a procedure would be hardly fair to the Author, since it must necessarily convey a most inadequate idea of his work. The main attraction of this production consists in its pervading whimsicality; its commonest truisms are put forward in such an unaccountable way, that we are quite startled, when we pause for reflection at the close of a sequence of oracular and odd-looking phrases, to find that we have been wondering at a very satisfactory set of every day verities. Every thing about the volume is marked by a departure from the ordinary forms of thinking and writing, which has frequently the air of affectation, and is by no means adapted to make a pleasing impression on the reader's mind. We have, in fact, been sometimes tempted to fancy that the work was meant for a grave and deep piece of irony, levelled against the reveries of Hutchinson, and the inventive researches of Bryant; and this suspicion has been revived in our minds as often as we have encountered the unlucky designation in the title-page—*Maximus Macnab!* If this be a genuine affix, we can only say, that a more untoward collocation of epithets has seldom fallen to the lot of civilized man; and we would by all means recommend to its unfortunate succumbent, to make as little parade of his classical title as possible, and to content himself with the homelier but safer distinction contained in the dissyllabic section of his prænominal bearings. We were, moreover, somewhat staggered by the puerile and unmeaning diagram inserted by way of frontispiece. It might answer the purpose of attracting attention to Emmanuel Swedenborg's visions, or Jacob Behmen's inspirations, but at the head of 'a oral and physical system of the universe,' it is an omen of etched augury. On the whole, however, we believe Mr. Macnab to be perfectly serious and very much in earnest, and in the few remarks which we may find it expedient to make, we shall proceed on this supposition.

Another difficulty arises from the language which this formidable theorist has held concerning Reviewers. He accuses them of merciless dispositions towards those works of affected 'refinement and taste,' which are continually issuing from what he is pleased to term 'the upper regions of the sensual walk.'

'Hence,' he says, 'the myriads of poems, plays, novels, romances, &c. with which the world is infested. The critical reviewers, who lie in wait upon the ideal line that divides the brightest shade of the sensual, from the dimmest of the refined walk, earn a livelihood here by the tomahawk and scalping knife. Multitudes indeed escape them, as the *dens* to which the wretches are dragged seldom admit above a dozen at a time; but these are tortured with every refinement of cruelty; their characters are ripped up, their feelings torn in pieces, and round the caves of the critical Cyclops are suspended the *disjecta membra poetæ*, for it seldom happens that the critics will *quote* him fairly, they having, in general, a malignant pleasure in exhibiting him in a disjointed state, after he is broken on the wheel.'

We are thus placed in an awkward dilemma. We decline from want both of patience and of excitement, the analysis of a complicated theory which appears to us defective in interest and in substantiation; but we should feel no reluctance to bring forward such quotations as might afford, in our apprehension, a fair sample of the general composition. From this, however, we are expressly warned by the broad hint conveyed in the passage just quoted. Should Mr. Macnab reply to us, that he has spoken only of affected 'refinement,' and that his work is the offspring of sound and genuine 'taste,' we can only rejoin that he has deprived himself of all benefit from his own plea, since he has, among the affectations and sensualities with which 'the 'world is infested,' and which he is pleased to represent as so unfairly dealt with by 'Reviewers,' expressly enumerated 'ro-'*mances*.'

Nothing then remains but that, without encumbering ourselves with the Author's strange analogies, and truly unfathomable mysteries, we limit our strictures to a few merely general observations.

We must, however, first state that, notwithstanding the very slight estimation in which we hold his theory, Mr. Macnab himself appears to us to be a pious and strong-headed man; and that although much of his system is altogether absurd, yet many of his illustrations are perfectly startling from the strength and energy with which they are conceived and expressed. He has had for his object to trace out a blended system of facts and analogies, signs and things signified, for the purpose of unfolding and harmonizing the moral and physical phenomena of the universe. Of his facts, a large portion is altogether hypothetical; and of his analogies, though some are striking

and ingenious, yet others are extremely q able, and the greater proportion seems to us utterly fanti ic unprofitable. He adopts, in all its romantic baselessness, the etymological structure of Bryant, and reasons from it with as much complacency as if every fragment of it was established and secure. He does not indeed seem quite satisfied with the derivatives from the word *Ham*; but whether he rejects them altogether, or whether he is re-assured by the 'solution' which he affirms that he has given, we are unable to comprehend. From this strange system of words and syllables, Mr. Macnab infers the history of the Amonians, with as much decision and distinctness, as if their statutes at large, their journals and gazettes lay actually upon his table. All this is very amusing, but we imagine that it will be satisfactory to few beside Mr. Macnab himself; and we are, in truth, utterly astonished that he has not, in countless instances, recoiled from the incomparable absurdities to which he has been reduced. In the outset of his work, he has occasion to make important though mysterious use of the septenary scale; and among other ridiculous illustrations of its extensive prevalence, he actually includes 'the *seven* champions 'of Christendom,' and the common phrase of 'one's seven 'senses,' as if the latter were any thing more than a vulgar alliteration! In the progress of his etymological speculations, he finds the 'confusion of tongues' stand directly in his way. 'No'—he exclaims, as if himself or his father had been a party concerned in the transaction,

> 'It was not a "*confusion of languages*" as is vulgarly imagined, but a '*confusion of lip*,' a spasmodic affection of the organs of speech, especially in the utterance of *labial* sounds; so that instead of *Bael*, (to whom the tower was dedicated), they stammered or stuttered *Ba-bel*.'

It may seem a little unaccountable, that these stammerers should be able to enuntiate the vowel sound *a* in the first syllable, and yet be compelled to change it into *e* in the second. But Mr. Macnab is a consummate master of the real import of terms, and we hope that our readers will be able to comprehend the following proof of his skill in this respect.

> 'The apostle in alluding to the six periods of creation, instead of calling them 'days,' calls them *æons*, a word which our translators render 'worlds,' but which, in its true meaning, signifies '*ages of immeasurable duration, and the created beings which exist in them or during their course!*"

But if we were to rehearse all the instances of strange interpretation, crude and unauthorized conception, and peremptory tion, w we have marked for comment, we should exall n le time and patience. We shall therefore, cnab where he learned that 'every lash'

of the empire of China was either 'cultivated' or 'turned to the 'best account,' pass on to matter better entitled to attention. Mr. M. bears throughout a strong and evangelical testimony against the corruptions of human nature; he invariably appeals to the Scriptures as his foundation and authority; and the resolute reader will be indemnified for his perseverance by not a few passages of great force, eloquence, and truth. We were exceedingly struck by his selection of 'cheap justice,' as a grand criterion to be applied as the only and unerring test of the prosperity of nations. The passage in which it is referred to, is longer than we find it quite convenient to insert, but its vigour and importance, together with the little probability of its extensive circulation in the volume itself, induce us to make room for so much of it as may serve both for the evolution of his principle, and for an example of his general manner.

'To *administer* justice, is the *end* for which all human governments are ordained, the circulation of justice in the body politic, being strictly analogous to the circulation of the blood in the body natural. It is the phenomenon upon which its *very life* momentarily depends; and its health is indicated by the state of its pulse. The *accessibility of justice*, or the *price* at which it is sold in any country, is the only criterion for estimating the merits of its government. If justice be easily accessible, or its *price low*, the government is *good*; if justice be difficult to obtain, or its *price high*, the government is *bad*. The rule is *universal and infallible*, because it is founded on the Word of God. All the other phenomena of the body politic, for example, its national debt, taxes, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the forms of its constitution, ultimately depend upon the MORAL SENSE of the people, as evinced in their ideas regarding the *circulation of justice*. Accordingly, while the superficial politicians of this world are attracted by *ostensible forms* and *accidental circumstances*, the Christian's eye is fixed on the *index*, viz. the *price of justice*; which shews with unerring certainty, the state of the *heart* of the body politic, whether it be *sound* or *rotten*. It shews the *standard of morality* upon which the *life* of the "*beast*," (Art. 412.) or political body, depends, whatever be his shape, or size, or mode of existence; for where the people's *attention* is fixed on the *distribution of justice*, there never can be *tyranny*; and where their *attention* is diverted from it, there never can be *freedom*.

'When a government, forgetful of the *end* for which it was ordained, and a people, forgetful of the *Word of God*, permit the price of justice *to rise*, (according to its *natural* tendency) we are expressly told, that they shall be "*devoured by the sword*." The *secondary causes* by which this awful threat is executed, though seldom thought of by worldly politicians, are not the less fatally and necessarily connected. The high price of justice invites the rich to defraud the poor; it encourages every man to be a villain, by assuring him of *impunity*, provided the victims of his villany be persons who are unable to pay the price; for all such persons are thereby virtually

outlawed, and the great body of the industrious a ral part of the community, instead of being permitted to lead "*qu and peaceable lives*," are subjected to the horrors of *civil war*, viz. *violence* and *rapine*, for which there is no redress, while they are insultingly told, that "*the law is open to them.*" Habituated thus to the daily spectacle of *unredressed wrongs*, (as in France, before the Revolution) men become *callous to moral feeling*, and prepared for deeds of horror. Their *hearts are hardened*, and their *consciences seared*, by a silent process of *demoralisation*, the symptoms of which (viz. the *increase of crimes*, &c.) pass unregarded, until it be too late. For when the moral corruption arrives at a certain pitch, there is no other remedy but the *sword*.

'So long as the *courts of law* in any country remain open to the great body of the people, its government will always have the support of the better-disposed part of the community. But when the feeling of the p tient Christian are tortured every day, by seeing his fellow-creatures robbed, maltreated, defrauded, and *demoralized*, under the operation of a system *directly opposed to the Word of God*; when he sees *taxes* imposed, and *fees* permitted, which are equivalent to a sentence of *outlawry* against the widow, the fatherless, and the unfortunate, how can he, in his conscience, *approve* of such things, or pray for their continuance? Ought he not rather to implore the "powers that be," to "hear the Word of the Lord," ere it be too late, and to consider the *dreadful end* to which such ill-gotten gains are rapidly conducive? To withhold *justice* from the poor, is to commit *sacrilege*. For the word says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Surely he is neither a *patriot* nor a *Christian*, who could wink at such things: "*He is not Cæsar's friend*," who would advise him to disregard them.

'During the progress of the *moral gangrene*, originating in the obstructed circulation of justice, the great majority of politicians, being destitute of true moral principle, cannot discern the extent of the danger. They will not "*believe*" the Word of God, that these small *livid spots* apparently so trifling, (which are all that appear on the *outside* of the "*beast*") are the symptoms of approaching *death*. None of the state physicians will believe that any thing serious is the matter with him. For he is in general *very quiet*; and when he becomes *feverish* and *restless*, they endeavour to amuse him with gew-gaws, or frighten him with some *foreign* bugbear; while others, unaware of his *asthenic diathesis*, prescribe *low diet* and *copious bleeding*. Others, who differ in opinion from the state physicians, are for humouring their patient, in all his most extravagant whims. Some think that his fever is entirely owing to the *load on his back*; others impute it to the *wounds* he received in battle; others to the swarms of worms which are fattening on every part of his body; and every one proposes his remedies accordingly. Meanwhile, the "*beast*" is daily growing worse and worse; the voices of the few "*men of understanding*," who perceive the true cause of his distemper, are drowned in the clamour of the *empirics*, who are at loggerheads about the "*mode of treatment*;" till at last their patient expires in strong convulsions, and his loathsome carcase is speedily *decomposed*.' pp. 157—159.

In a subsequent portion of the volume, this criterion is ap-
ed with great force, to the state of England under the Stuarts,
mwell, and William, and the passage is replete with most
ful warning. We earnestly wish that the Author, without
umbering himself with an unreadable theory, had employed
self in the investigation of such points as these; and even
, we hope that it may be in our power to persuade him to
mine and to enforce this most important of political inquiries,
rately and at large.

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t. VIII. *Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana.* A Metrical Guide to the
ght Intelligence of Virgil's Versification: containing a Solution
its principal Difficulties; the Lines distinctly scanned in each
ase; and the Poetic Licences explained. To which is added, A
ynopsis of the Poetic Licences, exhibiting at one View, the vari-
us Examples of each collectively classed together. By John
arey, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 52. London, 1818.

R. CAREY's reputation as an accomplished Latin Proso-
dian, is so well established, and his experience in teaching
st have made him so familiar with the difficulties which the
ders of Latin verse occasionally encounter, that in the dis-
rge of our duty to the public, we may satisfy ourselves with
rely announcing this little work. The Author has published
for the use (in the first instance) of gentlemen applying to
m for assistance in acquiring a knowledge of prosody and
ersification; and with the further view of aiding others who
ay be desirous of correctly understanding the structure of
irgil's lines, and pronouncing them with metrical propriety.
the preface, some remarks are inserted on Greek Patronymics.

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t. IX. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. William Richards, LL.D.*, who died at Lynn, September 13, 1818, in the ixty-ninth Year of his Age. With some Account of the Rev. Roger Williams, Founder of the State of Rhode Island, as well as First Assertor of complete Religious Liberty in the United States of America. By John Evans, A. M. 12mo. pp. 396. [Portrait.] Price 8s. London, 1819.

F the Rev. John Evans is not already sufficiently known to
our readers in his capacity of Author, it is not for want
either industry or ambition on his part. On the present oc-
sion, we shall take it for granted that they are fully aware of
e nature and extent of his pretensions, the distinguishing
gularities of his style, and the bias in his opinions. We will
t be so ungrateful to him for the information which he has
own together in the present volume, as to criticise either his
thorship or his theology. He has attained that period of life
which some indulgence ought to be given to the good-
moured garrulousness of a biographer, when adverting to past

scenes, and he shall therefore be allowed in the present instance to tell his story in his own way.

The subject of the present Memoir, was a minister of the General Baptist denomination, best known to the public by means of his History of Lynn. He was born in 1749, in the parish of Penrhydd, near Haverfordwest. His father was a respectable farmer, of the Particular Baptist persuasion, who died when his son William was about nineteen. Before his father's death, Mr. Richards had united himself to the Baptist church at Rhydwillim, Caermarthenshire, where he was first encouraged by the invitation of his friends, to engage in religious services. Being recommended to obtain some education for the ministerial office, he, in 1773, entered the Bristol Academy, at that time conducted by the Rev. Hugh Evans, and his son, Dr. Caleb Evans, where he remained for two years. Upon leaving Bristol, he became joint assistant to Dr. John Ash, of Lexicographical memory, as minister of the Baptist church at Pershore, in Worcestershire, and afterwards officiated for some time in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury. In 1776, the congregation at Lynn applied to the president of the Bristol Academy for a minister to supply their vacant pulpit. Mr. Evans recommended Mr. Richards to them, and he accepted their invitation.

He continued to discharge the pastoral function at Lynn, till the year 1795, when an interruption of two years took place in his ministerial services, occasioned by indisposition, during which the church was supplied by a respectable assistant. On his return to Lynn, in 1798, his health not being established, he preached only occasionally. He had tendered his resignation, we are told, more than once, but the people refused to accept of it. He visited Wales again in the following year, and after his return, soon ceased preaching to his own flock, although he never received from them a regular discharge. It appears that a considerable change had gradually taken place in Mr. Richards's theological opinions, since his first settlement at Lynn, and this had given rise to the most injurious misrepresentations. A degree of coolness on the part of his former friends was the natural result. The share he had in promoting the secession which took place among the Welch Baptists during his visit to the principality in 1800, drew upon him, also, the warm displeasure of the whole body of Calvinistic Baptists. What were really Mr. Richards's opinions is no longer of any importance to the living; he has now passed into a world which excludes the existence of doubt. It is evident, however, that he was grossly calumniated; and he was not the only individual among the body to which he belonged, whom the misrepresentations, and unkindness, and intolerance occasioned by a practical assertion of the rights of conscience, had the unhappy effect

of driving into another connexion, and of impelling, perhaps, insensibly, into further speculative error.

In 1805, Mr. R. became a widower, after having been married only two years, an event which so overwhelmed his spirits, that he withdrew himself from society. For seven years he scarcely appeared abroad even among his intimate friends; living the life of a hermit, without so much as a servant, latterly, to wait upon him. To this privation, he appears to have submitted from the most honourable motives. 'With an income barely sufficient for the comforts of an individual,' we are told, 'he was very liberal to the indigent, especially to 'his relatives, in Wales.' He expired Sept. 13, 1818, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

As a preacher Mr. R. was never popular in England, but when preaching in the Principality, in his beloved native language, he was followed by crowded auditories. He spoke with a strong Cambrian accent, and in his appearance, as well as in his character, was conspicuously of the race of ancient Britons. A work, entitled "Cambro-British Biography," which had employed him for some years, is announced for publication by his worthy executor, the Author of the present Memoir, to whom we cannot but tender our thanks in parting, for the interesting volume he has presented to us.

Art. X. *Select Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By the late John Bowdler, Jun. Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Third Edition. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. viii—730. London, 1818.

TO those who had the privilege of being personally acquainted with the accomplished individual of whose talents and virtues these pieces form the memorial, no other record was necessary, and none could be more interesting, than the few remains here presented to the public. The slight biographical notice prefixed to them, would be sufficient to recall to their recollection the few incidents that diversified a career which promised to be so brilliant, but which terminated still more happily for the subject of those bright anticipations, than if he had lived to realize them in the highest worldly distinctions. We bring to these volumes, however, certainly not the cold, stern temper of professional critics, but still, the previous feelings of personal strangers; and as the appearance of a third edition brings the work fairly under our notice, as a publication which no longer addresses itself to the circle of Mr. Bowdler's private friends, we shall state without reserve what were the impressions made upon our minds by the perusal. Most readers will, we think, in common with ourselves, regret that so fair an opportunity was not improved, for adding to the records of biography one fair example more, in a form adapted to convey the full force of that example to his contemporaries. Interesting as was the character of Henry Kirke

White in every point of view, and distinguishing as was his genius, yet none of his friends are insensible of the obligations which they are under to his Biographer, for placing that character in its full light, and for compelling the public to render to his memory the homage of a most powerful interest and affectionate sympathy. Although we are aware that there was far less scope in the present instance for the talents of a Biographer, yet materials would not have been wanting for an interesting memoir. And the pieces selected for publication are not of a nature either to supply the deficiency, or to supersede such an introduction. They are of extremely unequal merit and interest; a circumstance which, applied to the works of an unknown Author claiming to be received on the ground of their intrinsic value, would need some explanation, as ostensibly lessening our estimate of the writer. In the present instance, the responsibility of giving publicity to the inferior specimens of the Author's powers of mind, entirely devolves upon the Editor; yet, as the establishment of the literary reputation of his deceased friend or relative, has, probably, formed no part of his object, or has at least been a very subordinate motive in the publication, it is a responsibility from which he will not shrink, and it will not expose him to any very serious charges.

The Select Pieces consist of a 'Journal' of a voyage to Sicily and Malta, undertaken in 1810, for the recovery of his health; extracts from letters to his friends, from 1801 to 1811; pieces in verse, occupying between sixty and seventy pages; two or three short articles which appeared, we believe, in the Christian Observer; extracts from a review of the *Tableau de la Littérature pendant la dix-huitième Siècle*; a review of Stewart's Philosophical Essays; and some short 'Theological Tracts.' Viewed as the only remains of a man whose character communicated its interest to his productions, all of these may be read with interest. Except as containing illustrations of character, however, the greater part of the Journal might have been spared, and a stern estimate of its intrinsic merit would have led to the rejection also of the poetry. Mr. Bowdler's talent for versification was not of a higher order than what generally falls to the lot of persons of studious and contemplative habits; it is a talent which seems to be naturally developed, like the other faculties, in the process of cultivation, and it generally spends itself in the period which precedes the full maturity of the intellectual character. Mr. Bowdler would never have attained distinction by this species of composition, and we feel equally certain that he would not have continued to indulge in it, further than in the occasional exercises of piety. Some pieces of this description are among the most pleasing specimens of his poetry. One of these, entitled, 'At Sea in a Storm,' is striking, from the circumstance of its

; actually been composed under the feelings excited by such
e.

' The tempest drives along the main,
The straining vessel heaves in vain,
Her sails are rent, her tall masts bow,
What hand, what hope can save us now?

' God of the ocean as the land,
The billows rise at thy command;
At thine Almighty word they sleep,
Stretched on the bosom of the deep.

' Oh bless'd, whoe'er from danger free
Has lov'd, obey'd, and worshipp'd Thee,
In pain, in pleasure, constant still
To do his great Redeemer's will,

' 'Mid shrieks and sounds of wild affright,
His heart is calm—his hopes are bright;
His stedfast eye the scene surveys,
Is closed in prayer, and wakes to praise.'

ie following paraphrase of the Forty-second Psalm, is a
appier effort. It is perfectly elegant; and though it does
ntirely answer to its title, being a free version of some parts
of the Psalm, the spirit of the original is sufficiently pre-
d, under the allowable accommodation of the Psalmist's lan-
e. The effect of the burden it would have been in vain to
ipt to preserve: any deviation from the simple phraseology,
even the rhythm of the verse, as it recurs in our Translation,
d lessen, if not destroy its beauty. The reader will admire
r. Bowdler's version, the separate completeness of every
za, which seems just fitted to the thought.

PART I.

' As panting in the sultry beam
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee.
So longs my soul, O God! for thee,
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

' But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe, and mock my fear,
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

' For I have walked the happy round,
That circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallowed arch along
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

'Ah! why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's extatic day,
Thy hope, when joys have pass'd away.

PART II.

'O God! my heart within me faints,
And pours in sighs her deep complaints;
Yet many a thought shall linger still
By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,
The Olive Mount my Saviour trod,
The rocks that saw and owned their God.

'The morning beam that wakes the skies,
Shall see my native incense rise;
The evening seraphs as they rove,
Shall catch the notes of joy and love,
And sullen night, with drowsy ear,
The still repeated anthem hear.

'My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,
To thee, supreme incarnate Word,
My rock and fortress, shield and friend,
Creator, Saviour, source, and end;
And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,
Though death and darkness speak despair.

'Ah! why by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
My strength, in joy's extatic day,
My hope, when joy has passed away!

The Essay on the comparative merits of private and public education, which is the first of the pieces in prose, we judge to be a very juvenile production. Viewed in any other light, it was scarcely deserving of republication. One sentence will suffice to shew the immaturity of the Writer's judgement.

'Will the rocks glide away before the helm of Innocence, the current yield to the oar of Simplicity, or the tempest cease to howl around the canvas of Confidence.'

Nor can we speak much more highly of the following two papers. The review of the '*Tableau de la Littérature pendant le dix-huitième Siècle*,' and that of Stewart's Philosophical Essays, are, however, of a character so very superior to the preceding composition, that we should not have imagined them to proceed from the same pen. The mind of the Writer must, in the intervals between the dates of the respective pieces, have

made a rapid progress towards maturity. It would have been nteresting to trace the circumstances that contributed, in the present instance, to that visible acceleration of the intellectual growth, which is observed to take place, at some period more or ess early, in the life of almost all persons of Mr. Bowdler's character. Some book, by giving, perhaps, a new direction to the houghts, or by letting in a flood of light upon the understanding, association with an individual of a higher order, the necesity of entering upon some active pursuit under the stimulating presence of a sufficient object, or the large accessions to the individual's ideas, obtained from visiting foreign countries, or from an extended acquaintance with society at home,—will often be he means of exciting this quickened action of the faculties; so hat on looking back, after the lapse of a few years, the individual hall scarcely recognise as his own, the crude notions and obscure feelings which he has *shed* in the interval. We are not nformed to what extent Mr. Bowdler was in the habit of exercising himself in literary composition; but as these are termed Select Pieces, we are at liberty to conjecture that he threw out, n the season of *efflorescence*, the usual profusion of waste leaves and blossoms. Those which are here printed, were not, it is probable, his only contributions to periodical literature. There are few writers in the present day, of any literary note, who have not at some time or other made an essay at reviewing; and perhaps it may be allowed us to remark, that whatever mischiefs may be attributable to the influence of periodical criticism, as regards both the critic and his readers, there are to be set against these, the sensible impulse which has been given to the public mind, and the quantity of efficient *thinking* which has been continually generated and re-produced to an indefinite extent, by this species of literary organ. The greater part of the writing comprised in such publications, would certainly never have been produced in any other shape, or upon any other occasion. By supplying to men of original talent and science an incentive to exertion, from the consideration that what they furnished would be instantaneously thrown into circulation, they have called into play a vast deal of intellect that would otherwise have remained dormant; and desultory as for the most part this sort of writing must be, there are but few productions issued from the press in the present day, of a higher order of literary excellence than is at least occasionally exhibited in our Quarterly Journals. The party spirit, the disgusting personalities, the bigotry or the irreligion, of which our leading Reviews are made the vehicles, are altogether another matter; yet, it can scarcely admit of doubt, that the same spirit which perverts literary criticism to the base purposes of a fac-

tion, would otherwise find a vent. All that can be done is, to make the press supply at once the bane and the antidote.

The reader will be much pleased with the spirit in which Mr. Bowdler's critical papers are written, as well as by the competent acquaintance which he discovers with his subject. In both of them, he expresses himself in terms of warm and ingenuous, though by no means indiscriminative admiration of the author. We are not aware why 'extracts' only are given from the first of the two articles. The Reviewer's introductory remarks are rather excursive, and some of them, especially those relating to necessity, detached from the extracts which suggested them, appear scarcely relevant. We transcribe one sentence, however, leaving to our readers its application.

'Yet after every reasonable concession has been made, and every proper allowance for the imperfections of all human performances, it still remains certain, that wherever the government of a country, including both its formal constitution and the general spirit of its administration, is decidedly at variance with the settled sentiments and wishes of the prevailing part of the community, there is not only a manifest departure from all just theory, but there is also imminent danger of some national convulsion.'

The body of the article comprises an examination of the literary character of Voltaire, which does great credit to the taste, and judgement, and information of the Writer, and a brief notice of Montesquieu, Rousseau, Buffon, and D'Alembert. The review closes with an eloquent passage on the peculiarities of the French school of philosophy, from which we must make room for an extract.

'One naturally conceives of philosophers as of a serious reflective class of men: the subjects about which they are conversant are grave and important; the investigation of truth necessarily demands the exercise of the severer powers of the understanding; and the results of their inquiries so nearly affect the happiness of the human race, that the alliance of frivolity with such pursuits exhibits an incongruity of ideas that would be ridiculous if it were not shocking; a confusion of images too monstrous to be comical. In perusing the works of the French writers who called themselves philosophers during the last age, the first feeling is a sort of distressing amazement, a kind of horrible surprise; such as overtakes us on beholding an extravagance of nature, or which travellers are said to experience on entering the mansion of Prince Palagonia in Sicily, who has crowded into his rooms every fantastic image which a depraved and unnatural fancy could assort. These men wrote of God; of creation, providence, redemption; of man and virtue: of life, death, and eternity; ideas of which the very names are awful; to which the mind approaches purified and chastised by reverence; and they are as merry as monkeys. They chatter and grin, and talk of the government of the universe, and jest a little, and come back with a light turn to the origin

s, and then a clever story against priestcraft, and a merry
rovidence, and *adieu mon cher philosophe!* What shall we say
ners such as these? Were they sane? Is it rational for beings
think and feel, who hope, and fear, and suffer,—for mortal
who in a few years must mingle with the dust they tread, to
th things in which they are the most vitally concerned, and
ay determine their happiness or misery for ever? Is it decent
ble creature, crawling upon the earth for a moment, and
sink under the pressure of the very atmosphere he breathes,
ss with levity the ways of his Creator, and clap or hiss as if it
cene at the opera? If this be the fruit of knowlege, indeed
nce is bliss." If this be philosophy, it is that of the *petites*

– 'And yet some feelings of compassion are due to the men
the nation whom we have condemned. They saw not the
of Christ such as it proceeded from the hands of its Divine
lowly and self-denied, benevolent and spiritual, separated
, and superior to the vanities and sufferings of this transient
They saw it debased by its alliance to a superstitious esta-
it, and sustained by a civil authority at once arbitrary and
tible. They saw the profession of Christianity often united
practice of vice, or the policy of a worldly ambition; its
peremptorily enforced, and its precepts habitually relaxed.
id progress of infidelity in France, sufficiently proves the
that country of essential religion. The Gospel in all its
ppealing to the consciences of men, and carrying its cre-
in the practice of those who acknowledge it, is alone capable
nding long against the pride and passions of a people who
e thrown off the bondage of an ignorant and implicit faith;
e who have the weakness to place their reliance on the
of ancient institutions, or the seemly pomp of rituals and
will assuredly discover, when it is too late, that these are
erishable forms in which religion is enshrined, not the living
ortal spirit which can alone protect itself and us in the hour
r. This is a truth which the guilt and the sufferings of
re peculiarly calculated to enforce. While we reprobate
who conspired against Christianity, and deplore their success,
ever forget that there were other conspirators still more
le, and to whom that success is chiefly to be attributed;—
ithful ministers and professors of religion, who rendered it
their dissentions, odious by their bigotry, and contemptible
crimes.' pp. 332—340.

review of Stewart's Essays is an able analysis of that
nteresting volume. It is not, however, our business to
viewers of reviews. The Theological Tracts are very
compositions, and display a sound judgement, a highly
d mind, and above all, very considerable attainments
. The paper 'on the supposed connection between
n and melancholy,' we recollect to have noticed in the
n Observer many years ago, with particular satisfaction.

That on the eternity of future punishments, does equal credit to Mr. Bowdler's abilities. He remarks with truth, that with that 'idea of the goodness of God to which this doctrine is 'supposed to be so repugnant,' namely, 'an unlimited dispo-'sition to promote the happiness of all his creatures,' 'not only 'the eternity of future punishments, but the smallest degree 'of existing evil, is, to our limited understanding, irreconcile-'able;' and 'equally irreconcileable,' since infinite benevolence cannot admit of *majus* or *minus*. 'The most transient head-'ache, and the damnation of all mankind, are in this view in-'volved in the same mystery.' The Tract on Hope is another which we can strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers. These papers were designed to have a practical character, and the subjects scarcely admit of much originality; but they are marked by very correct thinking, and exhibit qualities of mind far more valuable, and perhaps not less rare, than genius. Mr. Bowdler's character appears to have been in no respect, strictly speaking, extraordinary, but it had the completeness and the strength which result from the harmonious development of all the intellectual and the active powers, and every exertion of his faculties told, because it was well directed, and because it was impelled by the efficient motives of religious principle. Had his life been spared, he could not have failed to attain an eminent station in society, and to have been proportionately useful. He was a person in whom Christianity would be tolerated by the world, for the sake of the talents and the accomplishments which it sanctified, and who would know how to turn to good account the personal respect so acquired, in disarming the prejudices of the world against religion itself. In the cultivation of his mind, he had evidently acted upon the principle laid down by the Author he so fervently admired, in his "Philosophy of the "Mind," that 'It ought not to be the leading object of any 'one, to become an eminent metaphysician, mathematician, or 'poet, but to render himself happy as an individual, and an 'agreeable, a respectable, and a useful member of society.' But what made him eminently all this, and more than this, was the early hold which religion obtained upon his heart, and the paramount influence which it continued to have in the formation of his character; fully justifying the motto affixed to the title-page, that 'a Christian is the highest style of man.'

Art. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

In the Press. The second volume of "The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah; an Inquiry with a view to a satisfactory determination of the Doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures concerning the Person of Christ; including a careful examination of the Rev. Thomas Belsham's Calm Inquiry, and of other Unitarian Works on the same subject. By John Eve Smith, D. D. Divinity Tutor in the Protestant Dissenting College, at Homerton." This will conclude the investigation which the author has bestowed upon one of the most momentous questions that can engage the attention of the human mind. As in the former volume, the expectations, predictions, and descriptions of the Great Moral Deliverer of mankind, were traced through the early ages of religious knowledge, so, in the same method of analysis and cautious induction, the volume now in the press, pursues the course of information and argument, upon the suggestions connected with the ministry of John the Baptist, the intimations and professions made or admitted by Jesus Christ himself, and the final development and completion of the evidence in the doctrines of the Apostles.

Mr. J. B. Williams of Shrewsbury, has in the press, Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry, written by the Rev. Matthew Henry, and never before published.

The third and fourth volumes of Ward's View of the History, Literature, and Mythology of the Hindoos, may shortly be expected. Two volumes of this work, including the Mythology of the Hindoos, are already before the public. The third volume, now in the press, we understand, will contain a history of this people, selected entirely from Hindoo materials, and a very copious account of manners and customs, the state of the arts, &c. The fourth and last volume will comprise a view of the ancient and present state of Hindoo Literature, Catalogues of the works still extant on Philosophy, Astronomy, Law, Physic, Poetry, Mythology, &c. and a history of their Philosophy arranged after the manner of Enfield.

Mr. James, the author of two works, one on the "Naval," the other on the "Military, Occurrences of the late American War," is preparing for the press, "The Naval History of Great Britain from the commencement of hostilities in May 1793, to the present time."

Early in the present month, will be published in 8vo. a Sketch of the Economy of Man. In this Sketch an attempt is made to connect the history of the operations of the intellect with that of the several functions of the bodily organs, and to trace the mutual connexion that subsists between all these operations and functions. The work is not only calculated to form a text-book for the medical student; but, being written for general perusal, it is intended as a brief outline from which every person may collect the leading facts observable in man, both as far as regards the functions of the bodily organs, and the operations of the intellectual powers.

On the first of January will appear, No. 1. of a new Literary Journal, entitled "The Retrospective Review," consisting of criticisms upon, analyses of, and extracts from, curious, useful, and valuable books in all languages, which have been published from the revival of literature to the commencement of the present century. Edited by a Society of Members of the University of Cambridge. To be continued quarterly.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the octavo edition of Franklin's Memoirs, comprising his posthumous writings, &c. will appear in the course of the present month.

Early in December will be published, a new edition of Pope's Essay on Man, illustrated with engravings in the first style of the art, from designs by Uwins, and a full length portrait of the author

engraved from the original, by Jervas, in the possession of G. W. Taylor, Esq. M. P.

Early in November will be published, in 12 vols. fcap. 8vo. with a portrait of the author, the Poetical Works of Walter Scott, Esq. now first collected.

In the course of November will be published, in three volumes, Ivanhoe; a Romance. By the Author of Waverley. Also, the Novels and Tales of the Author of Waverley: uniformly printed in 12 octavo volumes, with a glossary. And Illustrations of the Novels, &c. in 12 prints, after designs by Allan.

Preparing for the press, in one vol. 12mo. (pp. above 300) price 6s. "A Concise View of True and False Religion," on a new and methodical plan, with the various substitutes with which too many satisfy themselves, the causes of spiritual declensions, and the best means to promote vital godliness. The whole proved from suitable scripture extracts, from the works and the dying sayings of eminent Christians; with a list of the best books on experimental religion, and explanatory remarks. By the Rev. G. G. Scraggs, A. M. Author of Instructive Selections, English Composition, &c. &c. To be published by subscription, in January or February, 1820.

A portion of the following work on Entomology, is ready for publication; it is well printed, and with plates. Horæ Entomologicæ; or, Essays on the Annulose Animals. By W. S. Macleay, Esq. A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. Part I. Containing general observations on the geography, manners, and natural affinities of the insects which compose the Genus *Scarabæus* of Linnæus; to which are added, a few incidental remarks on the Genera *Lucanus* and *Hister* of the same author.

Gideon Mantell, Esq. has in the press, a work on the Fossils of the South Downs, with outlines of the mineral geography of the environs of Lewes and Brighthelmstone, in a quarto volume, with numerous engravings.

An edition of the collected Works of Dr. John Moore, with memoirs of his life by Dr. Robert Anderson, is printing in octavo.

A new edition of Dr. Jeremy Taylor's Guide to Eternal Happiness, will soon appear, in a duodecimo volume.

Mr. John Russell has a volume of Poems in the press.

In the press, a new edition, in two volumes 8vo. of No Fiction: a narrative founded on recent and interesting facts, and connected with living characters.

On the 23d of November will be published, Time's Telescope; or, a complete guide to the Almanack for 1820: containing a variety of novel and interesting matter, relative to natural history, astronomy, biography, and antiquities; and an Introduction on entomology.

In a few days will be published, a Letter on Superstition. By the Right Hon. William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham). First printed in 1733, addressed to the multifarious sects of the British empire.

In the press, the Emigrant's True Guide to the British Settlements in Upper Canada: containing the best advice and directions respecting the voyage to Montreal, and the mode of travelling and conveyance up the country; with an itinerary of distances, and an account of the Falls of Niagara. To which is added, an Account of the Settlement on the banks of Lake Erie, called London; with some original Letters by a Lancasterian Farmer, a resident. With prefatory remarks on emigration, proving the superior advantages of the British Canadas to the Cape of Good Hope, &c.

The third and last volume of the Rev. Johnson Grant's History of the English Church, will shortly appear.

In the press, and will be published in November, An Abridgement of the most popular Modern Voyages and Travels. Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. 12mo. Vol. 1. containing Voyages and Travels in Europe; vol. 2. In Asia; vol. 3. In Africa; and vol. 4. In America. Intended for the use of schools and young persons. Each volume distinct, and sold separate, price 5s. By the Rev. T. Clark.

Early in November will be published, Elements of a Plan for the Liquidation of the Public Debt of the United Kingdom; being the draught of a declaration submitted to the attention of the landed, funded, and every other description of proprietor of the United Kingdom. With an introductory discourse. By Richard Heathfield, Gent.

Mr. Frederick Nash having been employed at intervals during the last three years, in Paris, making Drawings of its principal Buildings, and the surrounding Scenery; it is proposed to publish a series of Engravings (in number from 50 to 60), under the title of Views in Paris and its Environs. The work, comprising not less than 5 plates in each part, with

appropriate letter-press, will extend to 10 parts, in royal 4to. one to be published every three months. The forward state of the engravings authorises the proprietors to say, that the first will be ready in the early part of the year 1820. From the nature and extent of the arrangements entered into with the artists, whose names are a guarantee for the decided excellence of the work, and of their determination to do justice to the truth and beauty of the drawings, the public may confidently anticipate a *chef d'œuvre* of the art of engraving.

ART. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Christian Sketch of Lady Maxwell of Pollock, late of Edinburgh, price 2s. 6d.

COMMERCIAL.

A General Commercial Dictionary, comprehending trade, manufactures, and navigation; as also agriculture, so far as it is connected with commerce; with brief abstracts of the laws relating to the regulation and protection of trade and tradesmen; exhibiting their present state, and their connection in these kingdoms with those of other parts of the world. By Thomas Mortimer, Esq. The second edition, with considerable alterations and additions. Corrected to August 1819. By William Dickinson, Esq. with the assistance of professional gentlemen in the various departments. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

*** Part six of the above work, being the conclusion, is just published, price 5s.

EDUCATION.

An Introduction to the writing of Latin Exercises, containing easy exercises on all the declinable, with copiously arranged lists of the indeclinable, parts of speech; on a plan which cannot possibly fail to secure to the pupil a thorough understanding of the principles of grammar, by a gradual developement of the rules, in a series of examples strictly appropriate, and purely classical. The radical Latin is interlined throughout to prevent the necessity of any reference except to the grammar; and the whole so varied, that most of the leading verbs in the language are introduced under their respective conjugations. Adapted to the Eton Grammar. By James Mitchell. 1s. sewed or 1s. 6d. bound.

Guazzaroni's Italian Grammar.—Grammaire Italienne divisée en cinq Parties, dont la première traitera de la Grammaire simple avec des Thèmes placés à la fin de chaque regle; la seconde, de la Grammaire raisonnée; la troisième comprendra un Recueil de Phrases d'Idiomes, et d'Idiotismes; la quatrième la Prosodie; et dans la cinquième on trouvera quelques essais de son goût pour la Poësie Italienne. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Grammar for Children, upon an entire new plan. Illustrated with cuts by Branston. 1s.

The Teacher's Key to Grammar, for Children, 4d.

The English Primer or First Book for Children arranged on a plan which cannot fail to delight as well as instruct young children in the first elements of reading and spelling. By the Rev. T. Clark, illustrated by upwards of two hundred wood engravings. 6d.

The National Reader, consisting of easy lessons in history, geography, biography, mythology, natural history, &c. the whole arranged on a new plan and illustrated by nearly one hundred engravings, being a sequel to the National Spelling By the Rev. T. Clark.

HISTORY.

A Narrative of the Expedition which sailed from England at the close of 1817, for the service of the Spanish Patriots; including the military and naval transactions, and ultimate fate of that expedition; also the arrival of Colonels Bluoset and English, with British troops for that service, their reception and subsequent proceedings, with other interesting occurrences. By C. Brown, late Captain of the Venezuelan Brigade of Light Artillery, who returned to his native country, June 29, 1819. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Saxony, in the year 1813. By Baron Odelben, one of the General Officers of the Army. To which are subjoined the Notes of M. Aubert de Vetry. With a map. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili; with an original history of the latter country. By the Author of Letters

from Paraguay. Illustrated by engravings 8vo. 12s.

Two Music Speeches at Cambridge; spoken at public commencements in the year 1714 and 1730. By Roger Long, M.A. of Trinity College; and John Taylor, M.A. of St. John's. To which are added, Dr. Taylor's Latin Speech at St. Mary's, on the 30th of January, 1750; several of his juvenile poems; some minor essays in prose; and specimens of his epistolary correspondence. To the whole are prefixed, Memoirs of Dr. Taylor and Dr. Long; edited by J. Nichols, F.S.A. 8vo. 7s.

Rawdon Papers; consisting of letters on various subjects, literary, political, and Ecclesiastical, to and from Dr. John Bramhall, Primate of Ireland. Including the correspondence of several most eminent men during the greater part of the seventeenth century; faithfully printed from the originals, and illustrated with literary and historical notes. By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Author of "The Life of Scipio;" for many years domestic Chaplain to the late Earl of Moira, and Chaplain to the present Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, &c. 8vo. 12s.

Report from the Select Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom: together with the minutes of evidence taken before them. 8vo. 4s. sewed.

*** This report is illustrative of the system of road-making, introduced by John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. of the City of Bristol, and of the great success which has attended it wherever it has been acted on.

Taylor's (Jeremy, D.D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles I.) Select Works: containing the Rule and Exercises of Holy Living—The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying—Discourses on Various Subjects—The Life and Death of Jesus Christ. In 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

The African Committee. By T. F. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee. 8vo. 3s.

The Christian's Annual Journal and Record of Literature, for 1820. 2s. 3d. roan tuck.

The Family Mansion. A Tale. By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. fcap. 8vo. with a beautiful frontispiece. 5s. 6d.

Juvenile Friendship; or, the Guide to Virtue and Happiness. In dialogues, between two student friends. 12mo. 3s.

Select Letters of Ganganelli Pope Clement XIV. Translated from the French by C. J. Metcalf, Esq. 12mo. price 5s.

POETRY.

Tribute of Affection to the Memory of the late Mrs. S. E. F. Whitehouse. By the Rev. John Whitehouse, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. 8vo. price 3s.

The Wizard; or, Fatal Banquet: a poem, in four parts. By Henry Llewellyn. 8vo. 4s.

The Wars of Wellington; a narrative poem in fifteen cantos. By Dr. Syntax. Part I. to be continued weekly, and duly completed in twelve parts, embellished with thirty engravings, royal 4to. 12s.

Lyrical Dramas, with Domestic Hours: a Miscellany of Odes and Songs. By Cornelius Neale, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. price 8s.

THEOLOGY.

Deism Refuted: or Plain Reasons for being a Christian. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second edition, corrected. 1s.

The Tendency of Christianity to promote universal Peace: a sermon. By the Rev. George Bender. 8vo. 9d.

A new and elegant edition in folio, of the Holy Catholic Bible, with Dr. Challoner's Notes. Published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Dr. Gibson, vicar apostolic of the northern district.

The Legitimacy of Dissent demonstrated, and the Protestant Episcopal Church proved not to be the only safe Means of Salvation: being a reply to a sermon entitled, "The Sin of Schism demonstrated, and the Protestant Episcopal Church proved to be the only safe means of salvation; preached in the parish church of Frome, county of Somerset, Aug. 8, 1819. By the Rev. S. H. Cassan, M.A. Chaplain to the Earl of Caledon, and curate of Frome." By an Anti-episcopalian.

Nauman's History, Jonah's Gourd, and an Essay on the Pleasures of Religion. By Owen Morris. 12mo. price 4s.

The Beloved Disciple: a Series of Discourses on the Life, Character, and Writings of the Apostle John. By Alfred Bishop. 12mo. price 5s.

ERRATUM IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Page 420, line 19 from bottom, *for* neglect, *read* subject.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR DECEMBER, 1819.

Art. I. *Sermons, preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow*, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of the Tron Church. 8vo. pp. 525.

THESE Sermons are one connected series. The Preacher has selected for his topic that doctrine which he justly regards as the basis of a sinner's religion, the humbling truth of human depravity; and this cardinal point is illustrated in all its bearings, and enforced with all that fervid eloquence by which the Author is distinguished. We have read them with the highest satisfaction. They are boldly explicit, they are dignified, they breathe the importunate anxiety of a holy zeal, and they are scriptural. In offering them in this shape to the public, Dr. Chalmers is evidently aware of the disadvantage under which they must be read in the closet. They were composed for public delivery, and when the compositions of the pulpit are transferred to the press, it is, as he remarks, 'difficult to detach from them a peculiarity by which their whole texture may be pervaded, and thus to free them from what may be counted by many to be the blemish of a very great and characteristic deformity.' The anxiety to enforce, to bring home to the heart, the lesson which, from a sense of its primary importance, occupied the entire attention of the Preacher, would naturally lead to a frequent, though varied reiteration of the same idea, and to an expatiation protracted beyond the propriety of written argument, upon the same topic. But these are not theological, nor, we will add, are they literary defects. It will require but a very easy exertion of the imagination, to place the reader in the same attitude of attention as Dr. Chalmers never fails by his pulpit addresses to command; for the style of the composition, whatever might be excepted against its purity, retains all the glow of that energy of feeling which

renders the Preacher's manner so irresistibly impressive. Persons who have ever formed part of his audience, will of course with the greater facility be able to realize the impression which these Sermons must have produced, as read from the pulpit of the Tron Church. That mode of delivery is in general found to be incompatible with any thing that deserves the name of eloquence. Dr. Chalmers is the only pulpit speaker, or we should say, the only pulpit reader, whose manner appears to lose none of the freedom and fervour of spontaneous thought, and whose matter suffers no diminution of its interest, from a circumstance absolutely fatal to the mere orator. He is so obviously in earnest, his energy is so sincere, his very mannerism so unaffected, his aim is so pure, and his spirit so devout, that all that reserve of feeling with which persons in general listen to studied addresses, when the circumstance of pre-composition is obtruded upon their notice, is completely overpowered, and, if the accommodation may be pardoned, he seems to "speak as "one having authority." From being thus in the habit of reading all his pulpit compositions, Dr. C. is enabled to calculate with admirable precision upon the effect which his periods so delivered will produce, and it is inevitable that he should acquire a style of composition particularly suited to this mode of delivery, and susceptible of its full effect only when read aloud. To this we must ascribe in a great measure its more prominent peculiarities: throughout his writings we may trace the air and manner of one more accustomed to come into contact with the minds of others as his audience, than as his readers; and his eloquence is that of the orator rather than of the writer. Nevertheless, we think it impossible but that these Sermons should very powerfully seize upon the attention even in the closet. We speak of them merely as literary compositions. As Sermons, they are eminently adapted to a far higher purpose than interesting the reader: they will fall as far short of the Author's design, as of their proper use and tendency, if they do not succeed in rousing the conscience and in prostrating the pride of the unconverted, and in promoting the deeper self-abasement of those who are not strangers either to their natural condition as moral beings, or to its remedy.

While, however, we are touching upon the subject of the characteristic peculiarities of Dr. Chalmers as an author, we may be allowed to advert to another feature of his writings, which has probably its origin in the practice of precomposing for the pulpit, or in the habits of thinking thereby induced. We allude to the way in which, having selected a topic for illustration, he seems to concentrate as into a focus all his powers of thought and the whole collective force of his feelings, to bear upon that one point, and, while nothing escapes him which really forms part

subject, voluntarily to exclude from his attention every other
t might appear irrelevant to his immediate purpose. Hav-
ius, as if for the sake of taking the surer aim, narrowed
ope of his intent thought, he puts forth his accumulated
gth, and lavishes upon his theme all the resources of his
lid and exuberant diction. He is not satisfied to suggest
e reader an important sentiment, upon which, if so it please
he may dwell, but which, as soon as enunciated, it is more
that he will forget; but, to use our Author's own expres-
his anxious enforcement of the particular lesson by which
e time he is engrossed, 'proceeds from the desire to effect
ull and adequate conveyance of it' into the minds of his
rs. And with this view, he reiterates, he expatiates, with a
ience, and copiousness, and boldness of phraseology, foreign
h from the measured, quiet tone of philosophical writing,
metimes at variance with correctness, but which always
s away along with it the reader's feelings.

s not that Dr. Chalmers takes a contracted view of his
t, but that he is apt to contract himself within it. He is
l, to an exemplary degree free from narrowness, whether
tem or of feeling. If his writings discover more vigour
comprehensiveness of thought, if he ever seems to take into
leration one side or one portion only of a subject, or to
any favourite position to excess, it is attributable to no
al limitation of faculty, but to the habit of fixing his undi-
attention upon some one thought, or some one train of
and, added to this, to the warmth of his feelings. D.
is evidently thought more than he has read, has accustomed
lf more to speculation than to study, and is better acquainted
he human heart than with the philosophy of the schools,
s it arises that sometimes he does not seem conscious of
s been by preceding writers forestalled in what he advances
he ground of his own conviction, and that at other times he
rs scarcely aware of the opponent argument. But these very
arities contribute to the appropriate qualifications of the
her, whose business it is, not to deal out splendid novelties,
descend from his sacred elevation into the *arena* of con-
sy, but to communicate to his hearers his own heartfelt
sion of the truth. We felt it our duty to qualify our com-
ation of the justly popular, and upon the whole masterly
ction to which the Author was first indebted for celebrity,
se in the heat and triumph of successful argument, he
d to undervalue the importance of another class of argu-
, those deducible from the internal evidence of the inspired
e. Of the present work, however, which exhibits Dr.
ers in the character in which he is most solicitous to suc-
and in which he is most illustrious, that of a Christian

minister, we can speak without reserve. As a *practical* theologian, Dr. C. peculiarly excels. He is orthodox without being technical; he is argumentative without ever affecting to be metaphysical; he is eloquent without ever sinking into mere declamation. He has consecrated noble and splendid talents to the best of services, and in no other service could they have been exerted with so much efficiency and honour. As a Writer he must not be held up as a model; as a Preacher, he has scarcely a rival.

Were it not for here and there a rare exception, an exception, however, wich rather serves to confirm the rule, we should hold it to be actually impossible that the same individual should attain celebrity at once as an eloquent speaker, and as a fine writer. So distinct in its very nature is oral from written eloquence, that the qualifications and the rules for succeeding in the one, would be of extremely little service towards enabling a man to attain excellence in the other. Whether effect or instruction be the object aimed at, the composition requires in the respective cases to be of a perfectly different texture; so much so, that we doubt whether a person unaccustomed to speak in public would be able to compose a speech which should, even if well delivered, realize the effect upon which he had calculated. The remark, indeed, partakes of triteness, so palpable is the fact, that speeches and discourses which electrified the audience, read in some cases comparatively tame, in others turgid, and that many individuals who seldom speak without effect, never undertake to write without occasioning disappointment. With regard, therefore, to the merit of a Preacher's sermons, on the score of eloquence, we think that they are brought in the closet to a very uncertain test. They ought to suffer nothing from perusal in regard to the strength of argument, the soundness of doctrine, the essential value of the sentiments which they contain; but their adaptation to that full and powerful expression which the Preacher seeks to produce upon an audience, can be but very imperfectly judged of by the effect they have upon the reader. Now it appears to us, that the characteristic excellence of a Sermon, is its appropriateness, as a composition, to the circumstances of public delivery; and those are the best sermons, their doctrinal accuracy being equal, which most powerfully affect the hearer. There are many compositions which go under this name, some of them ranking among the finest productions in our literature, but which are obviously and utterly unsuitable to be delivered from the pulpit. Their excellence is of that kind which is proper to written composition, and it may be doubted whether they ever obtained the attention of a competent auditory. Where, for instance, could Jeremy Taylor have found a congregation capable of following the wayward sallies of his fancy, and of deriving spiritual benefit from his pulpit

labours? Or, to take a modern instance in a writer for whom Dr. Chalmers has some partiality, where would Mr. Foster hope to find an assembly capable of the sustained and painful effort of following the Preacher through half of his elaborate Discourse upon Missions? The style of that Discourse, highly condensed, uniformly energetic, and at times, dazzling with the corruscations of intellect, is yet at the furthest remove from what would form an appropriate medium of popular instruction. We have never had an opportunity of verifying our conjecture, but we should imagine that the Author of that Sermon would not be found to make any impression as a public speaker, answerable to his talents as a writer. He would scarcely know how to wield in so close combat the massive weapons which suit his strength and stature in the open field. In the actual personal contact in which the Preacher stands with his audience, it is not by intellectual might, by the mere weight of his arm, but by the rapid succession of his strokes, by the reiteration of faint impressions, that he effects his purpose. The hearer has no time to pause upon what he has failed to apprehend at the first enunciation, or to retrace the ground over which he has been led. A sentence the meaning of which he does not anticipate before half pronounced, is disclosed to him too late when the beginning is half forgotten. An argument which is not conducted with the obviousness and directness of demonstration, or with the graphical distinctness of familiar analogy, is but ill adapted to the grasp of an audience.

In popular addresses, a train of argument or of reflection is sometimes found to please from the very circumstance of its seeming to be the inartificial suggestion of the occasion, that is, from its very obviousness and its coincidence with the feelings of the hearer. What is trite, is heard with interest if it be apposite; and a familiarity of illustration which would not be tolerated in written composition, is accepted on account of the distinctness with which it conveys the speaker's meaning, and the time it gives for a momentary relaxation of attention. A majestic truism well ushered in, has a most imposing effect in popular oratory; and a phraseology swelling into bombast, if it seems to spring from the exuberance of feeling, will pass current for the most genuine rhetoric. And of what use were it to submit, if we could, such compositions to a rigid analysis, when the potency of the effect sufficiently proves their adaptation to the purpose they are intended to answer? But then a popular preacher should shun the press. No written symbols can convey his tones, his look of command or persuasion, his action of vehemence or of imploring earnestness; not even italics can secure the due observance of the required emphasis. His plagiarisms, if he be a plagiarist, will no longer be forgiven, unless

inverted commas proclaim the fact that he borrower; his truisms will no longer sound oracular, however apposite; his figures will be stripped to their very anatomy, and even his favourite phrases will be registered against him. Whatever merit attaches to his written declamation, it will differ in effect from the recited speech just as the most masterly productions of the pencil differ from the reality; one thing cannot be represented on the canvas, and that is, motion. In the published discourse, there is at least wanting the indescribable animation which, breathed into every word and gesture, constitutes the vital principle of eloquence. Written composition is adopted more permanently to influence our convictions and our sentiments, but the strong present emotion produced by the living oratory of the voice, arises from our sympathy with the real or apparent feelings which its tones express, quite as much as from either the correctness of the composition, or the weight of the argument. And it is well that it is so; it is well that the heart, the seat of devotion and the root of character, should be also the source of true oratory, and that it should be requisite for a man to seem himself to feel, in order powerfully to excite the feelings of others. It is well, too, that an efficient degree of eloquence should be within the attainment of persons not gifted with the highest order of faculties, and that a material of far less costly quality and of slighter texture than that which in written composition deserves the meed of excellence, should perfectly answer all the purposes of popular instruction.

After the terms in which we have spoken of the present volume, it cannot be necessary to guard our remarks from misapplication, as if we ranked the sermons of Dr. Chalmers with productions that claim but to expend their life with the utterance. Whatsoever of effect these discourses may lose on being read, they possess, in common with all that proceeds from his pen, an intrinsic and permanent value. But Dr. Chalmers has himself suggested, in his Preface, the train of remark into which we may have seemed to digress; and besides that we think it may lead the reader to enter upon the volume with juster expectations, and to appreciate more accurately its literary character, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of adverting to the distinction referred to, between written and oral composition; because it is a distinction generally acknowledged indeed, but in the literature of the day practically disregarded. The consequence is, on the one hand, that by many writers a pure and chaste style of composition is sacrificed to the cadence of oratory, and that what is most anxiously sought for, is an effect foreign from the design of good writing; while, on the other, readers become impatient of any but the rapid, broken, vivacious,

and declamatory style that gains instant admission for a proposition or a sentiment through the ear.

There is, no doubt, besides the broad distinction we have marked, a no less obvious diversity in the various styles of good, that is to say, correct composition; a diversity regulated in part by the subject, but answering more or less to the intellectual character of the writer, and, so far as the individual is modified by that circumstance, to the character of the age. It is not the simple progress of language, that will account for the whole difference between the slow-moving, majestic pace of thought, observable in the periods of Hooker, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, or Howe, and the neat, luminous, unaffected sentences of Paley, or the vehement, flowing, dazzling eloquence of Burke. The habits of the age, not less than those of the individual, must be adduced to account for the difference. Men no longer write to be studied; they must be content if they are read; and to be read now, their periods must move off briskly, so as to keep pace with the impatience of the reader's attention. How much as to clearness and effect, depends on a person's writing being read in its proper *time*, is not, perhaps, in general perceived. A slowly-elaborated style, such as is characteristic of strength rather than of facility of faculty, and resulting from the complicate process of voluntary thought, rather than from the quick association of excited feeling, would, apart from any abstruseness in the subject, be almost unintelligible to those who, in giving their attention, are unaccustomed to the correspondent movement of thought. A solemn measure of rich chromatic harmony, would not be more entirely stripped of all character and meaning by being played in quick time, than such writing is to the careless reader by being flippantly skipped over, or, as it is termed, *run through*. The power of eloquence, we have remarked, depends upon our sympathy with the speaker, but unless we sympathize in some degree with the writer too, so far, at least, as to enter into his manner of thinking, we shall find that language is a very imperfect medium of expression. In such a case, many are unreasonable enough to quarrel with the Author: he claims to be read deliberately, and they have not leisure for the effort; they are unaccustomed to task their memories with the weight of a full-grown sentence; they cannot understand why a man should write more slowly than he would speak, or claim from his readers a different exertion of thought from what would suffice an orator in his audience; and so, in self-complacent disdain, they give up the attempt to follow him.

It is not our present purpose to enter into any discussion of the respective merits of the various styles of composition, but merely to point out the sources of the variety, and to suggest the impropriety of an exclusive taste, or an unfair and illegiti-

mate mode of comparison. A style which is not intrinsically the best, may, as best suiting the character and manner of the writer, be the fittest he could employ; and in this light we view the style of Dr. Chalmers. It is rapid, vehement, importunate; characteristic, in the highest degree, of zeal and energy. It bears all the marks of strong excitement, such as the anticipated circumstances of delivery might be supposed adequate to supply. It is, we think, the habit of speaking under this excitement, which renders the extemporaneous orator so dependent upon that circumstance for the competent exercise of his faculties, that he is often incapable of succeeding in written composition. In like manner, an individual accustomed to compose with a specific reference to the same circumstance, finds it extremely difficult to write without the stimulating aid of that consideration upon his feelings. Much of the embarrassment a person feels on being called to exercise his faculties under an unaccustomed predicament, arises from his being put out of his usual *pace* of thought; and this pace (that is especially, the quickness and readiness of the associations,) is regulated by the degree and kind of the excitement which sets the thoughts in action. A person habituated to a rapid process of thinking or of composing, would not find it less difficult to conduct a slow train of ratiocination, than one of an abstract and philosophic order of mind, would, to evolve his thoughts with the rapidity of extemporaneous eloquence. There is much, too, in the power which circumstances have to mould the ideas, and to regulate their natural order. Take the pleader from the bar, or the preacher from the pulpit; place the former in the senate, or the latter on the hustings, and let either of them attempt to change with his situation, his style of thought and of address; and it will generally be found that all his eloquence will fail him. Even a successful speaker in the Lower House, shall find himself inexplicably embarrassed, on attempting the style which is adapted to command attention in the House of Peers. There is, however, in extemporaneous speaking, so much that is properly mechanical, that a change of external predicament may be thought the more naturally to operate upon the mind of the orator, by disturbing his habits of recollection. But, in regard to the writer, it is equally certain, that the class of subject, the immediate design and motive, and the specific nature of the composition, have all a share in regulating the instinctive facility with which the ideas develop themselves in the order, and with the force and clearness requisite for his purpose. The business of the speaker, and that of the writer, are, however, for the most part different, and this difference must have a further influence upon their style. That of the speaker is less to inform than to impress; or at least, it is only some one point of instruction, or

some two or three leading ideas, which he labours to fix upon the attention, or to place within the comprehension of his audience. His very object, therefore, requires that he should dilate upon these with the utmost fullness of illustration, and that he should make the whole of his address bear directly upon the simple conclusion to which he aims at conducting his hearers. It will be requisite that he should enlarge upon what is obvious, and press home what is undeniable, and reiterate what is familiar. A facility of illustrating, therefore, a faculty for expatiating, and a patient accommodation to the listlessness or obtuseness of mind which he will have to encounter, are talents more particularly called for in the public speaker. The business of the writer leads him to address himself more immediately to the judgement, to proceed more cautiously in the details of illustration, to take a wider range of thought, and to indulge far more sparingly in reiteration, and apostrophe, and all the manœuvres of oratory. His style must be cleared of mannerism; it must be wholly inartificial, at least to appearance, presenting his ideas with the colourless simplicity of a pure medium of expression—with the clearness of daylight. His eloquence must be the eloquence of thought, rather than of language; of thought rising, as if unconsciously, into dignity or splendour of diction, and assuming a figurative character, only when figure seems a necessary resource from the poverty of language. Such a style is rarely attained by the orator; it requires a very different kind of mental cultivation, a habit of exercising the faculties under a very different species of excitement, a calmer play of fancy, a more excursive imagination, a more delicately refined taste. Yet, all this may be found, rare as the combination is, co-existing with the dexterity of address, and self-possession, and felicity of illustration, and steadiness of aim, that constitute the appropriate qualifications of the public speaker. And it is even possible, that the individual who is found to fascinate by his writings, shall still exceed the utmost powers of his pen, in the effect of the sudden bursts of extemporaneous eloquence, produced by the genuine excitement of impassioned feeling. Perhaps Burke might be adduced as an instance of this, were there not reason to suspect that his most brilliant flashes were the result of art, rather than the sudden kindling up of light into sunshine. But most of our readers will have already referred the hypothetical description to a living writer, in whom it will seem to them that its truth is perfectly realized. It is scarcely necessary to specify the name of Mr. Hall.

The comparison which has been repeatedly intimated, or more directly drawn, between the distinguished pulpit orators to whom we have referred, will prevent these remarks, we trust, from

being thought either irrevelant or invidious. Dr. Chalmers will suffer nothing from having his distinct merits, (and no one can appreciate his merits more highly than we do,) placed in a proper light. It has been our object to shew, that his style is as appropriate as it is powerful; that in being declamatory and exuberant, it partakes of the very nature of eloquence. Yet is all the eloquence of his declamation the least of those merits by which he is distinguished as an upright, affectionate, zealous, and efficient minister of the Gospel of Christ. It is delightful to reflect, that this high and beneficial character attaches in common to all the three, and that the talents and energies of each, are at the same time being brought to bear upon the best interests of mankind. The comparison, therefore, cannot be invidious, unless it were attempted to shew which of them, by the combined efforts of his voice and his pen, is exerting the largest portion of moral influence, or filling up the widest sphere of usefulness. To each a distinct sphere and a separate labour are assigned, and they are all alike "gone forth to the "help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

We have spoken of Dr. Chalmers, and we have alluded to the other two individuals, chiefly in the capacity of preachers, or authors of sermons. There are considerations which restrict us from fully entering into their general merits as writers. Perhaps, if depth of thought, if originality of mind, if a graphical brilliancy of illustration, if abundant indications of an athletic intellect and an opulent fancy, might be allowed to outweigh those defects of style, (if they are defects,) which are the result at once of strength and slowness in the mental operations of the writer, the meed of superiority would be awarded, not to the most popular writer of the three, nor to the most eloquent, but to the one who certainly claims to rank as the most powerful.

But it is more than time to recall our readers to the immediate nature of the present volume. And we cannot accomplish the transition in a better way, than by transcribing from the first sermon, the following striking representation of the utter impotence of mere human eloquence, to effect the design of the ministry of the Gospel.

'We have made a short enumeration of those talents which a teacher of Christianity might possess, in common with other teachers; but it is for the purpose of proving that he might possess them all, and heightened to such a degree, if you will, as would have made him illustrious on any other field, and yet be utterly destitute of powers for acquiring himself, or of experience for teaching others, that knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ which is life everlasting. With the many brilliant and imposing things which he may have, there is one thing which he may not have, and the want of that one thing may form an invincible barrier to his usefulness in the vineyard of

Christ. If, conscious that he wants it, he seek to obtain from God the sufficiency which is not in himself, then he is in a likely way of being put in possession of that power, which alone is mighty to the pulling down of strong holds. But if he, on the one hand, proudly conceiving the sufficiency to be in himself, enters with aspiring confidence into the field of argument, and thinks that he is to carry all before him, by a series of invincible demonstrations, or, if his people, on the other hand, ever ready to be set in motion by the idle impulse of novelty, or to be seduced by the glare of human accomplishments, come in trooping multitudes around him, and hang on the eloquence of his lips, or the wisdom of his able and profound understanding, a more unchristian attitude cannot be conceived, nor shall we venture to compute the weekly accumulation of guilt which may come upon the parties, when such a business as this is going on. How little must the presence of God be felt in that place where the high functions of the pulpit are degraded into a stipulated exchange of entertainment on the one side, and of admiration on the other; and surely it were a sight to make angels weep, when a weak and vapouring mortal, surrounded by his fellow sinners, and hastening to the grave and the judgment along with them, finds it a dearer object to his bosom, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master, and urge on the business of repentance and of faith by the impressive simplicities of the Gospel.'

'There is the malignity of the fall which adheres to us. There is a power of corruption and of blindness along with it, which it is beyond the compass of human means to overthrow. There is a dark and settled depravity in the human character, which maintains its gloomy and obstinate resistance to all our warnings and all our arguments. There is a spirit working in the children of disobedience which no human eloquence can lay. There is a covering of thick darkness upon the face of all people, a mighty influence abroad upon the world, with which the Prince of the power of the air keeps his thousands and his tens of thousands under him. The minister who enters into this field of conflict may have zeal, and talents, and eloquence. His heart may be smitten with the love of the truth, and his mind be fully fraught with its arguments. Thus armed, he may come forth among his people, flushed with the mighty enterprise of turning souls from the dominion of Satan unto God. In all the hope of victory he may discharge the weapons of his warfare among them. Week after week he may reason with them out of the Scriptures. Sabbath after sabbath, he may declaim, he may demonstrate, he may put forth every expedient, he may at one time set in array before them the terrors of the law, at another he may try to win them by the free offer of the Gospel; and, in the proud confidence of success he may think that nothing can withstand him, and that the heart of every hearer must give way before the ardour of his zeal and the power of his invincible arguments. Yes: they may admire him, and they may follow him, but the question we have to ask is, will they be converted by him? They may even go so far as to allow that it is all very true he says. He may be their favourite preacher, and

when he opens his exhortations upon them, there may be a deep and a solemn attention in every countenance. But how is the heart coming on all the while? How do these people live, and what evidence are they giving of being born again under the power of his ministry? It is not enough to be told of those momentary convictions which flash from the pulpit, and carry a thrilling influence along with them through the hearts of listening admirers. Have these hearers of the word, become the doers of the word? Have they sunk down into the character of humble, and sanctified, and penitent, and pains-taking Christians? Where, where, is the fruit? And while the preaching of Christ is all their joy, has the will of Christ become all their direction? Alas, he may look around him, and at the end of the year, after all the tumults of a sounding popularity, he may find the great bulk of them just where they were,—as listless and unconcerned about the things of eternity,—as obstinately alienated from God,—as firmly devoted to selfish and transitory interests,—as exclusively set upon the farm, and the money, and the merchandise,—and, with the covering of many external decencies, to make them as fair and plausible as their neighbours around them, proving by a heart given, with the whole time of its affections, to the vanities of the world, that they have their full share of the wickedness which abounds in it. After all his sermons, and all his loud and passionate addresses, he finds that the power of darkness still keeps its ground among them. He is grieved to learn that all he has said, has had no more effect, than the foolish and the feeble lispings of infancy. He is overwhelmed by a sense of his own helplessness, and the lesson is a wholesome one. It makes him feel that the sufficiency is not in him, but in God; it makes him understand that another power must be brought to bear upon the mass of resistance which is before him; and let the man of confident and aspiring genius, who thought he was to assail the dark seats of human corruption, and to carry them by storm, let him be reduced in mortified and dependent humbleness to the expedient of the Apostle, let him crave the intercessions of his people, and throw himself upon their prayers.' pp. 12—15.

We might rest upon this single extract, the proof of all that we have advanced, if not as to the eloquence, at least as to the simplicity of purpose, the fervour of zeal, and the holy integrity of the Preacher.

The volume contains seventeen sermons. Of these the first three may be considered as introductory to the view of the Christian scheme, which it is the object of the subsequent pages to enforce. After illustrating, in the Sermon from which we have given the preceding extracts, the necessity of the Spirit to give effect to the preaching of the Gospel; and shewing, in the subsequent discourse, that the faithful minister of the doctrines of the New Testament, must inevitably seem to the world to deal in mysteries, like the Jewish prophet who complains that he was charged with speaking parables; he proceeds, in the third, to insist on the disposition of heart requisite as a prepara-

tion for understanding the revealed will of God. In the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth discourses, Dr. C. enforces the inadequacy of the efforts of nature, and the necessity of a mediator between God and man. The seventh discourse exposes the 'folly of men measuring themselves by themselves,' or, in other words, the self-deception which leads men to form a standard of morals out of the existing attainments and prevailing sentiments of those around them. This principle in human nature, is shewn to have a fatally insidious operation in fortifying the human mind against an entire reception of the truths and the overtures of the Gospel. The wisdom opposite to the folly he has been exposing, is illustrated in the following sermon; the text which furnishes the title is, "Christ the wisdom of God." Love to God, as consisting of gratitude and the affection of moral esteem, is the subject of the ninth, the tenth, and the eleventh. The remaining six treat of the emptiness of natural virtue; the natural enmity of the mind against God, and the power of the Gospel to dissolve that enmity; the evils of false security; and finally, the completeness of the redemption which is in Christ, as 'maintaining the entireness and glory of all the attributes of the 'Godhead,' at the same time that 'it provides a solid foundation for the peace of every sinner who concurs in it, and 'strengthens all the securities for the cause of practical righteousness among men.'

Our readers will bear in mind, that it is the leading purpose of this course of sermons, to illustrate and enforce the doctrine of the depravity of human nature. The design of the Preacher throughout, may be considered as in unison with the office of the Divine Teacher, whose prerogative it is efficiently to "convince "the world of sin." No subject which he could have selected, would have involved on the part of the Author, to an equal extent, the sacrifice of all that popularity which is conciliated by mere eloquence from the irreligious and the worldly. It is all very well, while the preacher is lecturing upon the external evidences of the Christian religion, or combating the perverse objections of the philosophical sceptic, opposing to the baseless peradventures of doubt, the dazzling, the overwhelming probabilities which are brought home by science, and shewing the accordance of her discoveries with the dictates of inspiration; let his eloquence be lavished on themes like these, and men of all persuasions and of all gradations of character, will be found to coalesce in their admiration. But let him then proceed to open upon this motley audience, without reserve, the humbling disclosures of the sacred volume with regard to the universal depravity, and impotence, and danger of mankind, and what can he expect, but to see his popularity melt away, and his talents depreciated in the tone of affected disappointment?

If the present volume should not answer the expectations of Dr. Chalmers's admirers, should it fail to obtain a circulation equal to that of his preceding productions, it will not be on account of any observable falling off in the vigour of the Author's intellect, or in the power of his eloquence, nor will it be attributable to any reasonable ground of disappointment as to either the literary merit, or the theological value, of the Sermons which he has presented to us. It will be because, to employ his own accommodation of the words, he now speaks to the world in parables. When the crowd find themselves undeceived, and that it is not Mercurius to whom they were ready to sacrifice, the next thing is, in a re-action of feeling too incident to depraved nature, to stone the object of their idolatry.

It will not be necessary to give any further analysis of the contents of the volume. The most interesting and original part of the series, is that which treats of the love of God. We are indisposed on the present occasion to enter deeply into any theological discussions, but, without pledging ourselves to an entire agreement with Dr. Chalmers on every point, we fully coincide with him as to the unscriptural character of those metaphysical refinements into which some theologians of no inferior acuteness or piety, have fallen upon this subject. They would have us 'view with suspicion the love of gratitude, as hav-'ing in it a taint of selfishness,' strangely demanding of the sentient being, that 'even amidst the fears and the images 'of destruction, he should find room in his heart for the love of 'complacency.' We question, however, whether the discouraging tendency of such representations, has, in fact, operated to any extent, in inducing a hesitation to entertain the free offers of salvation. Such crude abstractions find an antidote in the plain good sense of the Christian, who has been experimentally taught that "faith worketh by love." How far the speculations which Dr. C. is at such pains to demolish, have obtained currency among the theologians of the North, we cannot be supposed to know; it would not have occurred to us as being at all necessary to guard such a congregation as that which is usually found in the Tron Church, against the refinement in question.

When Dr. C. states, that the theologians referred to 'have 'exacted from an inquirer, at the very outset of his conversion, 'that he should carry in his heart the disinterested love of God, 'and represents this metaphysical speculation as darkening the 'freeness of the Gospel, and intercepting the direct influence 'of its overtures and its calls on the mind of an inquirer;' we think that he does not do justice to the writers he is controverting. They, assuredly, exact no such disposition in the convert, as a pre-requisite to the obedience of faith; they hold no such

ıge to him as that he must find in his heart this dis-
ıted love to God before he can have a warrant to embrace
ıspel. They only tell him that he can have no evidence of
ving passed from death unto life till he feels a higher love
l than the love of gratitude; till a less equivocal principle
the reality of the operation of Divine grace upon the soul.
s Dr. C. himself concedes that the Christian character is
rmed in its essential completeness, 'till the love of moral
n be in us, as well as the love of gratitude,—till we love
not merely on account of his love to our persons, but on
ınt of the glory, and the residing excellence, which meet
ye of the spiritual beholder upon his own character,'—the
nce between him and those theologians, is not so wide as
r appear. They are wrong in depreciating the principle
titude; they are right in insisting upon something more
ı principle of gratitude as a criterion of Christian cha-
. In supposing that the love of complacency can exist in
an sentient being, dissociated from all considerations of
ıal interest, and under circumstances which exclude the
le existence of gratitude, they are chargeable with a
tous hypothetical absurdity; but in pointing out the sus-
s origin and nature of an affection which terminates short
evout and joyous sense of the Divine perfections, they
put into the hands of the sincere inquirer a salutary means
ertaining the height of his own religious attainments.
this subject, Dr. Chalmers is satisfactorily explicit.

e are not,' he adds, 'preparing for heaven,—we shall be
incapable of sharing in the noblest of its enjoyments,—we
ot feel ourselves surrounded by an element of congeniality in
ıe,—there will be no happiness for us, even in the neighbour-
f the throne of God, and with the moral lustre of the Godhead
ıaible to our eyes, if we are strangers to the emotion of loving
or himself,—if additional altogether, to the consideration that
ı looking with complacency upon me, I do not feel touched
tracted by the beauties of his character, when I look with the
contemplation towards him.'

ı love of moral esteem, and the love of gratitude are both,
ıws, 'posterior and subordinate to faith.' In respect to
a 'mighty transition must be described by the men of
vorld, ere they are meet for the other world of the spirits
st men made perfect.'

is not speaking of this transition, in terms too great and too
to say, that they must be born again, and made new creatures,
lled out of darkness into a light that is marvellous. The truth
; out of the pale of vital Christianity, there is not to be found
all the varieties of taste, and appetite, and sentimental admira-
ıy love for God as he is,—any relish for the holiness of his

character,—any echoing testimony, in the bosom of alienated man, to what is graceful, or to what is venerable in the character of the Deity. He may be feelingly alive to the beauties of what is seen, and what is sensible. The scenery of external nature may charm him. The sublimities of a surrounding materialism may kindle and dilate him with images of grandeur. Even the moralities of a fellow-creature may engage him; and these, with the works of genius, may fascinate him into an idolatrous veneration of human power, or of human virtue. But while he thus luxuriates and delights himself with the forms of derived excellence, there is no sensibility in his heart towards God. He rather prefers to keep by the things that are made, and, surrounded by them, to bury himself into a forgetfulness of his Maker. He is most in his element, when in feeling, or in employment, he is most at a distance from God. There is a coldness, or a hatred, or a terror, which mixes up with all his contemplations of the Deity; and gives to his mind a kind of sensitive recoil from the very thought of him. He would like to live always in the world, and be content with such felicity as it can give, and cares not, could he only get what his heart is set upon here, and be permitted to enjoy it for ever, though he had no sight of God, and no fellowship with him through eternity. The event to which, of all others, he looks forward with the most revolting sense of aversion and dismay, is that event which is to bring him into a nearer contact with God,—which is to dissolve his present close relationship with the creature, and to conduct his disembodied spirit into the immediate presence of the Creator. There is nothing in death, in grim, odious, terrific death, that he less desires, or is more afraid of, than a nearer manifestation of the Deity. The world, in truth, the warm and the well known world is his home; and the men who live in it, and are as regardless of the Divinity as himself, form the whole of his companionship. Were it not for the fear of hell, he would shrink from heaven as a dull and melancholy exile. All its songs of glory to him who sitteth on the throne, would be to his heart a burden and a weariness;—and thus it is, that the foundation of every natural man has its place in that perishable earth, from which death will soon carry him away, and which the fiery indignation of God will at length burn up; and as to the being who endureth for ever, and with whom alone he has to do, he sees him in no form nor comeliness, nor no beauty that he should desire him.'

'Man cannot,' continues the Preacher, 'love the Being with the very idea of whom there is mixed up a sense of danger, and a dread of condemnation, and all the images of a wretched eternity. But let him who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shine in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of his own glory, in the face of Jesus Christ,—let us only look upon him as God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself and not imputing unto men their trespasses,—and then may the sinner look in peace and safety, on the manifested character of the Godhead.'

The whole of this eleventh Sermon is admirable, and we scarcely know how to impose limits to our extracts. The

Preacher detects and exposes with indignant eloquence, the treacherous semblance of piety which is displayed by the votaries of a poetical theism, who 'admit into their contemplation 'only as much of the character of God, as may serve to make 'out a tender or an engaging exhibition of him.' 'They cannot,' he remarks, 'endure the view of his whole character, and 'should this view ever intrude itself, it puts to flight all the 'pathos and elegance of mere natural piety.' In conclusion, he thus beautifully directs the sinner to the only foundation of trust:

'"Destroy this temple," says the Saviour, "and I will raise it again in three days." It is there alone that we can behold the beauty of the Lord and be safe. This place of greatest security, is also the place of chiefest glory. It is when admitted into this greater and more perfect tabernacle, that we can look on majesty without terror, and on holiness without an overwhelming sense of condemnation. The sinner encircled in mercy looks in tranquil contemplation on all that is awful and venerable in the character of the Godhead,—and never do truth, and righteousness, and purity, appear in loftier exhibition before him, than when, withheld from his own person, he sees the whole burden of their avenging laid upon the head of the great sacrifice.'

It cannot be necessary to add a word of our own to these specimens of the style of sentiment which pervades the present volume. Although primarily addressed to the consciences of the unawakened and the self-secure, the formalist and the sentimentalist, these Sermons cannot be read by the most confirmed believer, without leaving on his mind a renewed freshness of conviction, and a deepened solemnity of feeling, and a higher tone of gratitude to the Author and Object of his faith.

Art. II. *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* By Henry Hallam, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. London. 1818.

THIS is one of the most valuable additions to historical literature, which has appeared since the Greece of Mr. Mitford. It has not been hastily got up, with a show of quotations at the bottom of the pages, taken from the labours of some precursor; but appears to be the product of genuine insearch, and of original and philosophic thinking. The modesty and diffidence with which the Author's opinions are advanced, may be considered as no small proof of his experience in inquiries of this nature; for it is only the real antiquary who feels that, after he has bestowed upon a recondite subject his utmost labour and erudition, there may still be some hidden diploma, or some unexplored passage of a chronicle, that would at once overturn the system reared by the efforts of many a midnight vigil. The style of the work is clear and nervous, not

incumbered with ornament; energetic where the subject calls for energy, but for the most part preserving the calm, subdued tone proper to historical discussion.

There is but one thing which affords any ground for regret or dissatisfaction, and that respects not the execution, but the plan of the work. It is, that while it exhibits so much talent and so much patient industry of investigation, it presents us an outline for our future studies, rather than a complete history of the period to which it relates. Many subjects are embraced in this View, which still demand a philosophical and an impartial historian to do them complete justice. Had Mr. Hallam confined himself to any one of them, treating it with the same spirit of philosophy that he has brought to the study of the period, but entering more amply into all the details of history, he might have produced a work which posterity would class with those of our best historians. As it is, this View may possibly be superseded in every part, by some subsequent writer far less acquainted with the spirit of the events, but who shall pursue them further into detail.

The chief part of Mr. Hallam's work is occupied with a view of the feudal system, and of its effects upon the different nations of Europe. There is a distinct chapter upon each of the following subjects: France; the Feudal System generally; Italy; Spain; Germany; the Greeks and Saracens; Ecclesiastical Power; the English Constitution; and the literature, manners, &c. of the feudal times. The best chapters, undoubtedly, are those which treat of France, and of the English constitution. The Author's view of Italy, Germany, and Spain, is not marked by so much research as the others, and they are, perhaps, the most defective portions of the work.

There are four leading events in the history of Europe, which have greatly influenced not only its prosperity, but the manners and feelings of the age, and they were all in operation during the period to which these volumes refer. The Roman empire was not as yet completely extinguished. During its decline, the mild doctrines of Christianity had been converted into weapons of aggression by the popes, who employed the keys of St. Peter, not to open the gates of Heaven, but to strike at the crowns of sovereigns; compelling, in one instance, by anathemas and fulminated bulls, a son to marshal his bands against his father. The Saracens making their appearance upon the two extremities of Europe, seemed at one moment destined to turn the sovereignties of Christendom into pashalics, and to found a mosque upon the site of St. Peter's. But a family had now arisen, which was to exert a more powerful influence on the fate of nations, than has perhaps fallen to the lot of any other. Clovis drove the Saracens back into Spain, and Charlemagne esta-

lhe feudal system. Of that vast empire, the traces of ower are still extant, not only in the mighty ruins ex- from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic, but also in the es of Spain, France, and Italy,—nations still bearing the f its despotic sway, like freed galley slaves who, even ıy of their death, shew upon their wrists the scars of nacles,—of that declining empire, Gibbon has immor- iis name by becoming the historian. Of the establish- Christianity we have no perfect history, although the s of far greater interest and importance than the history ; for it has implanted its *labarum* on rocks inaccessible oman eagle, and has showered its benefits upon nations er trembled at the war-notes of the Roman trumpet. Of dal System we had no general view till this work of Mr. appeared.

we consider the deadening effects of that despotism to here were no boundaries in the civilized world, and to ations before distinguished for their love of liberty and f tyrants, remained subject for so many ages, that at remembrance of national feeling, and almost the recol- of their name, and even of their language, had faded ir minds, we are bewildered in looking for some cause ly great and general in its effects to rouse the slum- eople, and give them once more individually an existence ame. Nothing can so strongly illustrate the destruc- uence of despotism upon the mind, as the circumstance hostile incursion, no barbarian ferocity, was capable of these nations even to defend their wives from the lust, children from the slavery, of uncivilized hordes. Every ntiment, every feeling of self-respect, was destroyed ourse of those centuries during which the vices and dis- follies of a Tiberius and a Heliogabalus, and the vir- a Trajan and an Antonine, were viewed with equal by their subjects, whose individuality was almost the mass of slavery attendant upon the nod and f a despot. Those despots indeed arrived at the lge of the value of these slaves, and were at last obliged oy them only as purse-bearers from whom they might the pay for barbarians who defended from others the o which they themselves aspired.

ation and ruin overspread the fairest provinces of the empire. Barbarians from realms which had not tempted arice or ambition, came with all the eagerness of poverty, in the riches of a once powerful empire. But who, on the desolation that attended their progress, would have d, that from these very men, an institution was to arise, uld be capable of renovating the provinces of such a

despotism? From the feeling of personal independence cherished by the roaming savage in the fastnesses of his woods,—from the attachment of a nation of warriors and voluntary retainers, to a chief distinguished by prowess and not by birth, arose the feudal system, and that spirit of liberty which has re-animated Europe. It was not, however, brought from its native wilds, in the state of perfection it afterwards exhibited. Several centuries elapsed before Charlemagne, conquering the greater part of the former western empire, gave consistency, throughout Germany, France, and Italy, by his capitularies, to this vivifying polity. Although England had been ruled for several generations by Saxon conquerors, it was not established there till William ascended the throne. Prior to the time of Charlemagne, we find merely analogies to its different institutions, in the body of *Antustriones*, and in the *beneficia* of the *Vassi* and *Vassalli*; but there was not yet established that decided military tenure, descending from the sovereign through the dukes and counts to the knight. Lands seem to have been generally allodial, being strictly proprietary; though some proprietors were subject to the call for public defence, but apparently more as being esteemed the citizens of the nation, than as the feudal tenants of a superior. It might appear that this subjection to the call for military service, had it been merely the duty of the citizen, should also have extended to the Roman, who was, especially among the Franks, counted free; but we must remember, that these barbarians, whom some have supposed to have come merely as allies, were really conquerors, and had usurped the possession of their subjects. We shall no longer wonder, then, at the difference made by the Salian law, between lands held probably by a Frank, and those held by the earlier inhabitants; especially when we consider that lands bought were relieved from many of the stricter regulations they were before subject to; possibly from its not being the wish of these legislators to allow military obligations to be entailed upon those who, though they called them equals, ranked beneath themselves, as is proved by the difference of the Weregild.

By the time of Charlemagne, however, the Antustriones and the Vassi, who had formerly received portions of the royal domains, to be held for their services *durante bene placito*, had become virtually proprietors, and handed down to their posterity what they had once held in dependence upon the will of another. As they had gradually been accustomed to consider themselves as a body privileged to the use of arms, and had been long obliged to be ready for military service at the command of their king,—to whom, upon the throne being made hereditary, this duty became apparently owing as part of his sovereignty, rather than as to the elected guardian of the public peace,—it was a

natural consequence that these princes, equal to sovereigns by their more immediate possession of the land, should be ambitious to have retainers owing to them the same duties that they themselves acknowledged to their liege lord. During the reigns of those kings called *fainéans*, from their imbecility, it was an easy thing for them to gain this additional power, and they gradually subdivided their possessions among their retainers, upon the military tenure. Those who had thus risen to wealth and power by means of encroachments upon the royal domains, would naturally excite the jealousy of the proprietors who had carved out their portion with the sword, in the conquest of France. The latter, therefore, soon imitated the example, and the kingdom was portioned out into petty sovereignties, divided, by this difference in their origin, into two classes, the barons of the kings, and the *liberi tenentes*; both distinct from the allodial proprietor, who was generally a Roman. Charlemagne, by the establishment of his empire, and by the assumption of the imperial crown, was enabled to legislate for several nations in his capitularies; and those institutions which sprang from one German source, but which were more advanced in France, at length became universal throughout the greatest part of Europe. After his death, the Carlovingian dynasty exhibited the same weaknesses that had attended its predecessor; and the higher feudatories, throwing off many of the trammels of their sovereign, at the same time drew closer the bonds between themselves and their vassals, weakening the power of individuals while they increased their own by augmenting the number of their feudatories, and at last forcing the allodial property into the subjection of the same tenure.

Hence arose the nobility of Europe. Whoever held a fief of how small an extent soever, was noble; and when, in the eleventh century, armorial bearings and sirnames came into use, the number of this body was much increased by the circumstance, that all those who could prove their descent from the holder of a fief, claimed the rank of their ancestors, enjoying the privilege of belonging to a class alone capable of holding land by feudal tenure, and of being knighted. But in France, the number of those exempted from all burthen by their privileges of nobility, was still further increased by the letters patent which, in the thirteenth century, the king assumed the power of issuing. After this class, in France and Germany, came the freemen, who in England, however, were never separated from any class depending for its nobility upon its blood. And below the freemen were the villeins. The freemen and allodial proprietors in France, seemed to have formed not a small class originally, but in after ages to have become nearly extinct on

the northern side of the Loire, and to have been much reduced in number in Provence and Languedoc, where the civil law kept longer hold of the courts. When, however, the cities became free in the twelfth century, the citizens and burghers claimed the ranks of freemen; but there must have elapsed a certain period when the classes of men were only two, the noble and the villein. Hence that thorough contempt in France on the part of the higher orders, for all the lower class, called indiscriminately *hommes de pooste*, and latterly *roturiers*. The villeins consisted of all those who had no property, those who had been obliged to shield themselves under the protection of a lord, with too little property to form a fief, those who could not pay fines and commutations, and those who sold themselves for bread; forming in fact the greater part of the nation. On the continent, they seem to have had no redress for injuries, no rights as men; they were sold as part of the stock in farming, and were obliged to put up with every insult offered to their families. The custom on which the universally popular play of *Figaro* has been founded, was not the invention of the poet. In England, only the very lowest order of villeins was in this state, and these it would seem were comparatively few. Italy very much resembles England in the first steps of the feudal system. That nation, below the actual feudatory or militenure, seems to have been divided into the same classes. The *Arimanni*, the *uomini di Masnada*, and the *Aldii*, may be recognised in our own peasantry. Our free peasantry, latterly yeomen, holding land by free soccage tenure, and having rights in the baron's court, resemble the *Arimanni*, who possessed personal property even in land, and held other portions in rent without any disgraceful tenure. The freemen who held land upon condition of attending their lord, and performing certain services, though in a low capacity, answer to the Italian Masnadieri; and the Aldii find their counterpart in those English villeins who gradually obtained privileges and rights by possessing land that ultimately became copyhold. These three classes, it would appear, had not similar acknowledged counterparts in France; hence, perhaps, the difference we meet with upon these subjects between Ducange and Muratori.

On examining this system, we find one great feature, that immediately distinguishes it from those of antiquity, the establishment of an agricultural aristocracy. In the histories of ancient Greece and Italy, we find the sovereignty and power to have always resided in the cities; here we find it residing in the possessors of large tracts of land cultivated by their retainers. The first proprietors of land probably possessed that portion which their individual strength enabled them to bring into cultivation; hence they never formed a powerful body, as

there was never an accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals who could bring it to bear in their attempt at gaining power. Whereas the cities, by the wealth accumulated in the hands of individuals from commerce, always held the reins of government. From this equality of the agriculturist, and from the cities, by their multitudes and the instability of commercial property, always being actuated by the passions of the mass, not of individuals, arose that feeling of patriotism which consisted in the sacrifice of the individual entirely to the interests of that body in which his security consisted, though he formed of it but an imperceptible portion. But the feeling of individual power and confidence was nourished in the baronial residence. There the feudal proprietor upon those lands which nurtured a hardy race of retainers, felt as secure from every injury from without, as amid the native wilds of his ancestors. The history of the ancient state, consists of wars intended to subject one body to another, or of the contest of one individual demagogue against another, in the attempt to carry away the passions of the mob. But, in the middle ages, it is the contest of individuals to gain honour over individuals. While cities are entirely unnoticed by the chronicler, we have described the contests between either the people in Italy, or the sovereign in France, and the barons, upon this point of individual liberty and separate interest.

One very great advantage derived from this landed aristocracy, is, the existence of a body in every state remaining the same from generation to generation, and always ready to defend old usages and rights from the too hasty interference of the commons,—those who are indebted for distinction to commercial wealth and influence varying at every instant with regard to the holder. This has given stability to the governments we now see around us, and has enabled old institutions to resist the fury of the mob or the party reformer, while all the monuments of art which had arisen as records of their progress, have been destroyed by them in the momentary ebullitions of their power. It was this aristocracy that carried the numerous revolutions necessarily attendant upon the progress of knowledge in this country, through their career, unattended by those sanguinary scenes that have always attended the revolutions of a neighbouring nation. And it was their gallantly adhering to the standard of their sovereign, in the revolution under Charles, that saved our annals from being sullied with the name of a Robespierre or any other creatures of an infuriated mob: they could not stem the torrent, but they broke its force. While in France, the aristocracy, broken in influence by the tyranny of Lewis the Fourteenth, and degraded in character, basely left their country when she called individually upon all her children, and without

drawing a sword, except in the armies of the invaders of their native soil, delivered all to the uncontrolled rule of sanguinary, low-born demagogues. They never set the country against the cities, but left without leaders those who would have saved their country the stain she now bears upon her annals.

Nor was the feeling of individuality of less importance. We have already noticed the dreadful unity of feeling in the mass of slaves forming the inhabitants of these provinces. But when these conquerors of Europe divided their fiefs into small parcels, making every individual feudatory conscious of his power and independence, it was natural that this feeling should gradually extend itself even to the lowest orders, which it accordingly did.

Besides these two great advantages arising from the feudal system, there are others not less worthy of notice. It is probable that during the middle ages, when the strides towards civilization were so unequal, had there been a greater degree of union under a monarch, universal monarchy would have ensued, and the present day might have seen us under the same blasting influence that destroyed every feeling of shame in the slaves and panders of the Roman emperors. But the independence of these minor sovereigns hindered the collecting of a powerful army, while the short duration of military service rendered every success insecure, and every conquest futile; for even after a victory, the sovereign might find himself a general without an army upon the day when the term elapsed, in consequence of the eagerness of his barons to avoid even the presence of a superior. The jealousy of these lords with regard to their own rights, obtained another great advantage to their subjects; for, as they were the tenants of another lord, they were anxious that every duty claimed should be according to law and usage, and not dependent upon the caprice of the sovereign. Hence the nicety with which the penalty for each offence was marked, and the service owed by one to the other, recorded. And as the system was progressive, the same laws that had been allowed by the lord concerning his relation with the sovereign, applied equally to his inferior vassalage.

While these are the chief advantages that have resulted to the continental nations of Europe from the Feudal System, there are, in this country, many of much greater importance that have arisen out of it. Our laws which secure the interests of the individual, and our constitution which secures our public and political rights, owe entirely to it their origin. To the common readers of history, and to one who merely views the results of this system, without an examination into the numberless modifying springs constantly in action upon apparently the same human efforts, the comparative state of France, Germany, Italy,

and England, must be a matter of astonishment. In the early ages of the feudal power, precisely the same laws and institutions were, it would seem, prevalent in these several nations; but before many ages had elapsed, we find the balance between the different powers of a nation destroyed in the first three, and preserved only in the last. In Germany, the nobles were free, and the emperor enjoyed but nominal privileges, possessing in fact only a fair title, without any greater power than belonged to his sovereignty over his hereditary domains; at most, equal to one of his first barons. In France, the king eventually overcame the nobles, and reduced them and the populace into one mass of slavery, more or less decked with gorgeous colours, being, in truth, the only freeman in the midst of some millions of slaves. In Italy, on the contrary, the people were the sovereigns; while in England all were free in respect to their common rights. It is one of the most interesting speculations for a philosophic mind, to attempt the discovery of the various causes which produced, from apparently the same materials, such opposite effects.

For a time, the three nations of France, Germany, and Italy, were under one governor and one law. The gigantic genius of Charlemagne, the support of this enormous empire, was followed by no successor adequate to the laborious task. On his decease, the several parts of his empire, more dissimilar in associations and character than in climate and soil, almost immediately broke those chains by which his strong hand had kept them linked together in one mass. His sons and descendants, by their wars, and devastations of each other's territory, imbittered still more the hatred of their subjects. When, therefore, at the peace of *Mersen*, a treaty was made between the sons of Lewis the *Debonnair*, dividing the empire with the abrogation of imperial rights, by which Charles *le Gros* retained France, Lewis obtained Germany, and Lothaire, together with the imperial domains and title, acquired Italy; the different nations put no obstacle in the way of its execution, for they were conscious of never having had any common bond but the genius of the first emperor. Lewis soon died, and Germany became the seat of imperial power under Lothaire. His descendants failing, the empire lapsed to an illegitimate branch of Charlemagne's family, and soon became vacant. Upon this, the barons and princes assembled; they determined to set aside Charles the Simple, who yet remained of the Carlovingian family, and to elect a sovereign who might deserve that respect which the French king did not inspire. Their fiefs, under the titles of dukedoms, were immense, and equal to kingdoms, and the power of the different electors could always balance that of the emperor if singly opposed to them. There was also a law which much weakened the imperial power, declaring that whoever was elected emperor,

became immediately dispossessed of his fief, and was obliged to resign it to some other individual; while the fiefs of the nobler barons became more secure in consequence of compromises obtained at the election of an emperor. The attention of the first sovereigns was too much occupied by more pressing necessities, to allow of their repressing the attempts which encroached upon the imperial prerogative. During the reign of the Saxon princes, the attention of the emperors was diverted by the incursions of the Hungarians, and by the conquest of Italy. Fortunately for the electors, the edict of Conrad the Salic, making all feuds hereditary and no longer dependent upon the will of the lord or sovereign, preceded the reign of Henry the Third, who carried imperial prerogative to a great height. He first retained his personal fiefs of Bavaria and Swabia for several years after his accession, and added to the imperial domains Franconia, which escheated to the crown; while Bavaria being forfeited by the prince, became a fief of his wife, the empress Agnes. Added to these advantages, he was not disturbed by papal broils, holding an undoubted power over the election of the pope.

These were, however, too great infringements of the constitution, to be borne by those who thought themselves almost the peers of their sovereign. From this time imperial power declined. The emperor's son, who was a minor, succeeded to the throne, but the princes, aided by papal ambition, soon wrested from this prince most of those prerogatives which had been assumed by his father. During his life, they elected Rodolph emperor, and at his election it was agreed that the title should no longer be hereditary, nor conferred upon the son of a reigning monarch. Henry the Fourth, however, recovered his throne, and was succeeded by his son, Henry the Fifth. After his death, the princes succeeded in setting aside the Franconian line, and chose for emperor, Lothaire, duke of Saxony, the most violent of the enemies of the last house. The great possessions and connexions of his son, Henry the Proud, exciting the jealousy of the princes, he could not succeed in securing the election, and the electors again turned to the Franconian house for a sovereign. Conrad attempted to diminish the power of his enemies, by declaring the same individual incapable of holding two ducal fiefs; and in consequence of the resistance of Henry of Saxony, he deprived him of all his possessions. Hence arose the contest between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, which kept the whole empire in confusion, and afterwards, while two titular emperors were contending for a barren sceptre, enabled the sovereign princes to strip it of some of its most valuable possessions. At last, when Frederic the Second remained conqueror in the struggle, he was so occupied in his contest in

Italy, that he paid little attention to German policy. It was he who first sanctioned those prerogatives which his subjects had usurped.

Another contest, raised by the influence of the popes for the possession of the throne, continuing for many years, enabled the princes to subjugate those powers which still nominally galled their independence. They established an oligarchy of electors, and the territorial sovereignty of the princes. The destruction of several of the greater houses left their states to be divided among princes more immediately connected with the people, who, in consequence of claiming immediate sovereignty without any but a nominal superior, found it easy to destroy the liberties of those who were not in sufficient wealth and mass to resist the power of the crown thus joined immediately with that of the feudal superior. Much less were the people able to resist this over-grown power, when it acquired the right of administering justice in the particular courts of the dukedom without any right of appeal except to an imperial chamber, which, though not immediately nominated by the princes, required their sanction for its renewal. This right acquired by the edict of Worms, formed, as it were, the key-stone to that power which had been yielded to them by Frederic the Second, who had resigned the customary imperial dues, and the powers of his judges within the states of his subjects. There still survived, however, in Germany, a portion of the spirit of liberty not only in the Hanseatic towns, but also in several governed merely by a bishop, and others emancipated by the liberality of the Emperor, who was anxious to restore the balance between his own power and that of the nobles, by raising a natural enemy to lawless oppressors and highway robbers, under which title may be ranked the greater mass of the lesser nobility. But it was only in these individual towns that freedom was known; for, except in the small state of Wirtemberg, we believe there was no acknowledged right in the populace, of participating in the government.

Thus was the imperial power destroyed by the circumstance of the elective right being enforced by those nobles who, a little before, were peers of their sovereign, and who, always jealous of the very superiority they had bestowed upon him, were still capable of checking, by their individual strength, him whom, by their collective power, they could at any time remove. Such nobles were naturally all agreed in taking the privileges of the imperial crown to adorn the ducal coronet, though they might differ in the side they adopted in a contest it was their interest to prolong; while the weakness consequent upon a contested and doubtful election, together with the distinction, arising from the uncertainty of the son's inheriting the dignity, between the advantage of his family and the benefit of the imperial power,

weakened the attempts of all the emperors after Frederick Barbarossa, to restrain the princes.

But it is a curious circumstance, that in France, the kings, who were originally placed under apparently the same circumstances, overcame and destroyed those feudal principalities of their own kingdom, notwithstanding they were nearly equal in extent and power to those of Germany. This at first appears inexplicable, but if we examine attentively their history, we shall find that it arose from two causes, viz. the crown becoming hereditary at an early period, and its acquisition, on the expulsion of the English, of Normandy and the other English provinces. A nominal sovereignty being acknowledged in the person of the king, which never died, there was always a power whose personal interest it was to weaken and subordinate those who admitted no superiority but in name. At the same time that the acquisition of so powerful fiefs put them on a higher level than that of any of their barons, the very greatness of the fiefs of their subject nobles, proved a great cause of the destruction of their body; for whenever either by forfeiture, or by marriage, or by escheat, any of these fiefs fell to the crown, it immediately gave an immense addition to its power and influence; whereas, if the fiefs had been smaller, they might have resisted as a body, without fear of being suddenly considerably weakened, instead of being sacrificed when the few individual greater nobles were destroyed. The superiority these barons acknowledged, always offered sufficient pretence for encroachment, till at last they were all swallowed up by the regal power, all the great fiefs having escheated to the crown. The power of the barons seems to have fallen more rapidly than could have been expected; but when we consider that they never attached themselves either to the king or to the people, we shall easily perceive that from the first circumstance, from the difficulties of communication, and having no general point of assembly at which they could collect the public opinion, they were more easily destroyed singly. They laughed at the power of the first Capets, who, possessing only the fiefs of Orleans and Paris, were hardly their equals; but when they began to fear that power they had scorned, they in vain applied to the people, in the League denominated 'Of the 'Public Weal.' They had oppressed too bitterly their inferiors, and had shewn too great and too open contempt for the populace, to hope for their sympathy; they were consequently put down and forced into subjection without any feeling of regret on the part of their countrymen.

The oppression of the people was more gradual. We have already mentioned the almost complete destruction of freemen in France before the emancipation of the towns. The latter made several attempts to regain the freedom their ancestors had

pt; but they also were gradually forced to bend their necks to he yoke of slavery. The barons, by refusing to attend the court f their sovereign under the first Capets, hindered the formation f that power which gradually grew up into the English parliament. Hence, the people were never able to obtain a representation, or assembly attached to any part of the feudal system n such a way that it should appear a right belonging to this lass inseparable from the rest of the scheme of polity. Philip he Fair convoked the States General, but it was the gift of a capricious sovereign, not founded on feudal custom, nor in any way claiming that reverence attached to ancient institutions, which more or less sways the minds of all. The States General were called together by the will of this despot, with the representatives of the *Tiers Etât*, merely for the sake of advancing the prerogative by the employment of their money in putting down both his private and public enemies. If, however, they had not formed merely an instrument, under Charles VI, in the hands of the king of Navarre, in alliance with the foreign enemies of the crown, and in consequence lost the attachment of those who really loved their country, and had they not at one time lost public confidence by the failure of their taxation to produce the sum expected, at another, by their advancing before public opinion, it might have been that France would have obtained a free representative government. But what was the gift of the sovereign, might be recalled, unless public opinion had spoken loudly in its favour, and asserted the interest of the people in its preservation. It was first avoided by the adoption of provincial assemblies, an evil occasioned by the long-marked separation of the feuds, and at last abandoned entirely when royalty found itself strong enough to raise money by its own increased power, arising from possessions which could be played one against the other, in consequence of their having no bond of legislative union but itself. The parliament of Paris, which, from being a court of judicature, at last usurped the authority of making by registration valid those decrees issued by the sovereign, promised for a time to control the despotism of the monarch. But this authority was soon destroyed with the power of the feudal barons to whom it owed the weight it had acquired. The kings forcibly compelled the registry of their proclamations; there was no public spirit to oppose an adequate resistance; and the parliament of Paris again sank into a mere court of judicature.

We have thus seen the effects arising from the feudal system in Germany and France, to have been fatal to liberty. We have seen that the dependence of two of the feudal powers, arose, in the former, from the constant election of the head allowing of the immense power of the barons, combined with the power that

family should usurp it over their equals. They furnish, however, the instances of the longest duration, in one state, of a form of government dependent upon the will of more than one. Venice saw the fall of the Roman, the Western, and the Eastern empires, the rise and decay of the Papal and the Mahomedan powers, and was near witnessing, in the same attitude in which it saw the birth, the death of the German Imperial power.

Who would expect, on witnessing the results produced by the feudal system in these countries, that it would, in another country, be so capable of modification by the mere progress of time and circumstances, that it should at last produce a result so beautiful and perfect, that human wisdom with all the advantages of experience and knowledge, should be unable to imagine a system equally conducive to national prosperity, and equally just to all, in its distribution of freedom? The constitutions framed by the *sçavans* of France, fell to pieces ere they were put into execution. The various republics which sprang up in Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, have all, one after the other, sunk and disappeared, leaving the freedom and wealth of their citizens in the hands of some petty tyrant. Rome remained free hardly during four centuries after the expulsion of Tarquin; and during the whole of that time, the contests between the different powers of the state, were constant and sanguinary. But the English constitution, constantly progressive in improvement from the day when the barons and the clergy forced from the taloned grasp of tyranny that charter which laid the foundation of all our liberties, has now passed through the ordeal of ages, and neither finds its power decayed, nor the people grown careless of its maintenance. On the contrary, it should seem to possess as firm a hold as ever on the affections of all classes, and to have an increasing power of fixing to a soil that is not luxuriant, and to a sky that always lowers, all those who touch upon our shores.

'No unbiassed observer,' says Mr. Hallam, 'who derives pleasure from the welfare of his species, can fail to consider the long and uninterruptedly increasing prosperity of England, as the most beautiful phenomenon in the history of mankind. Climates more propitious may impart more largely the mere enjoyments of existence; but in no other region have the benefits that political institutions can confer been diffused over so extended a population; nor have any people so well reconciled the discordant elements of wealth, order, and liberty. These advantages are surely not owing to the soil of this island, nor to the latitude in which it is placed; but to the spirit of its laws, from which through various means, the characteristic independence and industriousness of our nation have been derived. The constitution, therefore, of England must be, to inquisitive men of all countries, far more to ourselves, an object of superior interest; distinguished, especially, as it is from

They had raised a power greater and more formidable from the spirit that animated their numbers, than those feudal barons into whose hands they had let fall their sceptre. This wonderful populace of the Italian cities, not only overthrew the Imperial power in Italy, but proved itself more than a match for the barons round them, and gradually forced them into a citizenship they despised. Perhaps, if the Emperors hadnot been diverted from watching the gradual progress of a contemptible town-full of *villeins*, they might have crushed the hydra at its birth; but they were distracted by their contests for the throne in Germany; and when they were startled by this many-headed monster hurling defiance from its many mouths, it was too late to remedy their negligence. They were baffled, conquered, and obliged to acknowledge the liberties of a class with which they esteemed it a greater degradation to have come in contact, than to have been forced to submit to those who were once their peers.

The natural consequences of wealth, and of every citizen in turn tasting the pleasures of authority, ensued. Factions arose between nobles forced into an unwilling citizenship; and wealth and nobility of blood, always asserting, even in the most democratical government, a certain influence, soon divided the citizens against one another. The leader of a faction, by the expulsion of his adversaries, found himself the master of his own adherents, and consequently of citizens who had thus entailed slavery upon themselves. The tyranny that ensued, has nothing parallel in history. It was the more dreadful because almost purely domestic; and it soon shewed its malignant power by breaking the spirit of a noble and daring populace, reducing it to such a state of weakness, that it was alternately the prey of the Gaul and the German. Some of these towns existed longer than others in a state of freedom, but if we examine their history, we shall find that, with the exception of Venice and Genoa, like those of ancient Greece, after flourishing for a while they sank under a despotism more cruel than that which merely grows upon an acknowledged privilege. The tyranny painted by the chroniclers of modern Italy, was even more terrible than that painted by Tacitus. The same scenes of depravity, the same butcheries took place in each of the Lombard towns, that disgraced the Roman capital, but this more modern tyranny was rendered worse by the greater number of the tyrants. For an individual to escape was impossible; for he was under the *surveillance* of spies who knew of projects almost before they were formed. Venice and Genoa can hardly be called republics: they were both oligarchies of the most determined nature. The tyranny of the Venetians is well known; and those who read the Genoese history, must remember that all the contests in that republic, turned upon whether a Doria, a Spinola, a Negri, or some other

family should usurp it over their equals. They furnish, however, the instances of the longest duration, in one state, of a form of government dependent upon the will of more than one. Venice saw the fall of the Roman, the Western, and the Eastern empires, the rise and decay of the Papal and the Mahomedan powers, and was near witnessing, in the same attitude in which it saw the birth, the death of the German Imperial power.

Who would expect, on witnessing the results produced by the feudal system in these countries, that it would, in another country, be so capable of modification by the mere progress of time and circumstances, that it should at last produce a result so beautiful and perfect, that human wisdom with all the advantages of experience and knowledge, should be unable to imagine a system equally conducive to national prosperity, and equally just to all, in its distribution of freedom? The constitutions framed by the *sçavans* of France, fell to pieces ere they were put into execution. The various republics which sprang up in Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, have all, one after the other, sunk and disappeared, leaving the freedom and wealth of their citizens in the hands of some petty tyrant. Rome remained free hardly during four centuries after the expulsion of Tarquin; and during the whole of that time, the contests between the different powers of the state, were constant and sanguinary. But the English constitution, constantly progressive in improvement from the day when the barons and the clergy forced from the taloned grasp of tyranny that charter which laid the foundation of all our liberties, has now passed through the ordeal of ages, and neither finds its power decayed, nor the people grown careless of its maintenance. On the contrary, it should seem to possess as firm a hold as ever on the affections of all classes, and to have an increasing power of fixing to a soil that is not luxuriant, and to a sky that always lowers, all those who touch upon our shores.

'No unbiassed observer,' says Mr. Hallam, 'who derives pleasure from the welfare of his species, can fail to consider the long and uninterruptedly increasing prosperity of England, as the most beautiful phenomenon in the history of mankind. Climates more propitious may impart more largely the mere enjoyments of existence; but in no other region have the benefits that political institutions can confer been diffused over so extended a population; nor have any people so well reconciled the discordant elements of wealth, order, and liberty. These advantages are surely not owing to the soil of this island, nor to the latitude in which it is placed; but to the spirit of its laws, from which through various means, the characteristic independence and industriousness of our nation have been derived. The constitution, therefore, of England must be, to inquisitive men of all countries, far more to ourselves, an object of superior interest; distinguished, especially, as it is from

all free governments of powerful nations, which history has recorded, by its manifesting, after the lapse of several centuries, not merely no symptom of irretrievable decay, but a more expansive energy. Comparing long periods of time, it may be justly asserted, that the administration of government has been progressively more equitable, and the privileges of the subject more secure; and though it would be both presumptuous and unwise to express an unlimited confidence as to the durability of liberties, which owe their greatest security to the constant suspicion of the people, yet if we calmly reflect upon the present aspect of this country, it will probably appear, that whatever perils may threaten our constitution, are rather from mischiefs altogether unconnected with it, than from any intrinsic defect of its own.' Vol. ii. p. 127.

What then are the circumstances to which we are indebted for these advantages over every surrounding nation? At every step of the inquiry, we are astonished at observing the apparently weak materials with which Providence rears the most enduring and wonderful structures.

It would appear, that before the conquest, all landed property was allodial; and that part of property which was let to others, or which passed from the lord of the ground, was always held either by *libellum*, or bocland, or by the *precaria* or folkland; the first of which implies a lease either for a term of years or for life, the second, a letting during pleasure. But there seems to be no reason to imagine that there was any feudal servitude attending the tenures of any land, although there always existed a class inferior to the ceorls, which was in servitude and apparently attached to the glebe. The circumstance which approaches nearest to the appearance of feudal superiority, was, the existence of the Thanes, to one of whom it was necessary for every individual to attach himself. But not only was this during the pleasure of the inferior, but it also seems to have been more as an additional security for the keeping of the peace, generally secured by the frank-pledge, than as a feudal military tenure. We here see two distinct ranks marked out among the free men, the Thane and the Ceorl. It appears, however, that the Thane was only the possessor of a greater portion of land, and that any one gaining the same amount of property, became of this elevated class. So that even under our Saxon ancestors, the ennobling power of mere blood was unknown. There was, in fact, but one class of freemen; for though the Ceorl, the precursor of our yeoman, did not possess the same right of weregild, as to the amount, still he enjoyed all the civil rights of the Thane, and the right, in criminal cases, of asserting his innocence by the means of the compurgators. The villeins, or native Britons, were slaves; but even they, it would appear, had privileges

which marked them as superior to those of the same class on the continent: on this island, under the conqueror, they seem to have enjoyed the right of property, and could claim the rank of Thane, when they could produce the proofs of the possession of sufficient land. The weregild paid as a commutation by the assassin of a villein, was always, however, less than in the case of the lowest Saxon. The existence of these privileges in the lowest orders, naturally produced a peasantry which might form the boast of our Saxon ancestors, as those of later times, the yeomen, did that of our fathers. And though gradually after the conquest, the villeins were increased in number by the oppression of many of the ceorls, and though they were more oppressed in consequence of the destruction of their right in property, still England was never without that valuable class, the free small landholders. These very oppressions, also, found a remedy in the establishment of the right of freedom and burghership in those villeins who resided in a town. Another great cause of the superiority of the Saxon peasantry, was, certainly, the possession of courts in the immediate neighbourhood of each. In these, they always found ready justice in civil cases, without appeal, that ingenious expedient for lengthening out and delaying the course of justice, so advantageous to the rich, so ruinous to the poor! In these courts also, they were allowed to free themselves from the imputation of crimes, upon the oath of twelve of their equals, called compurgators. A great deal of ingenuity has been employed, and a great deal of research wasted, in the attempt to find out some nearer approach than this in the Saxon law, to our institution of Trial by Jury. But we think that this was exactly our Jury, wanting only the additional circumstance of holding its sittings in the court in the presence of the judges, and the advocate on each side. For we cannot suppose that these compurgators took their oath of the accused's innocence before they had maturely examined into the facts. They perhaps, approached, indeed, nearer to our grand jury than to a petty jury, and in the circumstance of their hearing only one side, they partook in a much greater degree of the disadvantages of that institution. But still, the great principle of a verdict being given upon the evidence before them, by twelve peers of the party, which verdict was binding upon the judge, is as strongly marked here as in our more modern institution.

The mere existence of a peasantry like this, at the moment of the institution of the feudal system in this country, was in itself adequate to modify very considerably its general effects. And accordingly, we find that, when William the Conqueror had usurped the throne, even after his division of the lands into

fiefs, there are undoubted traces in Domesday Book, of this hardy race having weathered the storm, and of their being considered as freeholders in their native soil. Soccage tenure is spoken of as one of the noble forms of holding land in all our oldest law books, and it was by this Saxon form of tenure that our race of yeomen held their lands. Another great proof of its influence is, that while in France there came at last to be three classes, the noble, the freeman, and the villein, in England there never existed but two, the freeman and the villein. For though in France we may at an early period trace the existence of allodial property, it soon became absorbed in the feudal tenure, as we have already stated, causing in that country the immediate contact of the villein and the noble. But in England, there was no such line of demarcation; for there was no class which depended for their privileges upon the boast of having the blood of some noble ancestor flowing in their veins; and the line between the freeman and the villein, was never very marked or very galling. As the smallest portions of property were generally secure, the lower order of freemen melted gradually into the class of those attached to the soil, especially when the practice of granting land on copyhold became common.

But one of the great causes of our freedom, was, the policy of the Conqueror in not forming such enormous fiefs as should make even the throne tremble. The fiefs were sufficiently large to give influence and honour to the possessors, yet, the public peace could not be disturbed by them with impunity, for the commands of the king necessarily ensured obedience. Thus, those ruinous effects which ensued in the governments of Germany and France, were avoided. There was always a power superior to the baron, to keep him in check, and it required the union of the whole body of this rank, to act against the king. This sheltered the monarch from the party ambition of any individual; while, if he infringed upon the privileges of the body, he was certain, as in the cases of Stephen, John, and others, to bring down their united vengeance upon his head. The nobles were at the same time obliged to espouse the cause of every rank below them, for their sons and nearest relatives were in those inferior ranks. The circumstance of there being no nobility without possession of land immediately from the king, prevented any line being drawn in the gradual descent of the families of these nobles into the lower orders. There never existed in England a name answering to *roturier*,—there never existed a privileged rank free from taxation. Though the peers at first taxed themselves separately from the Commons, and always in a smaller proportion, this not only was merely personal, but arose probably from the property of the merchant and inferior agriculturist consisting in more profitable capitals. The only fear that ever

could have existed in the mind of an Englishman, was, tha there should arise a distinction between the two nations, the Norman and the English; for even in the reign of Henry the Second, we find that the national feeling was not softened towards the conquerors. But fortunately, the avarice of the kings of the Norman race, did not spare, in its insatiable thirst for riches, the Norman Baron more than the English Thane. The consequence was, that the conquerors found themselves soon obliged to seek protection from the conquered, and, by affecting English manners and English prejudices in favour of an old Saxon constitution they did not understand, to gain their affections, thus becoming undistinguishable from the Thanes of former days.

Another apparently slight institution, which grew up in progress of time to be the great bulwark of our constitution, also arose from the fiefs being of a moderate size and immediately dependent upon the crown. We mean the constant attendance given by the Barons at the King's councils; an attendance the kings of France could not obtain till very modern times. From this attendance, the relations of the whole were more thoroughly understood. The Baron, coming from his own country into the King's council, learnt the state and opinion of the different parts of the nation from the other Barons, who, like himself, were well informed of every thing around their own residences. Hence arose gradually the English parliament. It consisted, at first, of the temporal and the ecclesiastical peers; but soon, from the uncertainty of who were Barons immediately holding of the crown, many of the *liberi tenentes* were summoned. There was as yet no approach to an elective representation. But as the Barons always brought with them great numbers of their retainers who, though they had no voice, were imposing in the mass, the King, anxious to deprive them of the power of introducing these retainers, and by that means to render the assembly more manageable, determined to take away from them the pretence of bringing them as representatives of the other classes, by himself issuing summonses to the various sheriffs to return knights for the shires. The King found also his advantage in the summoning of these representatives, since he obtained by the votes of this House of Commons, the consent of the nation to the taxes. But at the same time, the people began to feel their force, and to perceive the power of public opinion. It appears that at first, the electors of the knights of the shire, were only tenants in chief; but these gradually becoming more numerous from the division of their property, soon fell to a level with the common freeholders; and when it at length became difficult to distinguish between the different tenures, the sheriffs imperceptibly allowed the votes of freeholders to become valid. The shires having thus acquired representatives, soon excited

the towns to desire the same distinction; at the same time that the King, pressed by the want of subsidies, was anxious to obtain representatives of those who held in their possession the greatest mass of the disposable wealth of the kingdom. They were at first few in number, and called irregularly to sit; but the war in Scotland under Edward, soon fixed them, by frequent summons, more firmly in their seats amidst the Commons. This gave an immense addition of power to the representative council, who knew how to take advantage of the wants of the King, while asserting those rights which they felt to belong to them as freemen, during the wars both of France and Scotland. It was indeed fortunate, that the two most enterprising of our kings, Edward I. and Edward III. were thus engaged. Much as we may deprecate the ambitious rapacity that actuated the oppressor of Bruce, and the unjust presumption that induced his grandson to aspire to add another sceptre to that of England, still we have cause for gratitude to the Providence which overruled their ambition, so as to render it the means of consolidating our constitutional liberties.

Before the reign of Henry the VIIth, the rights of parliament were sufficiently established to ensure the gradual relief of whatever oppressed the subject or infringed upon the rights of a class. That balance which is our great boast at the present day, was already established between the three orders. The King's ministers were held responsible. The King had the opportunity, by refusing assent to the petition of the Commons, of discovering whether it was merely the freak of momentary bad humour, or was the result of public opinion, in which case it would be repeated. In cases of what he esteemed an infringement of his own rights, he had the power of refusing it altogether. The Commons had obtained the right of free speech, of representing their grievances before the subsidies were granted, and of obtaining an answer to them before the session was terminated. The shock of any difference between the commons and the peers, was precluded by the circumstance, that the immediate relatives of the latter could sit among the former. At the same time, all violent altercation between the king and the people, was repressed by the intervention of the peers, who had immediate intercourse with him, and were many of them related to him. It is by this gradual identification of ranks, that our liberty has been secured without bloodshed, and without any violent commotion. The revolution which led to the decapitation of Charles I., was indeed both violent and bloody; but this arose from the infringement of rights already acknowledged, rather than from the demand of new privileges. Many persons are inclined to believe, that our present constitutional liberty was the achievement of the will of a few at the memorable

era of 1688. It requires, however, but a slight knowledge of history, to perceive the futility of this statement. The Bill of Rights was, like the *confirmatio chartarum* of Edward the Ist, a formal assertion on the one part, and an acknowledgement on the other, of rights that had been gained many years before.

We have thus rapidly traced a slight outline of the causes which operated in bringing on an aristocracy in Germany, a monarchy in France, a democracy in Italy, and a free constitution in England. It seems to us that the great size of the fiefs in the first three, was a main cause of the wreck of their freedom; whilst in England, the original balance being preserved between the royal domains and the feudal baronies, laid the foundation of the future free and peaceful government. The great boast of an Englishman arose, then, from a circumstance which no human foresight could have supposed to be able to influence the future liberty of a villein. There still remain many inquiries worthy of the attention of those who would examine the more minute springs of human action. In the histories of the middle ages, we read of undertakings begun upon so grand and large a scale, that we cannot conceive how the various parts of so great and so discordant a body could be actuated by one impulse. We view with astonishment the armies of nobles poured forth by Europe, as if they had started from the soil in defence of that religion which spread its mantle over their country, trampling the Asiatic plains with the pomp of conquerors. The Grecian empire bowed before their steps as they passed, and was at last laid prostrate by that force which should have driven the enemies of its religion and name from its gates. Nor are the actions of the populace less wonderful. The Italian republics acted over again the achievements of ancient Greece, and defeated, in the two Fredericks, the Darius and the Xerxes of Germany; men of more splendid genius, and attended by troops more hardy, though less numerous, than the Eastern slaves of the Persian kings.

The ignorance of the barons in general, excites our contempt. They were wholly illiterate, could not even sign their name, and few could read. Their studies consisted merely of the use of arms, and the occupations of the chace. When night forced them to remain at home, they gave themselves up to rude carousals, at which the vassals asserted almost an equality with their lord. But while we contemn their ignorance and barbarism, we must not forget how much all that is splendid in the annals of chivalry, was owing to this very simplicity of character. Their motives of action were not numerous; they had not derived from study and civilization that complex modification of sentiment and passion by which men are now actuated. They obeyed only those inartificial impulses which form the common

inducements of mankind, and the prejudices instilled into them from the earliest infancy. They had imbibed at their mother's breast, that spirit of independence which their fathers had brought from their native fastnesses; and from the priesthood, they had implicitly received a vague sentiment of veneration and love for the Son of the Virgin, who, they were taught, sacrificed himself to redeem them from the fatal consequences of their lawless life. This instinctive feeling of independence gave an elasticity to their minds, which allowed all the peculiarities of the individual to be thrown out, and prevented that sameness of opinion and feeling, not to say of countenance, which are found pervading the subjects of an oppressive despotism. Any individual, therefore, of talent and penetration, might learn more of mankind by his personal observation of character, which lay so open to his view, than he could possibly have acquired from all the professors of *trivia* in the universities. Thus there was presented an excellent school for the study of human nature; at the same time that, to produce the first steps of a great enterprise, it was necessary only to work upon a very few general feelings. Hence may be accounted for, those wonderful effects which were produced by means apparently inadequate to the result. It was from this cause, that Asia, when the crusades were preached by a simple pilgrim, swallowed a great portion of the European active population. Their devotion and their love of independence, were worked upon by the thought, that the scene of their Lord's appearance on earth could not be visited by his worshippers without peril.

If we examine with attention the history of the crusades, we shall find that the Pope and the Hermit uniformly addressed themselves to nations the least advanced in civilization. Italy, which helped the warlike pilgrims so materially with her fleets, was little moved by either their eloquence or their promises. Her sons embarked in it as upon a mercantile speculation, contenting themselves with carrying from one side of the Mediterranean to the other, those who shoaled to the northern shores from the comparatively barbarian kingdoms of France and Germany, where the eloquence of monks, though preaching in a language their auditors did not understand, had carried away the population of villages, and almost emptied cities. A mob, which comprises individuals of the greatest variety of character, every one knows, is led with the greatest ease by those who know how to touch the feelings which are common to the whole; while the sublimest bursts of eloquence are listened to in an assembly of our gentlemen, with little sensible effect, or with no other emotion than that of complacent admiration. The great advantage of education, is, the exemption it brings from the sweeping thraldom of the passions. It is rare that we meet with an en-

thusiast whose mind has been accustomed to rest upon a variety of objects. It certainly destroys the poetry of life, and it gives to the individual a poor compensation for that abstraction from the influence of external objects, which attends him who is wrapped in one master thought; but it augments the happiness of the mass, and throws certainly a more sober feeling and a more comfortable aspect over the whole. We, therefore, who witness education gradually extending amongst the lower orders, must calculate upon each individual becoming less susceptible of a general excitement: we cannot hope to see another crusade.

If we examine the literary history of Europe, it would seem that the opportunity of watching the development of character afforded by periods of rude liberty, or warlike excitement, or revolutionary commotion, in which the passions of all are engaged, and the actuating springs of conduct laid open, have always proved the best education of a powerful and original genius. The four greatest poets, who have most forcibly painted human nature, flourished under circumstances of this description. Homer lived amidst the barbarous independence almost of the forest, which marked the early ages of Greece, when no passion could be checked by a government which had not the power of enforcing obedience, no feeling suppressed by the frown of society that had not learnt the refinements and virtues of civilization. Dante was immersed in all those contests which threw out half the population of several cities into exile, and left untenanted half the streets of before crowded towns. Shakspeare saw almost the first ebullitions of that spirit which brought on the Reformation, and watched the passions of religious parties, as they contended one with another, hoping or despairing with the course of events. Milton was one whose transcendent genius must have distinguished itself under any circumstances. As a writer, he would have acquired the fame of erudition, or of an Italian elegance of style, but he would never have produced his great effort, unless he had witnessed the contest between an arbitrary monarch and a people determined to be free. And if we mark the different epochs called the golden ages of literature, we shall find that they have occurred either after some struggle for political liberty, as in Greece, in Rome, or in Florence, or after some national religious or civil contest, as in France or England.

Notwithstanding all the barbaric darkness of the feudal times, we are, nevertheless, indebted to the institutions of that age, for domestic benefits greater than any which have descended to us from the enlightened nations of Greece and ancient Rome. There can be no doubt that we owe to the feudal system, the elevation of the female character, and the

social equality of the sexes. In Greece, as still in Asia, woman was the plaything and the slave, but never the companion of man; while we have the authority of Tacitus for ascribing to the barbarous Germans, a sacred observance of the nuptial tie, an equality between the sexes, and a participation on the part of woman in all the pleasures and occupations of her lord, which strikingly contrasted with the habits and manners of the polished Romans. To the institutions of chivalry, we must also refer the sentiment of honour, and the feeling of confidence, which belong to the character designated by the term *gentleman*. The word honour, in the modern acceptation of it, has no synonyme in the Latin language. It was the spirit of chivalry which caused a man's word to be held more sacred than life, and excited, between the *preux chevaliers* of contending armies, an emulation as much in courtesy as in prowess.

'It is as a school of moral discipline,' remarks Mr. Hallam, 'the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit excited its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged; most branded by general infamy. The feudal law books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable, than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.'

We trust that this hasty view, which we have given in place of a dry abridgement of Mr. Hallam's volumes, will have at least the effect of interesting our readers in the subject of his elaborate and masterly performance. His work will certainly claim a place in every library, as a most valuable supplement to the series of histories which connect ancient and modern times.

Art. III. *On Protestant Nonconformity.* By Josiah Conder.

(Concluded from p. 422.)

THE Work now before us affords decided and unequivocal proof that our Author, though a young man, is not inexperienced in literary and theological warfare. It is constructed on the soundest principles of polemical tactics. He has followed the advice of our Lord in calculating the cost, and providing for the contest, before he declared war. A general who knows the extent and capability of his own resources, the strength of the enemy, and the means to which he is most likely to resort for defence or attack, and who expects a long and arduous campaign, will provide an ample *materiel* of well disciplined and provisioned troops, before he sets himself courageously but not unconcernedly to look for the issue. We employ this language, not for the purpose of insinuating that our Author deals in the parade of technical controversy, far less in the offensive and unchristian language in which it is so often clothed, but merely to illustrate what we conceive to be the excellence of the plan of his work. The greater part of the First Volume, is occupied either in preliminary dissertation, or in displaying the variety, and strength, and amplitude of his defensive means. The whole of the Second Volume is devoted to a direct attack on all the main, and many of the minor positions of the enemy.

When we speak of a campaign, however, we are very far from indulging the idle expectation that this, or any similar work, will now occasion protracted and interesting debate. The days are gone, in which churchmen were constrained by their own feelings, and by the state of the public mind, to meet an honourable opponent in the fair field of public discussion. If declamations against schism, if clamour and misrepresentation are controversy, we have enough of it. But unavailing were the wish, that our adversaries would furnish a book of argument. In vain are they repeatedly told, that such a work as Graham's Review of Ecclesiastical Establishments remains without a reply. Our Author, we suspect, will only add another to the list. The clergy, it would appear, have arrived at the conviction that there is wisdom in silence, or have received the King's or the Bishops' command—'Answer them not.' Or perhaps the period spoken of by Dr. Adam Smith, as the crisis of all establishments, is come to the Church of England, 'when the clergy, become 'men of learning and vigilance, who possess all the virtues of 'gentlemen, or which can recommend them to gentlemen, 'repose upon their benefices, and give themselves up to in-'dolence; and feel themselves, when attacked by a set of po-

'pular and bold, though perhaps stupid and ignorant enthu-
'siasts, as perfectly defenceless as the indolent, effeminate
'and full-fed nations of the southern parts of Asia, when
'they were invaded by the active, hardy, and hungry Tar-
'tars of the North.' Without applying either part of this description, we merely advert to the fact, that for many years, in the controversy between the Church and the Dissenters, the *argument* is almost entirely in possession of the latter. And for what appear to us obvious reasons, it is likely so to continue. A late Bampton Lecturer, indeed, has given "Protestant "Nonconformity" a passing notice, but rather in the way of representing what the Dissenters are, than of endeavouring by solid and scriptural reasoning to confute them. Though we have some reason to be displeased with this gentleman, as at a future time we shall attempt to shew, in various respects we ought not to complain; for, if we understand those parts of his work, from the discretion with which he writes, the strength of the arguments which he quotes, and the weakness with which he replies, we should conclude that the Rev. Hector Davies Morgan is not himself far from Dissent.

The Third Book of Nonconformity treats 'On the rites 'and services of the Church.' The ceremonies of the episcopal communion, and the right of the Church, or rather of the King, to appoint them, are among the most obvious of its deformities, and the most vulnerable of its pretensions to the claim of conformity to primitive Christianity. The seat indeed of the spiritual malady lies deeper than the surface of the public service. There are other ecclesiastical establishments in which the poison of state influence and secular policy, rankles in every vein, although their public ordinances approach nearer in visible form to the simplicity of apostolical appointment. A superficial observer may suppose, as many, we confess, of the older Nonconformists thought, that if the surplice, and the altar, and the cross, were removed, the bulk of the offence would be done away. But we are convinced that, although "the trappings of the throne and the "curtains of the sanctuary" were removed, while the lawfulness of human legislation in religion is held, and a state alliance with the kingdom of Christ obtains, the outward forms are of less moment; it will still be impossible for Christians to escape implication in that guilt so plainly, and on principles so obvious, charged on the Mystical Babylon and her progeny. Yet, as there are degrees in individual guilt and departure from the truth, so there are numerous steps in the progress of associated apostacy. Between the simple forms and polity of Geneva, and the splendid hierarchy of England,

there are many points of distinction, and some of them are important; but both, we believe, hold substantially the same leading principles.

In discussing the subject of church rites, it seems to be forgotten by many writers, that Christianity is almost the very opposite of a religion of ceremonies. It is eminently distinguished as the "Dispensation of the Spirit." It is the *spirit* of the Mosaic ritual, and the *truth* of all its shadows. Its own symbolical institutions are few, and of the most simple nature possible. It deals not in such commodities as 'shrines, or 'fine linen, or purple, or silk, or scarlet;' nor does it consist in meats and drink, or days; but "in righteousness and "peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Whatever system requires the aid of those human adornings "which are graven "by art and man's device," is *prima facie* something different from that which is purely spiritual in its nature, and destined solely to promote spiritual purposes; which, at the beginning of its manifestation, prostrated to the dust the consecrated objects of Jewish veneration, and all the pomp and circumstance of Gentile idolatry, and yet, under Divine influence, filled the world with its triumphs by the native energy of its offensive doctrines, and the unassuming simplicity of its service. All the ceremonies which have been received into churches, in addition to those which the Scriptures enjoin, are either of Jewish or of Pagan origin; and all attempts to enforce their observance, have a tendency either to stamp a Jewish character on the Christian system, or to corrupt it by idolatrous alliance. If an Apostle found it necessary to say to the Christian churches of Galatia, "Ye observe days, and months, "and times, and years: I am afraid of you, lest I have be-"stowed on you labour in vain,'—and to reprove the church at Rome for its contentions about "meats and drinks," and to warn the society at Colosse of the danger of being ensnared with "the commandments and doctrines of men;"—what would he have now found occasion to say to churches which have their stated solemn festivals and fasts, and their distinctions about meats, and avow their submission to human ordinances in Divine things? We ask whether much of the strong condemnatory language of the Epistles is not justly applicable to such churches, or rather to Christians connected with them? Some of the things which they observe, have, we acknowledge a shew of wisdom; but it is the wisdom of this world, and therefore foolishness with God. Others of them have an appearance of humility; but as it is a "voluntary humility," it cannot be acceptable to the Most High. On the same principles, therefore, on which the Apostle resisted the introduction of Jewish observances into the Christian churches at

the beginning, and characterised them as "weak and beggarly "elements of this world," we enter our protest against all additions to the literal observation of Christian ordinances. Such additions, however trifling in appearance, are an encroachment on the Divine prerogative; they have a tendency to turn away the mind from the "Heavenly things". of his spiritual kingdom, and to foster the idea that human appendages can add to the acceptability of worship, or render it productive of good to others.

Our Author has treated this part of his subject with great judgement. His First Chapter, on the Rule of Public Worship, which introduces the grand foundation of Protestantism, —the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and which contains all the direct and indirect arguments and objections on this branch of the controversy, is highly important and deserving of the serious attention of all classes of his readers. We are daily strengthened in our conviction that the Church of Rome is the only consistent religious establishment, and that in leaving it, there is no solid resting place but on the broad foundation of Dissent from all establishments whatever; that the objections to the purple and the tiara, are equally valid against the mitre and the surplice, and that a protest against Roman infallibility is little worth, unless followed by an unbending refusal to submit to Protestant creeds, consistories, and liturgies. One of the most imposing pretences, (for we will not dignify them with the name of arguments,) under which these uncommanded things are enforced, is, that they are indifferent and non-essential, things that, like heathen non-entities, have it not in their nature to do good, neither is it in them to do evil. In the language of warm displeasure, or of affected contempt, we are often asked why we contend about such things. We might reply, Why enforce such things, if you believe them to be of no moment? An Apostle declared that the things which the Gentiles worshipped, were no gods, but mere fictions of human imagination. He might have been told by an objector—Why then object to their worship, as according to your opinion it cannot be idolatry? Nay, said Paul, but the people believe them to "be gods many "and lords many;" on this ground, therefore, to unite with them is improper. So, in regard to things called indifferent in the service of God, since those who impose them, believe them to be essential, and those who implicitly submit to them, receive for doctrines the commandments of men, we cannot submit to the authority of the former, nor dare we countenance the will-worship of the latter. On this subject, our Author introduces an admirable note from Stillingfleet's Irenicum, and then reasons as follows:

'But the word indifferent, is itself of equivocal import. If by being left indifferent, it is meant simply that the things alluded to, are not the subject of specific command, or of specific prohibition in the New Testament, there is an obvious fallacy in the application of the term; for, if the spirit of any command extends to their being performed, or to the mode of their performance, then, they are not left indifferent. We may go further and add, that if it is the private conviction of the individual, though that conviction may be erroneous, that they are virtually comprehended in any Apostolic direction, or if it be esteemed only probable that they are virtually commanded or forbidden, to the individual so judging, the matter is not left absolutely indifferent; nor can he be discharged from the higher duty of yielding obedience to the divine authority on *any* degree of evidence, by the interposition of human authority declaring the matter to be indifferent, and founding on its indifference restrictive or positive enactments. With regard to things confessedly indifferent in themselves, which nevertheless, as respects the conscience of the individual, are not indifferent, we have the decision of an Apostle as to the positive guilt of compliance; "He that doubteth is condemned if he eat." Can then compulsive enactments enforcing obedience in matters held to be doubtful, be clear from the charge of wilfully violating the spirit of the Apostolic law? When compliance is unlawful, can the command be otherwise than unjust? Further, if the matter be left absolutely indifferent in Scripture, yet, in respect to the *reason* of the thing, it does not appear to the individual to be indifferent, the conscience still claims an immunity from human obligations, as the necessary condition of religious actions; still resents the imposition of an arbitrary standard of such actions, which is not founded upon their intrinsic quality as acceptable or unacceptable to the Great Object of Worship.' pp. 336—339.

That there is no book of Leviticus in the New Testament, as some controvertists contend, we admit, but in a qualified sense. This language is used with an ill-grace by those who, if we have no book of Leviticus in the New Testament, appear to have themselves a book of Leviticus out of it. Theirs is indeed an apocryphal book, and therefore excluded from our canon; but it is as binding on the consciences of many Churchmen, as ever the Levitical law was on the Jews. For this, those who framed it must answer to Him who will demand, in regard to all additions to his instituted worship, "Who "hath required these at your hand?" After some excellent reasonings on this topic, our Author justly remarks:

'The proposition, that every thing relating to the worship of God which is not commanded, is forbidden, presents after all, when rightly understood, the only satisfactory conclusion on which we can rest. As those co-necessary natural circumstances which adhere to every action, are virtually comprehended in the precept which is the basis of the instituted duty, so, whatsoever

circumstances, considered strictly as means of discharging what is positively enjoined, conduce to the more decent and impressive performance of the duty, are strictly consonant with the Divine command; are permissively, although not specifically, involved in it. On the contrary, whatsoever does not partake of the strictly subordinate character of means, or, if the term may be allowed, does not come under the description of *modal circumstances* of obedience,—whatsoever is added as a moral or religious circumstance with the view of constituting the action either more efficient, or more acceptable to the Lord of worship, is to be condemned as superstition; it being that sort of addition to the commandments of God, which is expressly forbidden. The application of this axiom may, like that of every general principle, be a matter of some delicacy; for this very reason, the decision must ultimately be left with conscience; but thus much there is no room for hesitation in affirming, that all symbolical or ceremonial worship, not expressly instituted by God himself, borders on modal idolatry. These form a part of worship, therefore, they are worship, and worship uncommanded *is* forbidden,—the analogy warrants the use of the metaphor,—it is *strange fire.* The ritual consecration of places and things, is clearly no part of the circumstantials of obedience; it has no relation to any positive commandment, and must be classed with those palpable corruptions of Christianity by human invention, which the Scriptures pointedly condemn. "It is not in the power of man," it has been well remarked, "to determine of any such religious or 'holy place, because he can make none so." Here Protestants are called upon to make a stand, and to reiterate the famous declaration of Chillingworth in terms somewhat modified: the New Testament, the New Testament only is the religion of Christians. The relative holiness of any time, or place, or thing, as a religious circumstance which can originate in nothing short of the positive ordinance of God. True it is, that "there is no book of Leviticus in the New Testament," for *there is nothing Levitical in Christianity.* Such things are not left indifferent; they are strictly analogous to those Judaical superstitions which the Apostle Paul combats in his Epistles, with all the force of inspired authority. As to many of them, their origin is by no means unequivocal. Christian Rome adopted them from Pagan Rome, grafting the religion of temples on the religion of Churches,—thus producing the religion of Cathedrals,—a religion of sacrifices, and altars, and vestments, and priests, and holy days, and holy ground. Protestant Episcopacy has unwittingly imported some of these Pagan antiquities, and having given them Christian baptism, would fain pass them off as decorous and edifying solemnities. But "what saith the Scripture?" pp. 348—351.

In the Second Chapter of this Book, 'On the nature of public Ordinances,' we are, with much satisfaction, carried through the controversy on forms of prayer, preaching, and

the sacraments. The common arguments in support of prescribed human forms of devotion, are candidly stated, and are met with replies which, in our opinion, more than invalidate them. With most of those replies our readers are probably already familiar; but the following historical remarks on the Prayer-book, deserve attention for the candour and liberality which they display.

'At no period, however, could the use of the Prayer-book have been generally dispensed with in the Establishment. Had the imposition only been less rigorous and unconditional, had free prayer been still allowed to those who stood not in need of a form, little controversy would have arisen as to the general expedience of the enactment, while the excellence of the compilation, in connexion with the habits of the clergy, would have effectually secured its adoption. From the Reformation to the Commonwealth, a very large proportion of the Churches were supplied by mere readers, whose utter incompetency either to preach or to pray, rendered the expedient of a prescribed form absolutely necessary. Many of the benefices remained in the hands of concealed papists, and the general character of the clergy was so low, both in respect to moral and intellectual qualifications, that when, in the reign of Elizabeth, a survey was made by royal authority, of the state of the parishes throughout the kingdom, there did not appear, on the face of the returns, to be one minister in ten tolerably qualified for the office. To be able to read, was, in those times, a distinguishing attainment, and even the parish-clerk was not unfrequently in holy orders. Sermons were for the most part, in the country cures, out of the question, and it was literally true, no Common Prayer-book, no Common Prayer. The value of such a compilation as the English Liturgy, at that period, considered simply as a means of instruction, must not be lightly appreciated. Richard Baxter, who describes the state of the parochial clergy as being, when he was young, deplorable in the extreme, in point of both ignorance and immorality, yet frankly testifies that he joined in the Liturgy, then, with as hearty fervency as afterward he did with other prayers. "As long as I had no prejudice against it, I had no stop in my devotions from any of its imperfections." So true is it that the spirit of piety is often found in combination with the humblest degrees of religious knowledge! Let this simple-hearted statement have all the weight which it can claim: it is certainly adapted to repress any doubt, (if such doubts are entertained,) as to the efficiency of the written service for the purposes of devotion; it may teach Dissenters to unite with a just preference of their own mode, a respectful and candid appreciation of the ritual of the Episcopal church. It is the spirit of imposition which is to be deprecated, as the source of all the unhallowed feelings which have mingled in this controversy,—the impious attempt to prescribe to men in what way alone they shall be suffered to unite in prayer to their Maker.' pp. 399—401.

This is only one of the many instances which might be brought to shew that Dissenters have never been backward to

acknowledge the usefulness and excellence of the Church prayers. Such acknowledgements, however, have been very rarely returned. Dissenting compliments to the Liturgy, are supposed by Churchmen to be extorted from secret and perhaps smothered convictions, that nothing at all equal to them is ever heard in a conventicle, and are viewed merely as unwilling tributes of discovered homage to the unrivalled superiority of their venerable service-book. The prayers of Dissenters, instead of being treated with respect or civility, are too often most wantonly reproached and insulted as compounds of every thing fanatical, monstrous, and even blasphemous. We can forgive such reproaches, but we cannot allow Churchmen to be properly qualified judges in the affair. We have the means of judging as correctly as Churchmen, of the nature and merits of their prayers, but none but Dissenters are qualified to speak of the prayers usually presented in our churches. That individual among the Dissenters who has paid the most eloquent tribute to the Liturgy it has perhaps ever received, (a tribute gladly seized by Churchmen, and used in a manner the Author never could have designed) is in the daily practice of producing unpremeditated devotional addresses equal in simplicity and pathos, to the sublimest strains of Liturgical composition that the world has ever seen. But in conducting this part of our sacred service, we do not consider an eminent individual as raised to an unapproachable altitude above his brethren. Had it not been for his eulogy on the Liturgy, we should not now have thus referred specially to him. We have many others, men of far inferior powers of pulpit eloquence, men without a name in the annals of literature, or the records of science, but whose language in leading the devotions of Sion, it is a privilege to hear. We will not go so far as a northern journalist, who some time ago asserted that the worst prayer he ever heard in the church of Scotland, was at least equal to any in the English prayer-book; but we will assert, on grounds on which we cannot be met by Churchmen, that the prayers generally offered up by the regular Dissenting Ministers, for comprehension of the state and circumstances of their audience, for propriety and scriptural expression, and for fitness to produce ardent and elevated devotional feeling, will not only bear the most rigid comparison with the established forms, but would be found considerably superior.

In treating of the ordinance of preaching, our Author examines the strange language in which Conformists have frequently contrasted prayer and public teaching, with the evident design of lessening the importance of the latter. If all comparisons are odious, those which relate to the practical importance of ordinances confessedly equally divine, are detest-

able. To speak lightly of that institution which Inspiration pronounces to be the power and the wisdom of God for saving the guilty, is a degree of presumptive temerity which neither rank nor age ought to shelter from reprobation. It is employed from a consciousness that is ill concealed, that in preaching—solid, effective preaching, the Church will not bear a comparison with the Dissenters. Of late years, we frankly and gladly acknowledge, that some of the best and most useful preachers in the country, are clergymen; but, as our Author justly remarks,

'At one period, the importance of preaching, as the grand business of the Evangelical ministry, might strictly have been termed a tenet of Nonconformity; for notwithstanding some exceptions similar to the above passage, in the writings of Episcopal divines, the sentiment itself has been generally regarded as Puritanical, and an evident anxiety has been betrayed by the established clergy in general, not to symbolize, in this respect, with the Calvinistic Dissenters. What has powerfully tended to exasperate the opponent parties into the extremes of opinion, has been the obviousness of the fact, that the Episcopal Church has been on this point exceedingly vulnerable, in consequence of the clergy being for the most part incompetent, as well as indisposed, to the task of preaching, and the churches being filled with mere readers of hired sermons. Hence it has been felt as imperative on the advocates of the Establishment, to attempt to demonstrate, first, that sermons are not a principal—are, in fact, a subordinate and dispensable part of the public service; and secondly, that reading is preaching. Preaching is styled by Hooker—"The blessed ordinance of God;" but then, the bare reading of the Scripture lessons of the Liturgy, he would fain have us regard as an efficient discharge of this part of the Christian ministry. The same sophistical apology for the deficiencies of the preacher, is still frequently adduced by members of the Establishment. "There are the Prayers and the lessons of the Liturgy; if these do not avail, what would sermons effect?" How urgent must be the necessity which drives good men into such subterfuges of reasoning! Vain, vain, as experience amply testifies, are all the formalities of the desk, if the pulpit be lifeless." pp. 406—408.

All the statements respecting the preaching of the Dissenters are very important, especially viewed as the testimony of well informed and candid laymen, whose opportunities of judging are known to be peculiarly favourable. The public at large, indeed, and high Churchmen themselves, can, without contracting the pollution of unconsecrated walls, more easily judge of the qualities of the sermons of Dissenting Ministers, from the multitude continually published, than of the nature of their prayers, which are rarely exhibited from the press. But as we have so many more preachers than writers, it is desirable to hear the estimate which is formed by a judicious person, of the general discourses which are delivered from our

ts. We shall therefore make room for the following
ct.

xtemporaneous preaching, if that phrase is meant to apply in
restricted sense than regards the habit of delivery, is not the
ce of the Protestant Dissenters. The most illiterate of their
iers are, with exceptions too few to affect the general state-
addicted to scriptural research by the help of expositors and
entators, and to extensive theological reading, preparatory to
blic service; and this habit arises not merely from the same
f inclination which has led them to desire the work of the mi-
, but from a sort of necessity imposed upon them by the reli-
knowledge and intelligence which are found diffused among the
ers of the humblest Dissenting community. Detraction may
discover some two or three cases to blazon as specious proofs
calumnies; but, taking the very lowest ground in estimating
alifications of the great body of Dissenting Ministers, educated
neducated, the assertion is far within the line of truth, that
hatsoever deficiencies they may be chargeable on the score of
ion, classical literature, mathematical science, and general
edge, of this one thing they are not ignorant—the religion of
ble: their acquaintance with theology is far beyond that of the
lity of the clergy; their attainments in Biblical literature, so
accessible in the vernacular language, may often bear a similar
rison; a large proportion of the works of this kind which issue
he press, are, it is notorious, purchased by Dissenting Minis-
notwithstanding their limited incomes. But with regard to the
mental science of Christianity, as the business of the heart and
life, in its relations to the wants and hopes and characters of
s sinful and as dying, to whom as such the Gospel brings the
e of salvation,—in this respect, their competency for the of-
ey have assumed, rests on far better grounds than that of many
school-bred clergy, who glory in an episcopal ordination, which
nveyed to them nothing but the burden of an abused responsi-
"By their fruits ye shall know them." The beneficial influ-
hich the despised efforts of licensed preachers, have visibly ex-
n the morals and social character of the lower classes, when all
xpedients have failed, extending itself, in numerous instances,
population of a township or a district which previously exhibit-
most unfavourable aspect, is a fact attested by what is continu-
cing place in the light of day. Let the means be decried as
al; their operation must needs be viewed by men of this world
terious, but the effects it will be hard to dispute against. So
ver pleased God, by that preaching which men deem foolish-
o save them who believe.

e preaching of the more regularly educated Protestant Dis-
, (who, if the Wesleyan Methodists are not included, form a
nsiderable proportion of licensed teachers, very few persons
dmitted to the pulpits of the Nonconformists, who have not re-
some academical preparation for the ministry,) is of a descrip-
hich does not warrant the subdued tone of apology. It exhi-
r the most part, an exertion of intellect, a solidity of thought

and an energy of feeling, which combining with the transcendent interest of the subject, present, in some instances, the nearest approaches to eloquence with which modern assemblies are familiar. Not that the crowded auditories which evangelical preaching, and such preaching only is found uniformly to attract, are held together by the mere powers of oratory; much as it is adapted to interest and impress, to witness the animation of a speaker who is obviously in earnest, the true secret of the attraction lies not in the preacher, but in his doctrine; is not attributable to the wisdom of man, but to the power of God.' pp. 412—415.

The section on the Sacraments, we must dismiss with a very few remarks. We wish the Author had more decidedly objected to the technical and Popish term by which the two religious institutions of the Protestants, and the seven of the Romanists, are denoted. A fair opportunity was afforded him of painting out the injurious consequences which have resulted to Christianity, from the introduction of exotic terms to describe the doctrines or the institutions of the religion of Jesus. We require them not; for that doctrine or ordinance which has not an appropriate scriptural designation, may without fear be discarded from our faith and practice. The word sacrament, was coined to clothe with mystery the simplest institution ever appointed to form part of a religious service. It contributed powerfully to accelerate the entire perversion of the Supper of our Lord; it still assists in maintaining the most mistaken and pernicious views of it; and till we get rid of this and all similar unnecessary and foreign words, we despair of anything like a general return to the simplicity of Christ.

We wish also, that Mr. C. could have waived the discussion on Infant Baptism. Not that we think any one has a right to be offended with what he says, nor because we think his views unscriptural; but because we regret that, in such a work as the present, any of the differences among the evangelical Dissenters should have a prominent place. We are not surprised that he should have been led into a discussion of this point, nor are we prepared to say how he could altogether have avoided it. To the ability and originality of some of his reasonings we beg to give our decided testimony. We cannot suppress the expression of our painful, though unavailing regrets, that the great body of orthodox Dissenters should have been so long and so widely separated from each other, merely by one point, and that of such a nature as does not affect their views of each other's Christianity, nor interfere with the public social services of that fellowship to which they desire mutually to belong.

'To one class of Nonconformist readers,' says our Author,

ne apology may appear due, for the introduction of sen-
ents on one controverted point in which they cannot
supposed to acquiesce.' We are sure, however, of one
, that both Baptist and Pædobaptist Dissenters will
e in the able exposure of the destructive errors con-
d in the baptismal service of the Church of England.
we no other reasons for withdrawing from all connexion
it, than its antichristian sentiments respecting the ini-
y and commemorative ordinances of the Gospel, we
ld consider them as amply sufficient. By the former
ution, some of the deadliest errors of Popery are taught
nstilled into the minds of our population. By the latter,
holiest of our sacred rites is prostituted to the rites
purposes of an erroneous policy. We want terms to
ss our sense of the guilt attached to the Christian part of
Church of England, who continue to countenance and
ort the observation of the ordinance which they must
to be daily practised in their Church. They will not
er at our language when they remember the words of a
of their own.

> 'Hast thou by statute shoved from its design
> The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
> And made the symbols of atoning grace
> An office key, a picklock to a place,
> That infidels may prove their title good
> By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood?
> A blot, that will be still a blot, in spite
> Of all that grave apologists may write;
> And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
> He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.'—COWPER.

e have left ourselves too little room for a full consi-
ion of the last, but not the least important book in the
'On Ecclesiastical Establishments'; a subject which
occupied the attention of statesmen, and judges, and
cal economists, as well as of theologians. Our Author
ines it in all its bearings, and by the strength, and
ss, and lucidness of his reasonings, shews that he has
nd deeply studied this most interesting topic of his work.
d, we are disposed to consider this as the ablest and most
ble part of his volumes, and as that which does him the
st credit as an enlightened Christian, an able reasoner,
sound politician. The most ingenious treatise on the
side of this subject with which we are acquainted, is
Alliance between Church and State,' by Bishop War-
n. It is a work which abounds with all the distinctive
arities of that singular man; with his paradoxes, his
ss assertions, his dogmatic boldness, and his ingenious,

but sophistical reasonings. The Bishop found an able adversary in a member of his own Church, Archdeacon Blackburn, whose 'Confessional,' however unfortunately for the author's consistency, effectually exposed the futility and unsoundness of many of Warburton's reasonings. On the Dissenting side of the controversy, the ablest performance with which we were furnished previously to the appearance of the work now before us, was Graham's Review, to which we have already adverted. Though the style and arrangement of that work are very imperfect, it contains the most enlightened views of civil and ecclesiastical policy; and, as the production of an obscure Dissenting Minister in Newcastle, and published during the very height of the excitement produced by the French revolution, is entitled to no ordinary praise. By far the most candid and plausible defence of Ecclesiastical Establishments, is from the pen of Dr. Paley. To the section in his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," which treats on this subject, our Author has chiefly devoted his attention.

The Book begins with an exposure of the injustice of charging disowned consequences, chiefly of a political nature, on theological opinions, in which, very pointed remarks are made on some sentiments of Judge Blackstone, and the Quarterly Review. The question is then fairly stated. Nonconformity is shewn to be entirely a religious affair, a practical duty, which considerations of political expediency can have no share in determining; and the dissatisfaction of Dissenters with the Establishment, is shewn to proceed from no antisocial sentiments, from no ambition of ascendancy, but from general views as to the impropriety of any such interference as Establishments involve, on the part of the civil magistrate, with the concerns of religion. This leads to an examination of three things; the right of the state to select and endow a particular sect, the duty of the civil governor to provide religious instruction for the nation, and the expediency of that particular means of provision. In the course of the discussion on these inquiries, two statements of Milner's are taken up and fully examined; That it is the *right* of the state, to ordain what it judges conducive to its preservation, and the good of society, and that it is its *duty* to make laws concerning religion, if it regards the temporal good of its subjects. Our Author irrefragably shews that this argument, if it proves any thing, proves that civil governors who have false views of religion, have the same right to establish those, as others have to establish the true religion.

'The esteemed ecclesiastical historian already referred to, after having stated in his chapter upon Establishments, that "it is not

" possible to construct a government that shall preserve order and " decorum, without some religious establishment," takes notice of an objection to his hypothesis, which he owns to be, on its first proposal, rather startling: " Suppose the Civil Magistrate should " happen to have formed an erroneous judgement concerning the " true religion: will he not, in that case, according to the principle " of general expediency, be justified in establishing a false one?" To this query, the Dean scruples not to give a decisive negative: " Nothing can justify the magistrate in establishing a false religion." He waives the consideration of such countries as have never heard of Jesus Christ and his Gospel, founding his assertion on the fullness and clearness of the evidences of Christianity, the rejection of which must betray, he argues, great wickedness of heart. This exception, however, can avail nothing, as a qualification of the general position which he has laid down, that a government cannot preserve good order and decorum without some religious establishment. For either Pagan and Mahommedan establishments are necessary and conducive to good government in those countries which have never heard of Jesus Christ, or they are not: if they are necessary, the Supreme Magistrate in those countries must be considered, on this writer's hypothesis, as justified in establishing his religion, although a false one; if they are not necessary, then it is possible to construct a government that shall preserve order and decorum without some kind of religious establishment. There is no way of escaping from this dilemma, but by denying the magistrate's right to preserve order and decorum in those countries, previous to his conversion to Christianity.' pp. 504—506.

We are astonished that amid all their reasonings on this subject, the supporters of Establishments do not see the necessity of determining a previous question,—Did the Author of Christianity contemplate this use of his religion, or comprehend it among the designs of his spiritual dispensation? Is Christianity intended to reform the world, and to support its governments, or to take out of the world a people to serve the Lord? Have we any right, derived from Revelation, to employ Christianity for any purpose whatever, except what is pointed out by itself, and obviously its grand aim? Are there any instructions given in the New Testament, to kings or civil rulers, how they are to manage this new instrument of government, so as they may most effectually accomplish their own secular purposes, and by it at the same time secure its spiritual consummation? We could put many similar questions, with the firmest conviction that they neither will nor can receive any satisfactory answers. One of these would be,—Has there ever existed, or does there now exist, a government on earth, to which there can with justice be applied the denomination of *Christian* in the proper and only sense in which that much abused term ought to be used? Is the spiritual and eternal good of men, ever among the objects contemplated by

secular governments in their religious enactments? How long shall the world be abused by hypothetical arguments, which have no practical application to existing circumstances! And how long shall men whose characters are regarded with veneration, contribute to support systems of delusion and hypocrisy, by which thousands are ruined for ever!

Dr. Paley, whose defence of Establishments our Author goes on to examine, fairly and honestly gives them up as 'no 'part of Christianity; they are only the means of inculcating 'it.' It quite accords with Paley's doctrine of expediency, to assume this view of them, and then, independently of revelation, to proceed in their defence. But we must still demand, does the religion of Jesus make any provision itself for its inculcation on men? If it does, are we not bound to abide by that provision? If the apparatus of state patronage and support, forms no part of this provision, are we not bound to reject them? This, we must ever maintain, is the view of the subject by which Christians ought to be determined, and a simple appeal to the statute-book of their Master, will leave them at no loss what to conclude. The wise men of this world, we must meet on other principles. In the following passage, our Author gives us an analysis of Paley's scheme.

'According even to his notion of an ecclesiastical establishment, the following circumstances appear to be necessarily involved in the scheme: *First*, the authoritative decision of the State with regard to certain religious opinions, as the truest, if not the only true; *Secondly*, a bounty upon the propagation of belief in those opinions; *Thirdly*, a compulsive obligation laid upon all the subjects of the State, to contribute to the propagation of these opinions; *Fourthly*, the placing of the right of spiritual instruction at the disposal of the proprietors of the soil; and *Fifthly*, the virtual punishment of Dissenters.' p. 512.

These five positions, accordingly, are subjected to a long and most masterly investigation, in which the force of truth, and the acuteness of our Author, triumph over all the talent of our great Moral Philosopher, and achieve a victory, of which we hesitate not to affirm he will never be deprived. For nothing do we feel more anxious, than a fair and full discussion of the subject; but we apprehend that what Paley failed to defend, will be but feebly supported by others. We cannot trace minutely the interesting argumentation of our Author, on each of the points which he examines; but one or two passages we must notice. The whole section on 'Establish-'ments viewed as a bounty,' we consider as exceedingly valuable. Here he notices the statements of David Hume and Adam Smith, as well as the reasonings of Paley. Both those philosophers saw clearly the tendency and the design of legis-

lative interferences in religion. They hesitated not to avow, that it is the duty of a government to work upon the teachers of religion by such means as must infallibly corrupt them. And whatever may be said of the intention, that those means are employed, and that the effect of corruption takes place, are too obvious to admit of denial. The inefficiency of the bounty as respects *quality* of service, are thus justly stated.

"Hitherto we have been viewing the ineffectual operation of the bounty upon ecclesiastical performances, in respect of the mere *quantity* of service which it procures. It may be worth while just to advert to the total failure of the expedient, as regards the *quality* of the supply. The required provision is, a specific kind of religious teaching, of which the articles proposed for subscription, may be assumed to be the standard. What security is there that instruction answering to this sample shall be actually furnished? What precautions are taken to ensure, in the party undertaking to furnish it, efficient capacity to instruct? What is to prevent a totally opposite species of instruction from being administered? Obviously, none. The Articles are an instrument of exclusion, in reference not to the doctrines taught, but to the teachers who decline, on the condition of subscription, the offered bounty. Those who have subscribed to the Articles, preach, it is notorious, when they do preach, what they please; and the comparatively small minority who preach in conformity to the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles, are a class upon whom good care is taken that a very moderate share of the bounty should fall; they are the class who render the most service, and have the least pay. The same species of doctrinal instruction, is produced by teachers of other sects, without any bounty or premium upon the production, without any consequent expence to the State. If the mere supply of the natural demand were the sole object of an Establishment, the bounty upon the article, when thus shewn to be unnecessary for its production, might be expected to be withdrawn. The result of an open competition must needs be, to give a prodigious ascendancy to truth over error. People are, after all, not the less disposed to believe in a thing because it is true, nor are they inclined to disbelieve its truth, in proportion to the clearness of the evidence by which it is attested. That which is the truest religion, will in the end approve itself as the best. Besides, where the Bible is in the hands of the common people, a test is at hand, by which they may examine the nature of the tendered supply; and this will render it extremely difficult to impose upon them a vitiated article, whatever bounty is laid upon its production. It is rather a suspicious circumstance, that the receivers of this ecclesiastical bounty should, as a body, manifest so excessive an anxiety to discourage the circulation of a test which presents the infallible means of detecting imposition. This dread of the Bible, this great care "not to suffer the word of "God to go abroad without the word of man to speak for it,"—what does it denote, but a consciousness that their claims to this bounty do not arise from the quality of what they furnish, or the efficiency of the services they yield, that they rest upon a fiction, upon pretence?

This pretence is religious instruction, while the real object of the system, is, the appropriation of a bounty conceded by the State, which receives back an equivalent in influence?' pp. 540—542.

We wish our Author had considered more fully, in connexion with this part of his subject, the influence of the bounty on the people as well as on the teachers. The extent of the corrupting influence it is not easy to describe. It affects and deteriorates the religion of the Gospel in almost every point of view in which it can be considered. Milton, in a single sentence of his treatise of civil power in ecclesiastical causes, powerfully exposes the two great instruments of mischief to the Church of God, by which both priests and people have been extensively injured,—'force, on the one side, restraining, and 'hire, on the other side, corrupting the teachers of the Church.' Let the influence of these two principles be fully considered, and the tremendous evil of submitting religion to state authority will be clearly seen. We are aware it will be said, that all these are the statements of party writers, or of incompetent judges in this matter. Milton was a Dissenter and a republican. Hume and Adam Smith were infidels, and Paley, though a churchman, was too much of a secular politician to give correct views of any part of Christianity. Under these circumstances, we cannot resist making an extract from a writer to whom none of these charges or suspicions will properly apply,—a philosopher too; a member of the Church of England, in whose communion we believe he lived and died, and of whose personal religion, the most eminent female writer of the age expresses, from her own knowledge of him, a favourable opinion. We mean the celebrated Soame Jenyns.

'The moment any religion becomes national or established,' he remarks, 'its purity must certainly be lost, because it is 'then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; 'and if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them. 'Whenever temporal advantages are annexed to religious 'profession, they will be sure to call in those who have no re-'ligion at all. Knaves will embrace it for the sake of interest, 'fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and when 'once it is in these hands, Omnipotence itself can never pre-'serve its purity. The very order of men who are maintained 'to support its interests, will sacrifice them to their own; and 'being in possession of all its promises and terrors, and having 'the tenderness of childhood, the weakness of age, and the 'ignorance of the vulgar to work upon; I say, these men, 'vested with all these powers, yet being but men, will not fail 'to convert them to the selfish ends of their own avarice and 'ambition, and consequently to the total destruction of its

'original purity. From it they will lay claim to powers which 'it never designed them, and to possessions to which they have 'no right. Hence must arise hierarchies, inquisitions, and 'Popery; for Popery is but the consummation of that tyranny 'which every religious system in the hands of men is in per-'petual pursuit of, and whose principles they are all ready to 'adopt, whenever they are fortunate enough to meet with its 'success. All these evils are but the necessary consequences 'of the national establishment of *any* religion which God can 'communicate to men, in whose hands its divinity can never 'long preserve its purity, or keep it unmixed with his imper-'fections, his folly and his wickedness.' ***Free Enquiry into 'the Origin of Evil.*** p. 184.

With the highly important testimony of this writer, some parts of which look like a prophecy, and which we wish may operate as a warning, the language of our Author, on the interference of Establishments with the Christian Ministry, nearly corresponds.

'The ministry of the Gospel was not instituted with any view to civil utility; it is a means of a truly spiritual character, having reference to objects as vastly transcending in importance every thing with which the speculations of politicians are conversant, as eternity is longer than time. It has one simple end to which as a means it is perfectly and exclusively adapted: that end is the salvation of the soul. Its perfection consists in its simplicity and its universality; while its efficiency depends upon the promised agency of the Spirit of God; and as these its peculiar characteristics were most strikingly displayed before it had any alliance with wealth or power, when it was employed in defiance of their utmost efforts of opposition, so it is incapable of being aided in its Divine achievements, it cannot but be injured, by a combination with secular means of human invention.

'An Establishment involves a direct interference with the ministry of the Gospel, (the only instituted means of converting and of saving mankind,) under the pretence of perfecting, or regulating, or aiding its operation. And what is the effect of its interference? To restrict the freedom, to corrupt the motives, to fetter the exertions, to circumscribe the sphere of those whom it seduces by its patronage, and all this under the plea of ecclesiastical order and civil utility! Hardly does it tolerate that the Gospel of Christ should be preached without its orders. A man must needs have the warrant of Jesus Christ countersigned by the State, before he has the temerity to execute it: and even then he is forbidden to preach in unconsecrated places; he must not "convert souls at uncanonical hours." Before Christianity was taken into alliance by the secular power, if Christ was preached, though it were on a principle of opposition or party-strife, still, the deed was acknowledged to be good, and

an Apostle could rejoice in the result; but now, let the motive be never so pure, the action, if certain conditions are violated, is esteemed criminal. The success of Dissenting teachers in turning sinners from the error of their ways, in furthering the salvation of mankind, is angrily deprecated, from the apprehension that their success may endanger the Establishment. "Go ye into all the world," said our Saviour, "and preach the Gospel "to every creature." What is this that dares interpose its authority and command us to forbear?' pp. 590—592.

We must yet give one extract more. It is closely connected with the former, and is designed to shew, by an appeal to facts, how Establishments impede the progress of Christianity. It would have been a useful addition, had the Author pointed out the resources that would be employed by Christians in promoting the interests of the Gospel in a country where no Establishment existed. For it is often very confidently, but very erroneously asserted, that Establishments are the great means of preserving the existence and power of religion among the population of a country.

'On the Continent, in the very birth-place of the Reformation, the decay of religion has strikingly kept pace with the decline of the spirit of liberty. And to what is England, under Providence, indebted, for the preservation of her religious privileges? To what does she owe her present distinguished elevation as the depositary of the Christian faith,—the Evangelist of Nations? What has kept alive within this insulated corner of civilized Europe, the spirit of the Reformation, and made our country the centre of the moral world? Our Establishment? No; our liberties: liberties reluctantly wrung from Protestant tyranny, by the despised Puritans; liberties watered by the tears and fertilized by the blood of those whom the rulers of the Establishment rejected and prosecuted; liberties, for the perpetuation of which the country is mainly indebted to the vital principle of Dissent. The clergy opposed the Reformation itself; they opposed the Toleration; they opposed the Comprehension; they opposed King William in all the measures which he attempted for the extension of religious liberty; they have opposed every subsequent act of relief to the conscientious dissentient. They oppose the Bible Society; they oppose Missionary exertions; they opposed, till shamed and alarmed into the adoption of a specious plan of counter-acting policy, the education of the poor. And why have they opposed them, but because all these measures are felt to be directly hostile to the tendencies and the interests of an ecclesiastical Establishment? The circulation of the Bible endangers the Church; religious knowledge endangers it; religious freedom endangers it; civil freedom endangers it! Is there no ground for the suspicion that there are many, even now, who, but for the restraints of the laws, would exult in reviving the Sacheverel war-cry, as the signal of a fresh crusade

against religious liberty, and in consigning the nation again to the ghostly keeping of a vicarious priesthood? With fondness they are heard invoking the shades of the Stuarts; nay, some are even turning to Mother Rome herself with filial yearnings, and longing to be reconciled.' pp. 603—605.

Protracted as the limits of this article have become, we cannot take leave of Protestant Nonconformity, without expressing again our obligations to its Author, and our opinion of what constitutes its essential merits. It is, in our estimation, then, valuable as a piece of able and often eloquent argumentation, which may furnish a University Wrangler with a subject not unworthy as a trial of his strength. It is valuable as containing a *full* illustration of all the interesting topics which the Nonconformist controversy embraces. Some of them are stated more in detail than others; but all of them have received a judicious portion of attention. And it is highly valuable for its candour, good temper, and manly independence. It contains not a particle of the *odium theologium*, so difficult entirely to avoid on such a subject. It is at the same time grave without dulness, spirited without levity, firm without dogmatism, and faithful without gall or bitterness. Churchmen can never desire a more honourable adversary, and, as Dissenters, we desire no better advocate.

Art. IV. *Narrative of a Voyage to Senegal, in* 1816. Comprising an Account of the Shipwreck of the Medusa, &c. By J. B. Henry Savigny, and Alexander Correard. 8vo. pp. 360. London. 1818.

THE subject of this article has been so long before the Public, that it might seem to have had a claim to an earlier notice; but the fact is, that our perusal of it was attended by so many painful and contradictory feelings, that we felt in no haste to impart them to others. The alliance between pity and misfortune, is so sacred, and seems so interwoven with the destiny of man, that the forcible disruption of them in the mind, cannot be accomplished without a painful, an almost unnatural effort. Yet such is precisely the effect produced by the narrative before us. When we see set forth in its pages, the sufferings of men involved in the most appalling dangers by the ignorance of those who undertook to guide them, betrayed to manifold deaths, and terrors worse than death, by the treachery of their officers, who were at least bound to assist them as far as they could, through the evils they had brought upon them, we are filled with the most lively sympathy for the unfortunate persons who had to endure such trials, and with resentment of the barbarity by which they were exposed to them. But when we find the greater part of these men in re-

turn breaking as much the common tie in which common suffering involves mankind, false to each other, false even to themselves, by turns infuriated and despairing,—our feelings change to horror and disgust, and we lay the volume down, dissatisfied with it, and almost with ourselves, for having gone through a story of sufferings almost unequalled in the history of human calamity, without granting it that meed of compassion which it seems the unalienable right of affliction to demand.

The expedition of which the Medusa frigate formed a part, sailed on the 17th of June, 1816, from the roads of the island of Aix, to take possession of the Western Coast of Africa, from Cape Blanco to the mouth of the river Gambia, in pursuance of the treaty of peace in 1815, by which the English secured to the French the possession of that part of Africa, according to a treaty respecting it in 1783. The Medusa was commanded by Captain Chaumareys, who was also the commander of the expedition, of which the Echo corvette, the flute La Loire, and the Argus brig, formed the remaining vessels. Captain C. almost immediately began to give strong proofs of nautical ignorance, accompanied with all the conceit and obstinacy which generally attend ignorance of every description. On the 1st of July, they passed the Tropic, and the Captain, more occupied with the customary jokes of the sailors on that occasion, than with the care of his ship, suffered her to near a reef of rocks, from running on which she was rescued only by the spirit and promptness of two officers, who suddenly changed her course, without consulting him on the subject. The danger however was only deferred. That night, they parted company with the Echo, the only vessel which had kept up with them, the commander most unjustifiably outsailing the others, in order that he might proceed to the Senegal alone. The signals of this vessel, the officers on the watch unpardonably neglected even to answer. In the morning she was not to be seen, having gone on a different tack, during the night; but Captain Chaumareys seemed to care very little about the matter, his attention being taken up with a large cloud, which certain of the officers wished to persuade him was Cape Blanco itself. The scorn which this ignorance excited in the minds of the more experienced seamen, was soon suspended by a sense of the danger to which it exposed them, and of which they soon became fully sensible. The colour of the water, the appearance of sand among the little waves, the sea-weed at the ship's side, and a quantity of fish that was caught, announced to the ensign of the watch, that they were in shallow water; and, upon sounding, he found that the lead, instead of shewing eighty fathoms of water, as the persons most in the confidence of the Captain positively asserted would be the case, gave only eighteen. Im-

mediately there commenced a series of manœuvres, which were performed with a rapidity that must have saved the vessel, had they been of a right kind. In ten minutes from the time of taking soundings, the vessel struck, and, unhappily, just at the time of high water; at a season, too, when the tides were at the highest, and when consequently every moment made a fatal difference to the unhappy crew.

'We stranded,' says our Author, 'on the 2nd of July, at a quarter after three p. m. in 19° 36′ north latitude, and 19° 45′ west longitude. This event spread the most profound consternation; if in the midst of this disorder there were any men who remained collected enough to make observations, they must have been struck with the extraordinary changes impressed on every countenance. Some persons were not to be recognised. Here you might see features become shrunk and hideous, there a countenance which had assumed a yellow and even a greenish hue; some men seemed thunder-struck and chained down to their places without strength to move. When they had recovered from the stupefaction with which they were at first seized, numbers gave themselves up to excess of despair, whilst others uttered imprecations upon those whose ignorance had been so fatal to us. An officer going upon deck, immediately after the accident, spoke with energy to him who, as we have already said, had directed for some days the course of the ship, and said to him, "*See, Sir, to what your obstinacy has brought us, I had warned you of it.*" Two women alone seemed insensible to this disaster. They were the wife and daughter of the Governor. What a shocking contrast! Men who for twenty or twenty-five years had been exposed to a thousand dangers, were profoundly affected, while Madame and Mademoiselle Chemals appeared insensible, and as if unconcerned in these events.' p. 35.

The very arduous exertions of the sailors during four days, to get the vessel afloat again, would probably have succeeded, had it not been for the indecision of the principal officers, who were perpetually varying their orders, and the folly or selfishness of the intended Governor of Senegal, who would not consent to her being lightened by throwing several casks of flour overboard, as well as fourteen twenty-four pounders. The weather now became so very unfavourable, that they not only found all their efforts ineffectual, but a perseverance in them highly dangerous. They therefore turned their attention towards the plan which, on the first striking of the vessel, had been proposed by the Governor, for the construction of a raft capable of conveying two hundred men with provisions. The rest of the crew were to have recourse to the six boats belonging to the vessel. They were to tow the raft, and at meal times they were to come and receive their rations from those on board of it; a regulation, the wisdom of which promised to secure attention to it. The plan of this raft was drawn by the Governor, and the engraving of it pre-

fixed to the Narrative, will enable the reader to form a better idea of the misery of being exposed, on such a machine, to the fury of the waves, than the most laboured description could do. With this raft and the boats, the latter of which were to be furnished with arms and ammunition from the frigate, it was hoped that the whole crew would be enabled to reach the sandy coast of the desert, and proceed in company to the Island of St. Louis. A list of the ship's crew was made out, and an order was issued for the manner in which they were to leave her, and for the situations that were to be assigned them; but all these prudential regulations were lost sight of, at the important moment when they ought to have been put into execution. Distrustful of the courage, the skill, and the humanity of their principal officers, suspicion and fear took possession of the crew: some, imagining that it was designed to abandon them, rushed forward into the boats, while others crowded towards the fatal raft; some could not be prevailed upon to quit the ship, while others were induced to stay, by promises of assistance being sent to them. The raft proved so inadequate to the accommodation of the numbers which it had been calculated it would hold, that none were found willing to trust themselves upon it, but those who were impelled by despair, or hurried on in a state of distraction, and the small number of those who were determined to fulfil, to the last moment of their lives, their duty as officers and men of honour, in attending to the orders of their superiors, or abiding by the fate of those who were under their command. In this latter class, were Mr. Savigny and Mr. Correard, with a few others, whose conduct forms a pleasing and salutary contrast to the ferocity and selfishness with which they were surrounded.

For some leagues the boats towed the raft with much spirit, but becoming exposed to a rougher sea, alarm took possession of their crews; they gradually slipped away, and the first sun that shone upon the unhappy victims on the raft, discovered to them their abandoned and desolate situation. What rendered this desertion the more cruel, was, that they were so near land at the time of its being made, that the boats discovered it that same evening. At first, they could not believe the abandonment of them was intentional; but when they became convinced that it was, they uttered cries of rage and vengeance,—the more so, when they found that they had been put on board without even a compass, although they had been assured by a principal officer, (who pretended that he was to command the raft itself, but took good care not to put his foot upon it,) that charts and instruments, and every thing essential to their safety, had been provided for them. At length, one of the workmen under Mr. Correard's command, recollected that he had a compass with him. This discovery for a time excited as lively transports

as if it were the assurance of safety, but after a few hours the consolation was at an end; the compass fell between the pieces of wood which composed the raft, and by this unfortunate accident the crew were again left without any other guide than the rising and setting of the sun. That they might neglect no measure, however, that tended to their preservation, they fixed a daily allowance of the wine they had on board, and which was their sole source of nourishment; for the casks of flour had been thrown overboard to lighten the raft on their first outset, and the only bag of biscuit which they had been enabled to preserve, was consumed, although converted into a paste by having fallen into the sea on the first day of their trials. Mr. Savigny succeeded in setting up a small mast and sail. Prayers were fervently offered up to the Almighty on the approach of evening, and the crew tried to support their spirits with the hope that the boats would return to their assistance, as soon as they could do it in safety by landing a part of their numbers on the Isle of Arguin. Their situation however was very terrible. The raft was considerably under water; a hundred and fifty men were crowded upon it into a space which would scarcely have allowed of fifteen lying down in it. Those who were in the middle could not move a single step, and those who were at the back and front were up to the waist in water. At every shock of the sea the people fell upon each other, and mingled their cries with the roaring of the billows. The morning presented the dismal spectacle of the corpses of ten or twelve unhappy beings who had lost their lives from having fallen into the openings between the pieces of the raft. Several others had been carried off by the violence of the sea.

'Amidst these horrors an affecting scene of filial piety forced us to shed tears; two young men raised and recognised for their father an unfortunate man who was stretched senseless under the feet of the people. At first they thought he was dead, and their despair expressed itself by the most affecting lamentations; it was perceived however that this almost inanimate body still had breath. We lavished on him all the assistance in our power; he recovered by degrees, and was restored to life, and to the prayers of his sons, who held him fast embraced in their arms.' p. 81.

Soon, however, this affecting spectacle was superseded by the melancholy one of two young lads, who, with another of the crew, took leave of their companions, and sought a voluntary death in the waves which surrounded them. The mental faculties of the men already became impaired. Some fancied they saw land, others imagined they beheld ships coming to help them, and all announced their fallacious visions with loud and frantic cries. Still, the day passed over without disturbance; but when evening came on, and no boats appeared, despondency began to seize

every heart, and a mutinous spirit to manifest itself among both the soldiers and the sailors.

'If the preceding night had been terrible, this was still more horrible. Mountains of water covered us every moment, and broke, with violence, in the midst of us; very happily we had the wind behind us, and the fury of the waves was a little checked by the rapidity of our progress; we drove towards the land. From the violence of the sea, the men passed rapidly from the back to the front of the raft, we were obliged to keep in the centre, the most solid part of the raft; those who could not get there, almost all perished. Before and behind the waves dashed with fury, and carried off the men in spite of all their resistance. At the centre, the crowd was such that some poor men were stifled by the weight of their comrades, who fell upon them every moment; the officers kept themselves at the foot of the little mast, obliged, every instant, to avoid the waves, to call to those who surrounded them to go on the one or the other side, for the waves which came upon us, nearly athwart, gave our raft a position almost perpendicular, so that, in order to counterbalance it, we were obliged to run to that side which was raised up by the sea,' p. 84.

The soldiers and sailors terrified at this prospect of almost inevitable death, strove to gain courage by intoxication, and forcibly breaking open the wine casks, drank until actuated by fury they rushed upon their officers, with whatever weapons they could seize, and a horrible and appalling carnage took place. The scene that now exhibited itself was dreadful. A set of human beings, thus cast on the wide ocean, with only a few planks between them and eternity, seeking each other's lives, and loading their souls with crime at the very moment of their departure from the misery that had instigated them to these outrages. The officers, by their intrepidity, mingled as it was with the greatest humanity and forgiveness, escaped, though only about twenty in number, from these infuriated wretches, of whom from sixty to sixty five perished during the night. What a spectacle did the morning present! No wonder that those who contemplated it, were unable to refrain from tears. This part of the Narrative is extremely interesting; the account of the physical sensations, the delusions of the senses under which they all laboured, is equally curious and affecting. But their trials were destined to become yet more severe. The dead bodies that covered the raft were resorted to in order to allay the pangs of hunger. The officers however could not at that time bring themselves to partake of such revolting provision, though they endeavoured to eat sword-belts, cartouche boxes, and the leather from their hats. So intent was the longing for food in this deplorable condition, that the sight of a white butterfly hovering over their heads, roused the whole crew almost to frenzy. Some followed it with

haggard eyes, eager to devour it, whilst others hailing it as an omen of deliverance, prevented it from being molested. An officer found by chance a small lemon, and would have reserved it for himself, but his comrades forced him to give it up, in order to preserve his life from the hatred which the sight of it inspired. A few cloves of garlick, and two small phials of tincture composed of aromatic substances, for cleaning the teeth, were deemed precious treasures, and the tincture was reluctantly shared in a few drops to each in the hollow of his hand. A bottle also that had contained attar of roses, by its agreeable odour excited at times sensations which for a few moments dissipated the horrible ones to which these unfortunate men were a prey. Yet, even in distress like this, the suggestions of avarice and rapine could be listened to. Some Spaniards and Negroes, who had remained neuter in the first mutiny, and some of whom had even ranged themselves on the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw them all into the sea, hoping to execute the design by falling on them by surprise. All the money and other valuables that could be mustered, had been put into a bag and fastened to the mast, in order to purchase provisions and hire camels to carry the sick, in case of landing on the edge of the desert. The mutineers suffered themselves to be persuaded by the Negroes, that the coast was very near, and that by their assistance, if they once got on shore, they could traverse Africa without danger. The hope, therefore, of possessing this treasure, was their principal motive to this horrid plot, which was chiefly organized by a Piedmontese serjeant, who had insinuated himself into the confidence of the officers.

'The first signal for combat was given by a Spaniard, who, placing himself behind the mast, laid fast hold of it, made the sign of the cross with one hand, invoking the name of God, and held a knife in the other. The sailors seized him, and threw him into the sea. The servant of an officer of the troops on board was in the plot. He was an Italian, from the light artillery of the ex-king of his country. When he perceived that the plot was discovered, he armed himself with the last boarding axe that there was on the raft, wrapped himself in a piece of drapery which he wore folded over his breast, and of his own accord threw himself into the sea. The mutineers rushed forward to avenge their comrades; a terrible combat again ensued, and both sides fought with desperate fury. Soon the fatal raft was covered with dead bodies, and flowing with blood which ought to have been shed in another cause, and by other hands. In this tumult cries with which we were familiar, were renewed, and we heard the imprecations of the horrid rage which demanded the head of Lieutenant Danglas. We again replied to the cries of the assailants, that he whom they demanded was not with us; but we had no more success in persuading them; nothing could make them recollect themselves; we were obliged to continue to combat them, and to oppose

orce to those over whom reason had lost all its influence. In this confusion the unfortunate woman was, a second time thrown into the sea. We perceived it, and Mr. Condin, assisted by some workmen, took her up again to prolong for a few moments her torments and her existence.

'In this horrible night Lavillette gave further proofs of the rarest intrepidity. It was to him and to some of those who escaped the consequences of our misfortunes that we are indebted for our safety. At length, after unheard of efforts the mutineers were again repulsed, and tranquillity restored. After we had escaped this new danger, we endeavoured to take some moments of repose. The day at length rose on us for the fifth time. We were now only thirty left, we had lost four or five of our faithful sailors; those who survived were in the most deplorable state; the sea water had almost entirely excoriated our lower extremities, we were covered with contusions or wounds, which, irritated by the salt water, made us utter every moment piercing cries, so that there were not above twenty of us who were able to stand upright, or walk. Almost our whole stock was exhausted; we had no more wine than was sufficient for four days, and we had not above a dozen fish left In four days said we, we shall be in want of every thing, and death will be unavoidable. Thus arrived the seventh day since we had been abandoned. We calculated that in case the boats had not stranded on the coast, they would want at least three or four times twenty-four hours to reach St. Louis. Time was further required to equip ships, and for these ships to find us; we resolved to hold out as long as possible. In the course of the day two soldiers slipped behind the only barrel of wine we had left; they had bored a hole in it, and were drinking by means of a reed; we had all sworn that he who should employ such means should be punished with death. This law was instantly put in execution, and the two trespassers were thrown into the sea.

'This same day terminated the existence of a child twelve years of age named Léon; he died away like a lamp which ceases to burn for want of aliment. Every thing spoke in favour of this amiable young creature, who merited a better fate. His angelic countenance, his melodious voice, the interest inspired by his youth, which was increased by the courage he had shown, and the services he had performed, for he had already made, in the preceding year, a campaign in the East Indies; all this filled us with the tenderest interest for this young victim, devoted to a death so dreadful and premature. Our old soldiers, and our people in general bestowed upon him all the care which they thought calculated to prolong his existence. It was in vain; his strength at last forsook him. Neither the wine which we gave him without regret, nor all the means which could be employed, could rescue him from his sad fate; he expired in the arms of Mr. Condin, who had not ceased to show him the kindest attention. As long as the strength of this young marine had allowed him to move, he ran continually from one side to the other, calling with loud cries for his unhappy mother, water, and food. He walked without discrimination over the feet and legs of his companions in misfortune, who in their turn uttered cries of anguish,

which were every moment repeated. But their complaints were very seldom accompanied by menaces; they pardoned every thing in the poor youth who occasioned them. We were now only twenty-seven remaining; of this number but fifteen seemed likely to live some days: all the rest, covered with large wounds, had almost entirely lost their reason; yet they had a share in the distribution of provisions, and might, before their death, consume thirty or forty bottles of wine, which were of inestimable value to us. We deliberated thus: to put the sick on half allowance would have been killing them by inches. So after a debate, at which the most dreadful despair presided, it was resolved to throw them into the sea. This measure, however repugnant it was to ourselves, procured the survivors wine for six days. When the decision was made, who would dare to execute it? The habit of seeing death ready to pounce upon us as his prey, the certainty of our infallible destruction, without this fatal expedient, every thing, in a word, had hardened our hearts, and rendered them callous to all feeling except that of self-preservation. Three sailors and a soldier took on themselves this cruel execution: we turned our faces aside, and wept tears of blood over the fate of these unhappy men. Among them were the unfortunate woman and her husband. Both of them had been severely wounded in the various combats: the woman had a thigh broken between the pieces of wood composing the raft, and her husband had received a deep wound with a sabre on his head. Every thing announced their speedy dissolution. We must seek to console ourselves by the belief that our cruel resolution shortened but for a few moments only, the measure of their existence.

'This Frenchwoman to whom soldiers and Frenchmen gave the sea for a tomb, had partaken for twenty years in the glorious fatigues of our armies; for twenty years she had afforded to the brave, on the field of battle, either the assistance which they needed, or soothing consolations. It is in the midst of her friends—It is by the hands of her friends—Readers who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect at least, that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, comrades, who had placed us in this horrible situation.' p. 120.

After this dismal transaction had taken place, the unhappy survivers, as if fearful of trusting themselves any longer with the instruments of destruction, threw into the sea all their arms, except one sabre, which they reserved for the purpose of cutting a rope or a piece of wood. Their sufferings, however, increased, their tempers became soured, and even in sleep they figured to themselves the sad end of their companions, and loudly invoked death for themselves. It is impossible to read the sufferings of these miserable men during the last three days of their remaining on the wretched raft, without the deepest commiseration. On the morning of the 17th they descried a ship, and on its coming nearer, discovered it to be a brig. The most lively transports of hope and fear were excited, but they both terminated in the deepest disappointment, for the brig gradually disappeared.

In their despair they lay down under the shelter of some sails, which at once protected them from the insupportable fierceness of the sun, and shut them out from the contemplation of outward objects. In this situation they remained careless of what might happen to them, and anxious only to leave their names, and a detail of their sufferings, on a board fastened to the mast, in the hope that the tidings of their fate might at last reach their country and their families.

'After we had passed two hours absorbed in the most cruel reflections, the master gunner of the frigate, wishing to go to the front of the raft, went out of our tent; scarcely had he put his head out, when he turned towards us, uttering a loud cry; joy was painted on his countenance, his hands were stretched towards the sea; he scarcely breathed: all that he could say was "*Saved! see the brig close upon us.*" And in fact it was at the most half a league distant, carrying a press of sail, and steering so as to come extremely close to us; we precipitately left the tent. Even those whom enormous wounds in the lower extremities had confined for some days past always to lie down, crawled to the back part of the raft, to enjoy the sight of this vessel, which was coming to deliver us from certain death. We all embraced each other with transports that looked like delirium, and tears of joy rolled down our cheeks, shrunk by the most cruel privations. Every one seized handkerchiefs or pieces of linen to make signals to the brig, which was approaching rapidly. Others prostrating themselves, thanked God most fervently for our miraculous preservation. Our joy redoubled when we perceived a great white flag, at the foremast head, and we exclaimed, "It is then to Frenchmen that we shall owe our deliverance." We almost immediately recognised the brig to be the Argus—it was then within two musket-shot; we were extremely impatient to see her clew up her sails; she lowered them at length, and fresh cries of joy rose from our raft. The Argus came, and lay-to on our starboard, within half a pistol shot. The crew, ranged on the deck, and in the shrouds, shewed, by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, the pleasure they felt at coming to the assistance of their unhappy countrymen. A boat was immediately hoisted out; an officer belonging to the brig, whose name was Mr. Lemaigre, had embarked in it, in order to have the pleasure of taking us himself from this fatal machine. This officer, full of humanity and zeal, acquitted himself of his mission in the kindest manner, and took, himself, those that were the weakest, to convey them into the boat. After all the others were placed in it, Mr. Lemaigre came and took in his arms Mr. Correard, whose health was the worst, and who was the most excoriated: he placed him at his side in the boat, bestowed upon him all imaginable cares, and spoke to him in the most consoling terms. In a short time we were all removed on board the Argus, where we met with the lieutenant of the frigate, and some others of those who had been shipwrecked. Pity was painted on every face, and compassion drew tears from all who cast their eyes on us.' p. 139.

The remainder of this narrative is, of course, less painful to

the feelings of the reader, though he will still find them tried in the account of the sufferings endured by those who were left on board the Medusa, as well as those who had to cross the deserts in order to reach St. Louis. But above all, he will be disgusted with the total want of common humanity and decency displayed towards the unhappy sufferers on the raft, by the Governor, Mr. Schmaly, and the Commander, Captain Chaumareys, as well as by the cruel neglect shewn them by the French Government, who, taking every complaint made by these unfortunate men against the conduct of their superior officers, as a reflection upon its choice of such inefficient persons for situations so important, magnified their plain statements into disaffection and disrespect towards the reigning powers, tried every artifice to prevail upon them to give their signatures to accounts which completely falsified the truth, and contradicted the painful evidence of their own sad experience; and when it could not succeed, unjustly and ungratefully added to all their afflictions, by disregarding their petitions, and consigning them, after lives of brave and active service, to contempt, neglect, and poverty.

It is pleasing to see, amid such revolting views of human nature, corrupted by power, and hardened by luxury and selfishness, the tribute of gratitude which is paid by our Author to the humanity and disinterested generosity of some individuals of our own country, among whom the names of Major Peddy and Captain Campbell, both of whom have since perished on their expedition into Africa, claim a distinguished place. The former of these gentlemen sufficiently evinced his knowledge of the world, in dissuading the unfortunate Correard from going to Paris, under the vain hope of finding any redress for his sufferings and losses, at the hands of the minister by whose ill-judged choice of officers for the expedition, they had been occasioned. "Remember," said he, "that a minister who has committed "a fault, never will suffer it to be mentioned to him, nor the per-"sons or things presented to him that might remind him of his "want of ability." The sequel proved that Major Peddy had founded his opinion on correct observation, and the fate of other expeditions organized by the same minister will sufficiently attest, to impartial judges, that the complaints of our Authors respecting him, have likewise truth for their basis.

We cannot close our remarks on this article, without pointing out the negligence, or exceeding ignorance of the Translator. In a work professedly nautical, and therefore written with a free indulgence in technical terms, it is surely unpardonable not to have a due regard to the correct rendering of expressions relative to depth, height, and distance. What idea can an English reader, whether seaman or landsman, form of the situation of a

vessel, by being told that when she grounded, 'the sounding line 'marked only five metres, and sixty centimetres; and at low 'water it marked four metres, sixty centimetres; the frigate 'therefore saved by a metre.' p. 32. Or how are we to be affected with the description of a personage thus spoken of: 'What a sublime image is a fine man almost two metres in 'height, who sheds tears of pity at the sight of an unfortunate 'man.' p. 224. The imagination with nothing to guide it but this unknown standard of sublimity, is apt to run riot, and figure to itself a kind of Gulliver, which of course does not add to the consequence of the comparative Lilliputian over whom he is represented as condescending to shed the tear of pity. There are also several sentences in the course of the narrative so feebly rendered, that if they do not absolutely pervert the sense, they certainly do not convey the spirit of the original. We must, however, do our Authors the justice to say that their account of this ill-fated expedition is given with clearness and simplicity, with modesty as far as their own conduct is concerned, and with apparent impartiality respecting the conduct of others; for that of the men by whom they were most injured, appears to have been quite deserving of every degree of reprehension that can be bestowed upon it.

Art. V. *Early Blossoms*, or Biographical Notices of Individuals distinguished by their Genius and Attainments, who died in their Youth; with Specimens of their respective Talents. By John Styles, D. D. 12mo. pp. 316. Price 5*s.* 1819.

DEEPLY as we share in the regrets common to every benevolent mind on the early removal from our world of individuals eminent for their talents and virtue, we are not prepared to admit that they, more than others of the species, are peculiarly liable to such immature removal. We are not convinced that there is any such fatality in youthful genius and youthful worth. There appears to be nothing in the nature of such endowments, to induce a suspicion that their possessors shall not complete the average term of human life; nothing in the nature of a pre-eminently fine mind and a good heart, necessarily inimical to a healthy and durable frame of body; nor can we believe that a transcendency of this kind is granted, as it is fabled of Achilles, on the condition only of a brief though brilliant career.

We should be truly grieved to find such a position at all provable; yet it would seem, that not a few persons have suffered an impression of this kind to gain upon them. As often as an instance of precocious excellence has fallen within their observation, they have irresistibly connected with it the apprehension of a rapid course and a speedy extinction. They seem to feel

that genius is too often allied with some morbid quality that quickly wastes the bodily frame, to be contemplated without alarm; and from the melancholy examples of such an alliance that they have either witnessed or heard of, they have assumed it as a kind of destiny from which an escape is but rarely permitted. We have frequent occasion to lament the prevalency of this notion. Who, indeed, has not observed the tendency to painful apprehension, when the future prospects of a promising youth have been the subject of conversation among his friends. The pleasing satisfactions in which they would otherwise indulge, are commonly dashed with gloomy forebodings of a short-lived splendour, and an untimely grave. We are persuaded that this feeling of solitude is, in most cases, very needlessly excited. It seems, therefore, desirable to remove it by reasoning, on every proper occasion, against the notion which gives it birth.

The painful apprehension of which we are speaking, may be traced, perhaps, to a well known principal of our nature. We are tenacious of our possessions, in proportion to the value we set upon them. We reluctantly part with them; and our regret is more or less poignant according to the time and circumstances of the privation. If an object be suddenly, and in our view of it, prematurely torn from our admiration, our hopes, and our affections, the grief it occasions becomes impatient, and breaks out into complaint. We are apt to consider ourselves as hardly dealt with, and to feel as if the power by which we are deprived, has aimed at the object precisely on account of the excellence which had attracted our partiality. The application of this principle, and of the feelings arising from it, to the case in hand, is obvious. Genius and worth, especially when known to distinguish a very early period of life, cannot fail to procure admiration and esteem. We naturally interest ourselves in a character that does honour to our species. We hail its coming to us as a subject of no common exultation, and the movements and destiny of an individual so distinguished, carry along with them a proportionate intenseness of public regard. But our best possessions, our dearest relatives, the most admired specimens of human excellence, are all held at the will of Him who gave them. Man is mortal, and that at every stage of his present existence, and under every character of which he is susceptible. The young and the old, the good and the bad, the illustrious and the obscure, are alike exposed to the ravages of death. But it is when the great and the good are cut off, that society feels the deepest and the keenest wounds. When especially the calamity has taken place at an early period of life, when the bright prospects of opening genius, the fond anticipations of an eminently virtuous career, are for ever blighted at a stroke, we express our regrets with peculiar emphasis. Every such visi-

tation is watched with a jealous anxiety. In the poignancy of our disappointments we complain of a disproportioned severity against this ennobled class of individuals, and are ready to persuade ourselves that it is of such victims that death is most impatiently covetous. Still, as we are called to lament one instance after another of these early extinctions, this impression deepens and spreads. The dread of speedy destruction awaiting every phenomenon of intellectual beauty and splendour, becomes general, and with some it settles into a melancholy assurance that such is to be considered, for whatever reason, the almost inevitable appointment.

In accounting for this impression, however, it is further to be remarked, that it gains upon the mind chiefly from omitting the consideration that death is by no means engrossed with the favourites of mankind. While he is at work on our high places, he is no less actively employed in all the lower and more numerous walks of life. But we take no particular note of his doings in the crowd. It is the superior few alone whose names are recorded in the pages of fame, and whose memory is cherished in the eulogies of the biographer, or the poet. It is to them that the public attention is chiefly attracted, while the many are falling, unnoticed and unknown, except in their own little circles. Thus it is that death is reckoned most cruelly active in one particular quarter, because there we mark his ravages with the deepest interest; and while we are either heedless or ignorant of the breaches he is making every where else, there our sympathies and our regrets are most powerfully excited.

The fear, then, so generally entertained for the fate of youthful genius, appears to us to originate in our partiality to the object which makes us overlook the actual state of the case. The mind, in yielding to such a fear, does not stop to reflect that, as death is the common lot of mankind, the wise, as well as the foolish, the bright, as well as the dull, are included in it; but that there is really no evidence to prove that a brief existence is more frequently allotted to individuals of the one class than to those of the other. We should, we confess, be rather inclined, *a priori*, to ascribe sound health and longevity to those bodily frames in which the highest gifts and graces reside. A clear head and a good heart may, in general, be expected to ensure a regular, and therefore, durable constitution of body; and in cases where it appears to have been otherwise, the cause is not always to be traced to what is called the temperament of genius.

But not to be further tedious on this subject, suffice it to add, that the peculiarities of constitution to which the brief existence of some individuals of superior talents has been assigned, are by

no means the exclusive concomitants of such talents. Similar peculiarities inimical to health and long life, are found in the nervous system of many where the influence of superior genius is not to be blamed. If we appeal to facts, we can happily enumerate many, in every age of the world, since the works of genius have been known, who have been distinguished by their longevity. Homer, who is styled the father of Poetry, is particularized by Cicero, with a host of other illustrious personages, as having lived and enjoyed life, to a very advanced age.* Sophocles had almost attained his hundredth year when he composed his tragedy of *Oedipus Coloneus*, esteemed by the ancients as a masterpiece of dramatic poetry. Pindar, celebrated as the first of Lyric poets for sublimity of sentiment and expression, reached his eighty sixth year. Anacreon died at the advanced age of eighty five, and Simonides, the philosopher and poet, lived to see his ninetieth year. But many men of genius of our own country, and near our own times, may be brought in evidence to the same effect. Waller lived to the age of eighty-two; Milton to sixty-six; Watts to seventy-five; and Young to eighty-four.

We have been led to make these remarks, from the train of reflections with which the Editor introduces us to his "Biographical Notices." We would not say he has *directly* encouraged the gloomy impression we have songht to remove; but we think that minds previously disposed to it, might freely indulge it in following out these reflections.

'Among the mysteries of Providence,' says Dr. S. 'may be justly reckoned the early departure of individuals, distinguished by their talents and virtue, from a world which they seem eminently qualified to enlighten and bless.—Why should those who would be *(might have been)* moral suns and stars in the dark hemisphere of time, be no more than shooting meteors athwart the gloom, into an eternity where their splendor *is lost* in the infinitely surpassing glories which surround them?'

This language, figurative and poetical as it is, seems to convey something like a reflection on the wisdom of the Power that snatches these highly gifted individuals from us; as if, in *their* case, there was a *waste* of intellectual excellence; and as if the haste with which they were hurried from a station of eminent usefulness, had frustrated their original destiny, and quenched their *useless* splendours in superior glories. These events, however deplored, can only be resolved, as all the varied lengths of human existence ought to be, into the sovereignty of the Creator. His wisdom and goodness sufficiently guarantee against error and injustice; and in this conviction it is for his

* 'Sophocles ad *summum senectutem* tragœdias fecit. Num Homerum, num Hesiodum, &c. coëgit in suis studiis obmutescere senectus?'

creatures to rest, and to cultivate the temper of resignation and acquiescence rather than the spirit of questioning and complaint.

After some good advice as to the manner in which we ought to improve these visitations of Providence, the Editor tells us, (page 4,) that he 'cannot better enforce these introductory remarks, than by an extract from a literary journal.' The extract is from the Edinburgh Review, on Bowdler's Remains, and the Editor, forgetting that he had introduced it with so powerful a recommendation as that of its being the best possible enforcement of his own doctrines, takes pains throughout the whole subseqnent page, to expose the fallacy of the positions it maintains; viz. that *the praise yielded to talents and worth is calculated to inspire with a noble emulation, and that it is an austere philosophy which forbids us to regard the honest applause of men as a real good—a solid gratification.* We certainly agree with the Editor, on the motives to literary exertion, that are, and ought to be, most powerful on a well principled and pious mind, and think he has stated them in a pleasing and impressive manner, but we cannot help noticing the inconsistency of introducing the Edinburgh Reviewer with a recommendatory clause, and immediately dismissing him with a refutation.

The subjects of the Memoirs which make up this little volume, are Mr. J. Bowdler, Mr. M. Bruce, Mr. D. Parken, and Mr. W. I. Roberts. Mr. J. Bowdler the first, and also the eldest of the four, completed his short career in the thirty-second year of his age. He was born in 1783, went through a course of education at Winchester, and being intended for the profession of the law, was articled to a solicitor in London. In this situation, while he submitted with exemplary diligence to the severe, though useful discipline it required, he continued to make classical and scientific attainments the business of his leisure hours. He was called to the Chancery bar in 1807. Besides possessing talents which gave promise of great merit in his profession, he exhibited a mind of the most upright principles, and a heart of singularly amiable dispositions. The precarious state of his health made it necessary for him to remove to a warmer climate. He spent the winter of 1810-11 in Sicily and Malta. In August, 1811, he returned to England; but about two months after his malady, not radically improved by his voyage, forced him out again to Sicily. In May, 1812, he finally returned home, and after pursuing so far as his strength permitted him, a brief course of professional and benevolent exertions, rested from them all on the 1st February, 1815.

Michael Bruce, whom we are happy to meet with in this bright quaternion, affords a very scanty biography. He was a youth of a highly interesting character, much loved, in the cir-

cle of his acquaintance, for the many excellent qualities of his heart, and justly respected and admired for his literary attainments and poetical abilities. He was a native of Kinrossshire, and though of humble parentage, received a university education. During the summer vacations of the college, he composed, in the twenty-first year of his age, the beautiful poems which he left behind him. The original edition of these Remains was published by the Rev. Mr. Logan, with a well written preface, which contains all that is generally known of their lamented Author, and the greatest part of which Dr. S. has transcribed. Lord Craig afterwards contributed much to make the name of Bruce better known to the literary world, by an elegant paper recommendatory of his poems, which he inserted in the thirty-sixth number of the *Mirror*, in 1779.

In the collection before us, we have six pieces of Mr. Bruce's compositions, all possessing considerable merit. Of the 'Elegy 'to Spring,' in particular, Mr. Logan says, that the Author wrote it 'in the immediate view of death. The latter part of that 'Elegy is wrought up into the most passionate strains of the 'true pathetic, and is not, perhaps, inferior to any poetry in 'any language.' The following specimen will scarcely justify Mr. L.'s extravagant eulogy.

'Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

'Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains,
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

'There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death ,shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.'

The last line, being an Alexandrine, should be read as we have given it. The Edinburgh edition of Bruce's Poems, 1807, drops the fifth syllable by using the elision, and writing—*night's gone*, which Dr. S. has unfortunately preserved.

It would have given us pleasure to have found in these extracts the very elegant and masterly piece on 'LOCHLEVEN.' It is one of Bruce's longest performances, which was, no doubt, the circumstance that deterred the Editor from inserting it here. The following lines on the ruins of Lochleven Castle, have often been quoted by Tourists who have visited that part of Scotland.

'No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,

And quivers on the undulating wave;
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tow'r,
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above, the owl, musician dire!
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

'Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand,
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year.'

The poem closes with these touching lines.

'"Thus sang the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot."'

In his brief outline of Mr. D. Parken's life, Dr. S. has presented an affectionate tribute to the memory of his accomplished friend. Mr. P. was born at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, of parents in a respectable commercial situation. Having given early proofs of uncommon abilities, he was designed for the bar, and received a suitable education. When he had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, he attracted the notice of the Rev. S. Greatheed, at that time Editor of the Eclectic Review. Such was the high opinion which this gentleman entertained of young Parken's genius and literary attainments, that he claimed his assistance in the Review even at this early period. His first efforts in this way, did honour to the discrimination of Mr. G. The articles on Marsh's Juvenal, and Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir W. Jones, were, about this time, contributed by him. About three years after, when Mr. G. was compelled, by impaired health and infirmities, to resign his office as Editor, he was considered by the conductors and proprietors of the Eclectic Review, as a person well qualified to succeed him. In this arduous charge he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of those who had entrusted it to him. In the year 1811, he entered on the studies and duties of his profession. He had twice travelled the circuit through Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire; and on a third excursion of this kind, in 1812, he was snatched from all earthly connexions and pursuits. The

melancholy event took place when he was only in his twenty-seventh year.

We regret that so little is generally known of a life which we are sure 'would,' as Mr. Greatheed remarks, 'if delineated 'in detail, furnish a very interesting narrative.'

In the work before us, Dr. S. has favoured us with specimens of Mr. P.'s abilities in the department of reviewing, and with pretty copious extracts from his correspondence with himself. The articles from which he has chosen his specimens, are, besides the two already mentioned, those of Montgomery's "Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems," Thomas Moore's "Epistles, Odes, &c." "Hodgson's Juvenal," and "The SENSES, an Ode, in the manner of Collins's Ode on the "Passions." All these specimens evince a vigorous mind, adorned with classical elegance, scientific accuracy, and religious truth. Of his epistolary writing we can judge only, of course, from that kind of it which he addressed to the present Editor. They are written in what we should call a lively, clever style, and contain indications of an affectionate disposition. We observe, that, though Dr. S. conceals from us the knowledge of some names, occurring in his correspondence, by means of bare initials, he writes others with the full compliment of letters; but as he has, no doubt, ascertained his right so to do, we can have nothing to say to it.

The life of W. J. Roberts, which we are told in the Preface, was drawn up by a youthful friend of the Editor's, for this collection, with specimens of poetical effort and epistolary correspondence, is the last in the series.

W. J. Roberts was a native of Bristol. He distinguished himself while at school, by a spirit of emulation, and an eager thirst of knowledge. One of the first books which he read with avidity, was Pope's Homer, and it was this which awakened in his mind, the spark of poetic feeling. His first attempt in poetry was made when only about eleven years of age. 'On 'leaving school, he found himself called on, by the nature and 'circumstances of his situation, to select some employment in 'active life; and as the learned professions were found to be 'beyond his reach, he was compelled, as the most suitable occu-'pation he could adopt, to accept a situation in a banker's 'office.'

While punctually attending to the duties of his employment, he devoted his leisure hours to his own intellectual improvement. He applied closely to the study of languages, and made some progress in the knowledge of the Persian, by the assistance of the late Mr. Fox, of Bristol, to whose acquaintance and friendship he had been early introduced, by his acknowledged talents and poetical abilities. His constitution, however, was

naturally delicate, and he very early betrayed symptoms of weakness and indisposition. He died of consumption in 1806, in the twentieth year of his age. His Biographer says of him, 'It is by the excellence of his disposition, rather than by his 'intellectual improvement, however promising, that Roberts is 'particularly entitled to our admiration.' He pathetically describes the closing of his life, and affixes some tributary stanzas by his own pen.

Extracts from Mr. R.'s poetry and letters close the volume. Of these we cannot pronounce our opinion better than in the words of his Biographer. 'The poems of Roberts will be found 'to be rather pleasing than powerful, and to interest chiefly 'from the strain of tender sensibility which pervades them; 'while his letters will serve to evince that this sensibility was as 'distinguished a feature of his character, as it was of his com-'positions.' We must be allowed, however, to express some disappointment at meeting with no satisfactory proofs of his piety. We are told, that on his death-bed, he spoke to those around him of the 'uncertainty of all sublunary connexions, 'and insisted on the duty of resignation to the wisdom of Provi-'dence. He entered largely into the subject of his former 'views and wishes; adverted to his present happy frame of 'mind, and cautioned all against the indulgence of unavailing 'sorrow.' We hope that this 'happy frame of mind' was the result of an enlightened and devout faith in the Redeemer; but had this appeared on the record, it should have been much more satisfactory. He appears to have made literary fame too much his idol. 'When I peruse,' says he, 'a work that gives to my 'mind scenes which the earth "owns not,"—when I weep with '*Otway* and *Collins*, or glow to the hallowed strains of *Aken-'side*, I feel my spirit rise within me, and exclaim, *thus would 'I write!* The pursuit of virtue shall strengthen our friendship; '*we will kneel together at the altar of Fame*, and perhaps 'she will not disclaim us.' These last remarks we think it our duty to make, the more especially as Dr. S. tells his youthful readers in his Introduction, that 'the names which this little 'volume is designed to perpetuate, are exhibited as the *guiding 'stars*, which they may *safely follow*; and though they may 'never rise to the intellectual eminence of the most distinguished 'among them, they may be *humble imitators* of their piety and 'goodness.'

We have observed some few verbal inaccuracies in this work, which have arisen, we suppose, from mere inattention; and we may also remark, that the punctuation is in many places very faulty. We do not hesitate to recommend the book to general perusal.

Art. VI. *Italy, its Agriculture, &c.* From the French of Mons. (de) Chateauvieux, being Letters written by him in Italy, in the Years 1812 and 1813. Translated by Edward Rigby, Esq. M.D. 8vo. London, 1819.

IT is no easy matter to render agricultural concerns generally interesting. Many of the essentials and collaterals of a farm, present ideas greatly at variance with poetry and the picturesque. Talent, however, has either overcome or evaded those difficulties. Not to speak of the Georgics of Virgil, the works of Arthur Young, Sismondi, and de Chateauvieux, present the rare combination of dry detail and attractive narration. It must be acknowledged that this is effected only by the partial sacrifice of unity of subject, and by the frequent introduction of discussions and descriptions which, though they may be in some way or other connected with the primary object, do not essentially belong to it, nor greatly facilitate the reader's comprehension of it. Arthur Young, a man of strong mind and observant eye, has mingled in his admirable work on continental agriculture, an infinite variety of observations and comments, relating to different matters, fraught with amusement and instruction. Sismondi's single volume on Tuscan husbandry, is the work of a more accomplished, though not abler writer, and one who enjoyed the advantage of local residence; and the subject comprises within a limited range, almost all that can be rendered delightful and picturesque in georgical description. Of these favourable circumstances he has skilfully availed himself, and by means of the additional interest arising from historical and argumentative illustration, and a manner equally clear and spirited, has succeeded in producing a work altogether so attractive as to communicate that rarest of literary sensations, regret for its brevity. M. de Chateauvieux, though a writer inferior to Young and to Sismondi, follows honourably in their path. He writes with great vivacity, describes with clearness, and with a distinct perception and vivid feeling of picturesque beauty. If not very profound, he is neither ignorant nor insipid. Agriculture will, probably, not derive much advantage from his speculations, but his two lively and clever duodecimos will be often read, and always with high gratification.

It was in May, 1812, while the French were masters of Italy, that M. de Chateauvieux passed the Alps by the *routes majestueuses* traced among precipices by the engineers of Napoleon. His preliminary reflections trace the mutations of intellectual character and of political condition, resulting from the circumstances in which the Italians were then placed. No man who has witnessed the paralysing effects of subsequent changes, will read this portion of the book without painful feelings. Some things

in the system introduced by the French, were certainly arbitrary and injurious, but their measures were in general enlightened and salutary, and had a decided tendency to impart activity and vigour to the social frame; which seems, in Italy, to be in a peculiarly inert and exhausted state. The arts, and those literary pursuits which are connected with the exercise of the imagination, are on the decline, and political and scientific researches occupy the general mind.

'Monti has gathered the last palm of poetry; and the melodious strains of Veluti are, for the last time, delighting the shores of Naples. Like an exhausted soil which no longer produces fruit and flowers, the old territory of Italy seems tired of bringing forth poems and monuments of art. One great man monopolizes the reputation of this ancient glory; but he is labouring at the tomb in which his own ashes will repose, and the genius of the arts, which for twenty ages, rendered Italy illustrious, will descend with Canova into the sepulchre which he has been building for himself.' p. 7.

M. de Chateauvieux disavows any intention of minutely describing those portions of Italy which have been the chief objects of the attention of former travellers. The various monuments of art, the relics of antique grandeur and power, the general forms, habits, and gradations of society, are passed over with slight observation; but the 'rural history' of Italy, its cultivation, its harvests, with its scenery, moral and material, are painted with uncommon skill and richness. He divides Italy into three great regions, distinguished by three decidedly and necessarily varied systems of cultivation. The difference, he says, of their climates, of their productions, and of their rural habits, clearly mark out these three systems to the eye and observation of the traveller.

'The first of these regions begins near the Alps of Suza and Mont Cenis, and extends to the shores of the Adriatic. It comprehends the whole plain of Lombardy, divided, by the Po, into two almost equal parts. The fertility of the earth, in this rich plain, admits the growth of an abundant variety of productions, which succeed one another without interruption; and this admirable succession of crops has occasioned this region to be called *the Country of Cultivation by Assolement*, or the regular rotation of crops.

'The second region extends over all the southern declivities of the Appennines, from the frontiers of Provence, as far as the borders of Calabria. I will call it the region of Olive Trees, or of the Canaanean cultivation. It occupies only the hills and the declivities. This eastern culture displays itself on the sides of mountains in a succession of terraces, supported by well formed walls of green turf; these wild spots being covered with many species of fruit trees..... I wish I could with equal success describe the rural economy of the third division, which I will call *the Region of insalubrious Air*, or of the Patriarchal cultivation. It extends along the Mediterranean from

Pisa to Terracino, and includes all the plains which spread themselves between the sea and the first chain of the Appennines.

'This region, fortunately the smallest in extent, and depopulated by the scourge of a deleterious atmosphere, has witnessed the destruction of its former prosperity, with that of its villages, its hamlets, and its agriculture. Covered with immense pastures, these lands serve only to support cattle, which, like those of the first inhabitants of the earth, form the only wealth of the shepherds to whom they belong.

'Besides these three principal divisions, Italy includes, in its high mountains, rude tracts, where man exists only on the produce of the woods; and others on the banks of the Po, where countless streams water evergreen meadows, which support numerous herds, rendering the agriculture of this beautiful climate similar to that of Ireland and the northern countries.' pp. 11, 12.

Lombardy, in which lies the first of these regions, enjoys a soil of peculiar richness, consisting of a black mould, the deposite of receded waters; and to this primary advantage is added that of a most extensive system of irrigation, both natural and artificial. The land is divided into an immense number of small farms, cultivated to the utmost, and the homesteads stand each in the centre of its little domain. Hence there are no villages; the cultivator of the soil residing in the midst of his fields, and the proprietor of the land preferring the accommodations of cities, to the hazards and toils attendant on farming his own estate. The farmers are all *metayers*, not paying, as in England, a fixed money rent, but a stipulated portion of the produce, which is received, in kind, by the landlord, and consigned by him to the merchant or factor, for sale. This system is eminently injurious to the peasant; its consequences are felt in a prolonged and imperfect execution of all the various operations of the farm. Since there is no division of labour, and all the work must be done by one family, every thing is out of time. M. Sismondi states that

'The seed-time is not completed in less than six months; the 'harvest lasts three weeks; the vine-pruning two months, and 'its tillage full as much. The olive-gathering is never com- 'pleted, and the pruning of the olive-tree is never undertaken, 'because the same individual being obliged to turn his hand to 'every thing, is unable to finish each task in due time, and con- 'sequently begins almost all his operations too late. From this 'necessity for the protraction of his various labours, for their 'unseasonable performance, for undertaking three or four dif- 'ferent things at the same time, because they are equally urgent, 'and for passing from one to another without completing any, 'there results to the peasantry a habit of carelessness and in- 'dolence, which is much increased by the absence of all emu- 'lation. However imperfectly their labour may be executed, they

'are sure of a livelihood: however indefatigable their industry, 'they can never accumulate. Though the cultivators rise extremely early, take no sleep in the day, and only desist from 'labour at nightfall, yet they go about their work with so much 'listlessness, lose so much time in hesitation, in shifting from 'one task to another, or in gossipping with each other, they 'suspend their exertions so often for mere nothings, or for the 'purpose of visiting the city to purchase their daily provision, 'that a day-labourer, though himself an Italian, even if one of 'their own cast, will get through in the day three times more 'work than the peasant who labours for himself.'*

Lombardy is distinguished by its luxuriant plantations, which, M. de Chateauvieux tells us, conceal the horizon, and produce a succession of the most enchanting scenery. In all the hedges are fruit trees, mingled with ornamental and useful timber, and interlaced, or overhung with the rich festoonery of the vine. The farmers of Piedmont, though they rear a considerable number of cattle, have not learned from their neighbours in the Milanese, the art of turning to account the various preparations of milk. They use them in the different labours of the farm, and at five years old fatten them for sale. The term used by M. de Chateauvieux, to describe the species of food used for that purpose, puzzles Dr. Rigby sadly. 'They are fatted with '*pouture*,' says the text, and the Dr. adds in a note,

'I have not been able to ascertain the meaning of this word: it is not to be found in any French dictionary I have had access to; there is no word resembling it in Baretti's Italian dictionary, nor could an intelligent native of France, and who is a perfect master of the language, discover its signification.' p. 27.

Perhaps the following extract from Arthur Young's second volume (p. 185), may throw some light on this point. The name, it is true, is different, but the word, as given by him, is the Italian term, of which *pouture* is probably the French equivalent. Describing the mode of fattening cattle in Piedmont, he states that

'They begin by putting them in airy stables, healthy and 'well lighted; bleed once or twice, anoint the bodies of the 'cattle; dress them well at least twice a day; give water 'mixed with rye-flour; in the evening, feed with a certain 'mixture called *condut*, composed of elm-leaves, with some 'hay of the second or third cut, or clover-hay; to which they join 'a mess of well pulverized walnut-oil-cake; on this mixture 'they pour some boiling water, well salted, and stir up the 'whole together; and mixing, at the same time, an eymeus of 'bran,.....the pap, thus prepared, is turned into a tub, and,

* Sismondi. *Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane.* p. 216.

'some hours after, it is given to the cattle, who eat it with an 'avidity that marks a delicious food. Continuing this method 'some time, they cast their hair, grow smooth, round, fat, and 'so improved as to sell frequently at double the price.'

An interesting detail is given of the various processes carried on in the farming establishments of Santenas and la Mandria; but it would be injustice to M. de C. and little availing to a fair representation of the original, were we to extract barely such particulars as our limits would enable us to select. The Writer has so blended his merest details with rich and vivid description, that, considering the varied matter which still lies before us, we shall better consult the gratification of such of our readers as may take an interest in this part of the subject, by a general reference to the work itself.

A well described journey over the Appennines to Genoa, introduces the account of Tuscany, which is brief, but spirited and graphic. For its brevity, M. de C. assigns a sufficient reason, the able pre-occupation of the ground by M. Sismondi, in the work to which we have already adverted. Tuscany, with respect to its agricultural aspect, may be divided into three distinct regions; the Valdarno, the mountain tract, and the Maremma, or low country, bordering on the sea. Its general character will be found in the following passage.

'I have thus far, indeed exhibited a delightful country, well watered, fertile, and covered with a perpetual vegetation; I have shewn it divided into countless inclosures, which, like so many beds in a garden, display a thousand varying productions; I have shewn, that to all these inclosures are attached well-built houses, cloathed with vines, and decorated with flowers; but, on entering them, we find a total want of all the conveniences of life, a table more than frugal, and a general appearance of privation. The occupiers are not the proprietors of them, they only farm them, paying, in kind, half of the produce to the landlords.

'These proprietors reside in the numerous cities of the fertile valleys of Tuscany; many are owners of a hundred of these farms, and some have ten, twenty, or thirty. The population is thus divided into two classes, which never associate, the city proprietors, and the country non-proprietors. To these must be added the merchants and artisans, who also reside in the cities, and this will account for the number of the cities and their population.' p. 79.

Struck with this external appearance of prosperity, with the substantial construction of the farm houses, and the extensive and costly system of irrigation, with all its apparatus of canals, dykes, and bridges, but especially impressed by the magnificence of the cities, with their 'gorgeous palaces, 'solemn temples,' and 'long-drawn colonnades,' Arthur Young, enabled, by the unavoidable rapidity of his movements, only to

glance over the surface of things, was led too hastily to ascribe all this imposing exterior, to the wealth created by agriculture; and he has endeavoured to establish on it a series of facts and corollaries which Sismondi has clearly shown to be diametrically at variance with the reality.' We regret that the length of the fine passage in which he has effected this, is somewhat too long for our usual limits; but its able Writer has proved, by a luminous and distinct sketch of the history of Italy, that commerce was the talisman by which its present expensive and multiplied structures and establishments were originally called forth; that while Italy was free, her trade was flourishing, and her husbandry raised by its resources; and that when her liberties were crushed, her commerce languished, and her agriculture gradually fell to its present point of real depression, though the poverty of her peasantry lies concealed from superficial observation, by the luxuriant vegetation of her climate and her soil. Referring to this point, M. de Chateauvieux affirms, that 'the 'whole capital of all Tuscany would not, at the present period, 'build the churches which stand upon its soil, with their decora-'tions, their marbles, and their porphyries.'

Near Pisa, M. de C. visited a large domain called San Rossore. Dr. Rigby, who makes sad work with all his names, chooses, for what reason we know not, to call it only Rossore, though the *San* is as essential a part of the epithet as the other word. On this estate he witnessed the following singular scene.

'Scarcely, indeed, had we passed the forest when we found ourselves in an extensive region, whose horizon was only limited by a forest, by the boundless sea, and by plains without end: it was a desert, it was Arabia, for at our approach some camels, which were lying on the sand, rose up; and some others, which were quietly feeding on the shore, turned towards us their shaking heads, and stupid looks. More than two hundred camels were scattered over this plain. They wandered silently about, waiting to return into the forest as the day became hotter. At a further distance we saw a group of females, followed by their young; but they fled at our approach, and trotted so quickly, that the swiftest gallop of our horses could scarcely have overtaken them. In this rapid run, the camels, by their leaping and bounding, displayed a vivacity which I should not have expected in them, and which their awkward figures rendered somewhat laughable.

'The singularity of this coup d'œil, the appearance of this solitude, the sight of some English ships on the Leghorn station, which, taking advantage of the fineness of the day, made some tacks along the shore, had, altogether, something so singular and oriental, that I should suppose could scarcely be found in any other part of Europe.

'This Asiatic race of camels has existed in this region from the time of the crusades; they were brought hither by a grand prior of

Pisa, of the order of St. John. They are more singular than useful, though they do all the labour in the culture of the farm; but it has not been attempted to employ them elsewhere. They supply the mountebanks of Europe with them, who come hither to buy them at the low price of six or seven louis, and go with them from city to city.' pp. 90—92.

The Maremma, along which reigns the depopulating *Malaria*, includes a tract of various breadth, bordering the Mediterranean, and extending from Leghorn to Terracina. After quitting the vale of Arno, the declension of fertility became gradually more strongly marked, until the traces of human existence were indicated only by the occasional appearance of solitary mansions and of scattered flocks. During a certain portion of the year, the pestilential air communicates disease, most commonly fatal to nearly all who breathe it. M. de Chateauvieux, in travelling through this region, witnessed its disastrous effects in the cadaverous countenances and attenuated frames of all whose necessities compelled their residence on this destructive soil.

The land is sterile and apparently unfit for cultivation: it consists of clay tinged by sulphur, whose fumes and exhalations swelter from the earth, and give to this appalling region the aspect of an immense *solfatara*. Under these circumstances, no alternative has been found, but that of leaving the soil to its spontaneous productions, and of establishing a system of interchange, by which innumerable flocks, that in the summer feed on the herbage of the mountains, are driven in the winter, or healthy season of the maremma, to pasture on these depopulated plains. The climate is so favourable as to render the vegetation luxuriant during that period of the year when the turf of the Appennines is covered with snow. The tremendous scourge which has driven the inhabitants of this tract to uninfected regions, has even invaded Rome, and rendered a large and annually enlarging portion of that great city uninhabitable. The residents in the Maremma attribute its present condition to the effects of the plague, which is stated to have made, in the sixteenth century, fearful ravages along this fated coast. The history of this devastation has, however, been traced by a master-hand; and we shall again borrow from M. Sismondi, since we nowhere else can find materials so fitted to our purpose.

'As long as the republics of Italy preserved their liberty, commerce and agriculture advanced with equal step in the track of a prosperity constantly increasing in spite of their wars and their revolutions; but when riches had completed the corruption of manners, and established tyranny, a pestilential influence seemed to wither, as with the stroke of death, all the re-

'sources of the state. Manufactures ceased wi :he extinction 'of competition; commerce was dried up at its rountain; conta- 'gion traversing the Provinces, laid the peasantry in the tomb. 'It destroyed the rising generation by inspiring parents with the 'dread of training up children for subjection and suffering. All 'Italy was perishing; but those of the Provinces whose precarious 'existence was sustained only by the freedom and the courageous 'industry of the inhabitants, received the first stroke. A vast 'portion of Tuscany, which extends along the sea, from the fron- 'tiers of Genoa to those of the States of the Church, and includes 'part of the Lunigiana, and of the territory of Lucca, the whole 'of Pisa, and the greater part of the Siennese, has received 'from nature a soil of the greatest fertility, and a most insalubri- 'ous atmosphere. Yet liberty has twice triumphed over the ob- 'stacles presented by the climate. In the time of the Etrurian 'league, the greater part of their twelve cities were situated in 'this canton. Populonia and Vetulonia, of which the ruins are 'still visible, were built in the most pestilential site of the Ma- 'remma. Luna, in the Lunigiana, was in an equally unfavourable 'situation. Volterra and Pisa, though enjoying a somewhat 'more wholesome air, were in the midst of a country not less 'pernicious, yet they were then populous, rich, and flourishing 'cities: under the Emperors they disappeared. In the 11th 'and 12th centuries, Pisa and Volterra rose from their ruins: the 'first possessed 150,000 citizens; the second 50,000. Massa 'and Grosseto, while they were republics, contained from 25 to '30,000 inhabitants, but at the present time, the first of these 'cities gives shelter, in summer, to no more than 3 or 400, and 'in winter to about 2000. The depopulation has been far 'greater in the open country, since the fall of these republics. 'In each village or district, the possessions of those who died 'without heirs, fell to the community; in a short space of time, 'two or three families escaped from the devastation, inherited 'the property of all the others, these families themselves became 'extinct, and the whole district, under the name of *Bandite*, 'devolved on one of the neighbouring communities. There are 'villages in the Maremma which possess seven or eight *bandite*, 'and have not inhabitants enough to cultivate a fourth of their 'own territory. In the midst of these deserted plains, there are 'not only villages, but cities, formerly containing 7 or 8000 in- 'habitants, which are now nothing more than dens and shelters 'to wolves and wild boars.' *

Not professing to understand the practice of husbandry, we are probably only betraying our ignorance by suggesting the

* *Agriculture Toscane.* p. 289.

query, whether underdraining and lime-dressing might not administer some corrective to this wide-wasting scourge.

The depopulation of Rome by this annual pestilence, has been excessive, and its effects are becoming daily more and more visible. It has, however, assisted the Government in clearing the extensive area between the Capitol, the Temple of Peace, the Coliseum, and the Tiber. The rubbish and the buildings of various kinds which had accumulated round the Campo Vaccino and the Palatine hill, have been removed, and it is intended to decorate the ground with trees and plantations properly distributed. When completed, this will be the most striking and enchanting scene in Europe. The various relics of glorious antiquity, temples and triumphal arches, mingled with rich verdure, will form a magnificent 'English garden,' varied in its surface by the Palatine and Aventine mounts, and including among its ornamental structures, the Capitol and the Coliseum. The Traveller's attention, on his way to Naples, was arrested by the romantic valley of Albano, and the rich gardens of Aricia, by the visible ravages of disease among the labourers of the Campo Morto, by the extensive system of open drainage then carrying on in the Pontine marshes, and by the exquisite scenery of Velletri. The road was then, as it is now, rendered dangerous by the depredations of banditti, composed of villagers from the bordering mountains, who have adopted a regular system of subordination and co-operation. Their chiefs arrange the plans of action, and determine the number of men necessary; and when their object is accomplished, the robbers return to their dwellings, and, to appearance at least, resume the peaceful occupations of the field. This system renders their detection and seizure extremely difficult; for unless they are taken *in flagrante delicto*, it becomes nearly impossible to identify their persons. No one who knows them personally, will accuse them; and when the *gens d'armes* visit their villages for the purpose of securing them, their priest and their mayor are always ready to give testimony of their good and quiet behaviour and character.

One of these robber captains, under the patrial name of le Calabreze, had acquired a high reputation among the people of that neighbourhood by his daring and dexterous exploits. This 'rustic mountaineer' seems indeed to have been an extraordinary person. It was his boast that he had never shed blood except in battle. He punished with severity any sanguinary excesses on the part of his followers. And when, after an active pursuit of five years, he was secured by the police, the inhabitants of that part of the country felt the utmost regret at his apprehension, having been accustomed to look to this romantic *brigand*, as a kind of protector against the fierceness and excesses of the inferior banditti. The band of the Calabrese were deeply affected by his

loss, and his successor, Gaetano, opened a negotiation, by which it was stipulated that the sentence of death should be commuted for banishment, and that in further consideration of a small daily stipend, the band should not only abstain from further depredation, but should undertake to protect the road against other robbers. Connected with this transaction the following singular narrative occurs.

'The treaty was concluded, and a few days after Gaetano informed the officers of the gens d'armerie of Sermonetto, that he had to give them a pledge of the execution of the treaty. To receive it, an officer went to a place agreed upon, in the mountain. There Gaetano presented him with four heads, which he affirmed were the heads of four brigands who had been killed by his troop; but scarcely had he returned to Sermonetto, when he found the bodies of four labourers of the place, whose heads they had cut off in the olive wood.

'He demanded another interview with Gaetano, and reproached him severely for his want of good faith. He acknowledged that he had not been very nice, but that considering one head as good as another, he had thought it better to cut off the heads of four unknown persons, than to assassinate the banditti, who, in reality, were his good friends. Specious as this reasoning might be, the officer replied, that if this were the manner in which he kept the treaty, the Calabreze should undergo his sentence. This threat had such an effect, that they promised fully to execute the conditions of the treaty, and I have already seen some of them, who came to Terracino to assure the safety of the road; and when I saw them I easily conceived the alarm they must excite in the travellers whose security is to be entrusted to them.'

On entering the Neapolitan territory, M. de Chateauvieux was impressed by the general appearance of indolence and poverty. A mild climate and a languid government, deprive the inhabitant of these regions of all disposition to labour or exertion of any kind, so that little more is ever executed, than is sufficient to supply the simplest wants of nature. A glowing description of the scenery of Naples and its delightful bay, an interesting account of a visit to Pompeii, and a very animated representation of the eruption of Vesuvius in 1791, will be found in this portion of the work. Though we have already extended our remarks to a competent length, we must make room for the following sketch of the Villa Adriana, visited by M. de C. on his return to Rome.

'The sun's disk was sinking into the sea; its last rays illuminated the scene, and tinged these solitary ruins with purple.

'The ruins of this garden have taught us how to embellish them. The villa Adriana is, at this time, but the perfect model of one of those which imitation carried to England, and where it has assumed its appropriate name, *(Landscape Gardening.)* Ruins are scattered about in this deserted spot. They are the remains of palaces, of temples, and naumachies, which Adrian had constructed. Art has neglected the surround-

ng ground, it is left to itself, and is over-grown with grass and shrubs. Groups of trees have had time to grow large and form groves in this vild spot. Ivy and moss clothe the sides of the ancient walls, and ome small trees crown their tops. Nothing here bespeaks the presence of man, and yet every thing, in this solitude, attracts and charms him; the venerable age and wild neglect of which he has attempted o imitate.

'I enquired for the gardener who has the care of the villa, and vent to the house where he lives. Two children, pale as death, vere sitting before the great entrance gate; they had not even trength enough to play with each other. I asked for their father, nd the children told me I should find him in the house: this unhap- y man was, indeed, there, sitting before a fire: he was just attacked y the fever, and shivering in all his limbs. His wife lay in bed, nore feeble still than himself; and I could not go out of the great ate, because neither of them had strength sufficient to open or shut t.' pp. 240—241.

M. de Chateauvieux returned to Switzerland through Perugia, Ferrara, Florence, and Bellinzona, observing and describing with his usual spirit. At Geneva, he sits quietly down to sum ip his observations, and to engage in discussions into which, is we should find occasion to controvert some of his opinions, we shall decline following him. He defends the corn laws of England, and among other arguments in favour of our poor- ates, contends that they are necessary in a country 'where the rich have dispossessed the poor.' But this is 'high matter,' nd not to be entered into at the close of a miscellaneous article.

Our general estimate of M. de Chateauvieux's labours has been lready given; our readers will have perceived that it is on the vhole a highly favourable one; but we are compelled to say that is well-written 'letters' are very inadequately represented in he present translation. Had we, in fact, known, before we ad made some progress in the present article, how very indif- erently Dr. R. has executed his task, we should have dis- arded his book altogether, and confined ourselves to the origi- al. We had collected a long list of his strange errors and naccountable mistranslations, but we have no wish to give un- ecessary pain, and shall content ourselves with pointing out in note, a few and a few only of the numerous errors which dis- igure the work. Of the other translation which has appeared, ve have not had the means of forming a judgement.*

* At p. 4. 'In the mean time,' is given as the translation of, *lans la route du temps; tendance* is ill rendered by 'disposition;' nd the words *elle offre*, which determine the meaning of the sentence, re quite disregarded. At p. 5, *au premier souffle* is translated, 'at the first blast.' *Etiolée* is rendered 'white;' *Landes*, 'lands.' At . 86. 'has *only* been able,' should be, 'has *not* been able.' In the 3th. letter, Dr. Rigby mentions certain 'buildings which seemed

Art. VII. *Lectures on the Book of Jonah*, designed chiefly for the Use of Seamen: to which are added, Two Discourses to Seamen, with some Prayers and Hymns, to be used at Sea: The whole intended as a Help to the Devotion, and spiritual Improvement, of Masters of Ships and their Crews, especially in long Voyages. By George Young. 8vo. pp. 232. Price 5s. 1819.

THE Book of Jonah is so well adapted to engage the attention and interest the feelings of sea-faring persons, and the instructions it naturally suggests are so various and important, that it cannot surprise us to find it so frequently used as the text-book of preachers whose local circumstances bring them into connexion with that valuable class of men. Several works of the same general character as these Lectures, are already before the public, of which Ryther's "Seaman's Preacher," is, we believe, the most popular. The volume which Mr. Young has added to these, will not be thought unnecessarily to have increased the number of books provided for the use of seamen. It comprises, besides the 'Two Discourses to Seamen,' ten expository discourses, and is creditable to the Author, though it does not afford us the means of classing him with the most eloquent preachers. The sentiments are truly evangelical, the reflections are serious and appropriate, the practical tendency of the Lectures is throughout very apparent, and as we prefer piety to eloquence, and useful intention to solicitations for popularity, we readily give the present work the benefit of our cordial recommendation.

On Chap. i. 7—10, some remarks occur on 'the casting 'of lots,' which are not either very profound, or much adapted to elucidate the subject. If this practice be an ordinance of Heaven, 'an appeal to God, as the omniscient and righteous

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'still to protect some old towers:' M. de Chateauvieux affirms that the 'towers' seemed to protect the 'buildings.' In his 19th letter, M. de C. describing the charming effect produced by the vines intermingled with the standard trees, speaks of the rich glow of the purple grape, relieved or thrown off by the foliage over which it hung; but his Translator, not satisfied with this tame rendering of *le rouge purpurin se detache sur le feuillage*, waxes quite Anacreontic, and makes the 'purple juice drop on the leaves and add another trait to the 'richness of this culture.' There is sad work with the proper names. An acquaintance with Milton might have given Dr. R. Valombrosa for Vallombreuse. We have 'Abruzzes' for the Abruzzos; Terracino for Terracina; 'Pontin' for Pontine; 'Baiea' for the classic Baiæ, 'Pompeia' for Pompeii; 'Tessin' for Tessino. There is no such place as 'Perousa,' nor any such name on the records of art as 'Pierre Perugia.' *Perouse* is the French appellation for the city of Perugia; and the master of Raphael is commonly known by the distinctive appellation of Pietro Perugino, or Peter *of* Perugia.

'judge, to decide or make known something which is beyond 'the reach of our understanding, or which we voluntarily refer 'to his determination,' and which therefore 'must be observed 'with all due solemnity, and should never be prostituted to any 'vain or frivolous uses,' the Preacher should have afforded his hearers the means of determining the occasions on which it might be proper to refer to this mode of settling differences. Instead of this, he informs them that 'we have no warrant to 'employ it for detecting criminals, or discovering future events,' and that 'the path of duty is to be found by the light of God's 'word, rather than by direct appeals to his providence.' It would, we apprehend, after this, be rather perplexing to the Preacher, to describe the 'various cases' in relation to which 'the lot may be used.'

The following remarks are of a less disputable character.

'This great anxiety to be clear from innocent blood they had learned from the dictates of natural religion, which teaches men to abhor murder as one of the blackest crimes. Reason and conscience acknowledge the justice of that ancient law; "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Seamen, who know well what it is to be in danger, should set the highest value on the lives of all who sail with them; and it is much to the honour of British seamen, that many of them have ventured their lives, with the most generous intrepidity, to save those who were perishing in the waters. Yet cases of an opposite description too frequently occur; for instance, when one vessel has run down another at sea, those who have done the damage have been known to make off, and leave the sufferers to go to the bottom, rather than run the risk of being called to an account for the loss of the property. Against such barbarous murderers, for that is their real designation, the mariners of Tarshish will rise up in the judgement, to condemn them. They could not bear the thoughts of shedding innocent blood, and they prayed earnestly that God would not charge them with the blood of Jonah, when they were commanded and compelled to cast him into the sea.' Lec. iv. p. 57.

We shall make room for another specimen of these discourses.

'I wonder how Jonah could repeat this description of the divine character, without feeling some relentings of heart, some soft emotions of godly sorrow, of love to God, and compassion for sinners: "I know that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." Did he know all this; and yet presume to resist the authority, censure the proceedings, and grieve the spirit, of this most kind, most amiable, most compassionate God? Did he know all this; and yet forbear to love, to admire, to celebrate, the wonders of this infinite mercy, the unsearchable riches of this divine grace? Did he know all this; and yet feel his heart bound up in its own selfishness, insensible to the impressions of gratitude, and steeled against the workings of compassion and benevolence? One would think, that the very repetition of these words was enough to melt a heart of flint; that such a lovely picture of the divine character would have

charmed away all the gloom of melancholy, all the clouds of discontents and chagrin, and shed a soft reviving light over the prophet's soul. One would think, that as Jonah knew all this, not only by the sacred oracles, but by his own recent experience, he would have felt the cords of love and gratitude irresistibiy drawing him to this God of mercy, and binding him for ever to his service. O! my brethren, how should we be ashamed and grieved, at the thoughts of having sinned against so much love, of having spurned at such unspeakable grace! How deeply should we be affected, with the thoughts of our base ingratitude to the God of our mercies; especially when we view his wondrous love as displayed in the cross of Christ! Methinks, when the prophet was recording his preposterous, passionate, impious complaints against the mercy of the Lord, his hand must have trembled while his pen was writing, and his book must have been bedewed with the tears of contrition.' pp. 158—160.

Art. VIII. *Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in his Majesty's Ship Rosamond;* containing some Account of the North-Eastern Coast of America, and of the Tribes inhabiting that remote Region. By Lieut. Edward Chappell, R. N. 8vo. pp. 279. Price 12s. 1817.

THIS slight volume yields a considerable portion of amusement. A part of it indeed, perhaps somewhat too large, is occupied with a rather dry account of the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a kind of itinerary of the route of the fur-traders. Information on those subjects is found in too many books, to have a claim to re-importation in every new journal of a visit to those north-western seas. The interest of the book is in the officer's generally well written descriptions of the wonderful natural phenomena presented in that dreary region; and still more, perhaps, in the accounts of the manners and condition of the Esquimaux, as displayed to him in a friendly intercourse with some of those people. His is fully as indulgent an estimate of them as we shall any where find, unless as given by those members of the most amiable Fraternity in the world, who have endured the disgust of habitual society with them, and the rigours of the climate for the purpose of training some of them, and being trained with them, to the felicity of another life in another world.

A ship belonging to this Fraternity accompanied, for the greater part of the voyage outward, the several Hudson's Bay ships which were convoyed by the Rosamond; and while touching at the Orkneys, our Author went on board, and had a conversation with an old German Moravian Missionary, who was returning to end his life among a people who had become, through his own devoted exertions for their happiness, dearer to him than all others.

'From him I learned,' says Lieut. Chappell, 'that the difficulty

of first getting on terms of intimacy with the Esquimaux was almost insurmountable. This Missionary had himself been one of the first who succeeded in so dangerous an object, which could only be accomplished by placing an entire confidence in this wild race: he therefore remained alone with them, conforming to their loathsome habits, and mildly endeavouring to gain an ascendency over their minds. It was a considerable time before he dared to attack those established, which, to him, appeared most exceptionable. Habit had sanctioned polygamy among them. Passion was allowed to plead successfully in extenuation of murder. It was therefore with a trembling, but a resigned heart, that he first ventured to point out those practices as offences against the Great Spirit. "The Almighty," said the good Moravian, "assisted my humble efforts, and my endea- "vours were crowned with success." I shall also quote his own words as to the result. "On the bleak and rocky coast of Labrador, a temple is now erected to the worship of God, in which the wild Esquimaux raises his voice in songs of praise to the Most High. Thirty years of my life have been dedicated to this employment; and I am now on my return, to finish my days among the flock which has been so manifestly entrusted to my care."'

The principal piece of descriptive narration of the intercourse with the Esquimaux is much too long to be transcribed, and an extract would not have due interest in proportion to the whole account. We will quote one of the several striking descriptions of the aspects of nature. It is not more remarkable than several others, presenting different pictures.

'As the setting sun had a different appearance to what it generally exhibits in England, perhaps it may be thought worthy of notice. Although it glittered to the eye, and threw a golden tint on the water, yet it produced no rays, and might be viewed, for any length of time, without paining the sight by its refulgence. So far was it from bestowing warmth, that the air appeared more intensely cold than it had been during the whole of the preceding day. The clouds, in parallel lines immediately above the descending luminary, exhibited, in the most beautiful manner, all the varieties of the rainbow; the dusky red and deep blue being the most predominant colours. If to all this we add the dazzling reflection which glittered from the snow-capped summits of the rugged mountains, and the shining fantastic forms, of the floating *icebergs* in the Straits, the prospect will be easily imagined to have excited in our minds those feelings which induce the mariner as well as the poet,

"To look through Nature, up to Nature's God."

At midnight we passed an immense iceberg, which roared like a thunder-storm; occasioned, perhaps, by some cavity in its side, through which the sea was bursting. It was nearly calm.'

There are a map and several neat engravings, and the book is introduced by a preface written by Dr. E. D. Clarke, the celebrated traveller.

Art. IX. *Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland*, in a Series of Letters written in the Year 1818. By John Gamble, Esq. Author of "Irish Sketches," "Sarsfield," "Northern Irish Tales," &c. 8vo. pp. 423. London, 1819.

'THE custom,' remarks Mr. Gamble, 'of making punch 'in jugs,'

'seems a better one than that of each person making for himself. It mingles the spirits and water more intimately, and gives more mellowness to the liquor, from the practice of pouring it several times out of one jug into another. It is long since punch has been drank out of bowls; but the large china bowl still holds its place in closets, in memory of past times, and as an article of show.'

'The day,' (that on which the above important observation suggested itself to the Author) 'was,' he says, 'too hot for 'much drinking, and we shortly adjourned to the garden, 'where we amused ourselves with pulling currants, and talking 'of parliamentary reform.' (p. 211.)

It is but justice, however, to add, that Mr. Gamble, by his own account, is not a drinker: indeed, as a medical man, he inveighs strongly against that intemperance to which is attributable so large a portion of the miseries of his native island.

But let us observe a just proportion in our estimate of the vices. Immoderate drinking is to be deplored; but immoderate praying is to be scorned or abhorred. A drunkard, it seems, besides being a pleasant companion and good friend, may be 'an innocent, and even a religious man.' But a Methodist—let him be held in 'utter contempt!'

'I walked on to the vicarage house, inhabited by an old relation of my own. I had neither seen nor heard of him for many years, and I feared that amidst the wreck of my other friends, he too had perished, but happily I found him living and well, and almost as jovial as ever. He is an innocent, and I have no doubt a religious man, though he would not serve Mrs. Hannah More as the model of a clergyman, for he is not a Methodist either in manner, or in speech. He holds the whole sect indeed in utter contempt, and has no greater term of reproach for any one, than that he is a swaddler. By the bye, he is not over fond of Presbyterians, but he makes an exception in favour of me, on the flattering ground of my liberality. I tell him that the Church of England service is far more beautiful, than the extempore and unadorned prayers of my own Church; and believe me I only tell him what I think. The evening was dedicated to carousing, and my good old friend swallowed plentiful potations of cold rum punch, which, considering the season, was a grateful and well chosen beverage. For a while we drained the bowl in all due jollity; but the jollity of an old man is fleeting as his few remaining years, and as the liquor exerted its influence, age's natural disposition, more and more appeared. Had it been my object in this journey, like the king's in the Persian Tales, to seek *a truly happy*

man, I might at first have imagined *that I had found him here;* but I now know too much of human life, to trust lightly to appearances. In wine there is truth, and liquor opened wide the sluices of my kind host's eyes as well as heart; merriment gave way to thoughtfulness, and thoughtfulness to sorrow, which soon dissolved itself in tears, &c.'

The last evening of his visit, the Author says, he 'would 'have obtained a truce from drinking,' and with difficulty did obtain it until nine o'clock.

'My kind host loves his bottle, but he never loves it so well as when he has a friend to share it with him; and to night we drain the bowl to drown sorrow for my departure, as the day I came we drained it to denote joy. It is the custom, but, in my mind, though I am native here and to the matter borne, it is one more honoured in the breach than the observance.'

Mrs. Hannah More, we imagine, and the 'Methodists,' would be little concerned (at least on their *own account*) to know, that they are held in 'utter contempt' by all the innocent and religious sots, whether clergy or laity, of the three kingdoms. Mr. Gamble, although his Letters abound with flippancies on the subject of religion, professes to reverence Christianity. It is almost surprising that men like him, with the language of the New Testament sounding in their ears, should not sometimes be startled even with *their own statements* of the difference between themselves and those whom they ridicule or revile. But we will not be so simple as to expend a serious remonstrance upon Mr. Gamble, and yet we cannot but remark, that a little more *consistency* in reference to Christianity than his Letters display, would have given us a higher idea, both of his good sense and his honesty, than, as the case is, we are able to entertain. Besides a very respectful reference (p. 54.) to 'that great 'man, Thomas Payne,' and besides his often expressed dislike of religionists, a number of indistinct expressions would, we imagine, give most readers the idea that the Author's opinions are deistical. But at p. 180, he says,

'I have no more doubt of the truth of Christianity, than that the sun was made to give light by day, and the moon by night: the bright star of Christian knowledge had shone on my cradle, and I rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'

If this inconsistency be the result of vacillating opinions, it is pitiable; if of mere levity, or of affectation, it is contemptible: but if the sentence we have quoted be, as indeed we are unwilling to suppose, merely put in as a concession to Christianity, which, now-a-days, is almost a needful passport to a book, it is surely an unmanly, and almost an odious hypocrisy.

But Mr. Gamble is a warm friend of political liberty; witness

his admiration of that eminent defender 'of the Rights of Man,' Napoleon Bonaparte.

'Doubtless there is much in the character of Bonaparte to excite sympathy, as well as to attract *reverence* and regard.' p. 386.

Nothing, it must be granted, can be more fitting, or seem more homogeneous in character, than that those who *reverence* Bonaparte, should worship the memory of Thomas Payne, and hate the Methodists.

This is, however, altogether an entertaining volume, though it very barely merits its designation as professing to present '*views of society and manners.*' There are gossipping, and anecdote, and musings, and flippancies, and conceits enough; but little of the intelligent observation of a comprehensive mind. We could make many quotations that would recommend the Author to that class of readers whose literary appetite endures nothing but the lightest food, and at the same time demands a large and constant supply of it.

'We arrived in Strabane at the usual hour, and I again beheld the place of my birth. I beheld too the aged parent to whom I owe that birth. I beheld her with pleasure; but it was pleasure in which there was pain: the bowed down head was stooped still lower; the dim eye was dimmed further; and the weakened limbs trembled more. It has been my lot, whether good or bad, to be a wanderer; amidst the scenes of her youth, she has grown old; never has she changed, nor perhaps wished to change her place. But the mountains which bounded her narrow horizon could not shut her out from care. It has followed her over them, and made her die a hundred times in the loss of those she loved. Could we enter the heart, and read its secret thoughts, she dies perhaps further, as every green tree, and field, and bush, reminds her of the years that are flown. The daisied bank opposite her garden is the same on which, in happy infancy, she gathered wild flowers; and the setting sun which sheds lustre on her windows, lighted up in this very room her opening years and blooming hopes. To cheerless age, the earth no longer pours forth flowers; and neither rising nor setting sun can warm with joy the languid heart, on which is the chill of more than threescore and fourteen years. "The days of our years," saith Moses, "are three-"score and ten; and if by reason of strength they are fourscore, yet is their strengh labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we flee away."' pp. 153, 4.

Mr. Gamble is, we have said, a medical man; in reference to the fever lately prevailing in Ireland, he observes,

'A remarkable feature of the disease was, that the mortality was much greater in the higher than lower classes; and not only was the termination more generally fatal, but it took place at a much earlier period. "There is a sore evil," saith Solomon, "which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt." Intemperance in eating and drinking begets diseases, mul-

tiplied as the hydra's heads, and aggravates those which it does not beget. I do not vaunt of the sobriety of my poorer countrymen; but such, for some time before, had been their condition, that they could not obtain the whiskey which they loved.

'Besides this compulsatory abstinence, other reasons may be assigned for the more frequent recovery of the poor. Some of them you may think not very becoming in me, but I shall give them nevertheless; for, as some wise man of old said, "I pursue truth, and must follow where she leads." The poor man seldom took any medicine, and still seldomer had a doctor; except the nature to which he owed his existence be reckoned such, and by whose assistance he was enabled, when the disorder had spent its violence, to throw it off by some salutary discharge. I have heard several instances of people of this description, passing sixteen or eighteen days in a kind of pleasing stupor, and all at once awakening with an inclination for food, and a perfect recollection of their situation.

'But the abundance of the rich would not allow him to sleep. He had two or three physicians, and sometimes more; he was harassed by frequent questions, and tormented by various medicines and applications. Nature was interfered with in her operations, and, unacquainted, as in nine cases out of ten we are, with her intentions, they were very likely, in nearly the same proportion, counteracted. Because perspiration sometimes accompanies the crisis of a fever, solutions of a strong antimonial preparation were given, which alike nauseated the stomach, and racked the frame. Perspiration did indeed follow, but it was oftener than otherwise the dew of death; for as was well remarked by the most ancient of physicians, perspiration occurring in a fever is bad, because it protracts the disease, and denotes debility.

'Nor were the vigilant doctors satisfied with harassing their poor patient's stomach, but they scarcely or never failed to clap a large blister to his back or breast, which added to his irritation, and dissipated, if I may so speak, the cloud of heaviness in which nature, kinder to him than they were, would have sheltered him as it were from himself. This blistering is abominable, but it is indispensible in almost every disease here; and woe be to the worthless physician who allows his patient to slip through his fingers into another world, without imprinting on his back this mark of having passed through his hands. The more the practice is unsuccessful, the more it is persisted in, as Sangrado bled and drenched with warm water, the faster his patients died. Has he been blistered? is the first question asked by each officious intermeddler; and should the reply, which rarely occurs, be that he has not, hands and eyes are raised in astonishment, that any one should be allowed to die, while there was a Spanish fly left remaining to save him.

'But beside the *physical* disadvantages of their condition, the rich have to encounter still more formidable moral ones. The poor man lives only in the present, and, occupied with his daily wants, suffers little from evils that are imaginary or remote. He has scarcely any apprehension of the fever, for scarcely has he leisure to think of it, and without scruple he goes in its way. My barber tells me that he

shaved without fear, both the living and the dead; he merely took a pinch of snuff before entering the room, and drank a glass of whiskey if it was offered to him. Tobacco, in every form, has been frequently mentioned as a means of guarding against contagion; and it is possible, by diminishing sensibility, it renders us less liable to its operation, but it is in no measure an antidote, as some foolishly suppose.

'But when at length the poor man is overtaken with the disorder, he sinks quietly on his bed, not greatly concerned that he has so long a respite from the labour, which he regards as the heaviest of evils; and with scarce a fearful emotion awaits the event. How different are the mind's workings in the more cultivated man! He is assailed by disease on disease, for the worst of diseases is the fear of death. He weighs circumstances, and calculates probabilities; he dives into the future, and throws his thoughts backward to the past, and if he happens to be of a desponding disposition, he is almost certain not to recover. Despair of recovery almost excludes recovery; the instance of my worthy friend near Coote-hill is not a solitary one, for I know many of a similar kind. So many, that I almost regard the dread of death we so frequently witness, as less a natural than an artificial feeling; or at all events so dependent on comfort of condition, as in a great measure to counterbalance the discomforts of poverty, and to be only one of those means, by which Nature, who, amidst all her caprices, loves equality, holds in nearly equal balance the fortunes of men.' pp. 157—161.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

the press, The Domestic Minister's ant, a course of Morning and Even- ayer, (for five weeks) for the use ilies; with Prayers for particular ions. By William Jay.

the press, Christianity no cunning- vised Fable. Six discourses on the nces of Christianity. By the Rev. O'Donnoghue, A.M.

Rev. John Knight, of Ponder's will publish early in December, a blet entitled, Revelation Defended, a compendious view of the truth Scriptures, with appropriate re- ons.

. Andrew Horn, will publish in Ja- , The insufficiency of Nature and n, and the necessity of Revelation, nonstrate the existence and per- ns of the Deity. 1 vol. 12mo.

edily will be published, A Sabbath g the Tuscarora Indians, a true tive. This little work is intended y for the use of young people, and ins an account of a missionary sta- with brief notices of the manners, ms, and present condition of the ican Indians, illustrated by a neat- graved frontispiece. It will form cellent Premium Book for Sabbath ls.

the press, The History of the Cru- for the Recovery and Possession Holy Land. By Charles Mills, Author of a History of Muham- nism. 2 vols. 8vo. The object of work is to supply the want in sh Literature of a full relation of uropean Expedition into Palestine. w is also taken of the Chival- stitutions and the Latin States East, during the heroic ages of endom.

the press, Itineraries to Timbuctoo Kassina, recently received by the mie des Inscriptions, translated the Arabic by M. de Walkenaer, ranslated into English, by T. E. ich, Esq. conductor of the Mission hantee. By whom are prefixed, an Itinerary from Dagwumba to Mecca, and a Memoir on the Traces of Egyptian Emigrations and Colonies in Ashantee.

Mr. Robert Sweet is preparing for the press, The Botanical Cultivator, a general work on the cultivation of hothouse, greenhouse, and hardy plants.

Mr. Richard Lawrence, late of the cavalry, has in the press, A Dissertation on the Form and Paces of the Horse, illustrated by numerous plates.

The Rev. H. J. Todd will soon publish, A Vindication of our Authorized Translation of the Bible, and of preceding English Versions.

Mr. Smart has in the press, The Practice of Elocution, being the Sequel to his Theory of Elocution, lately published.

Professor Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy, with notes, by Dr. Brewster, is printing in four octavo volumes, with plates.

Mr. Leake has an octavo volume in the press, On the Topography and Antiquities of Athens, with engravings.

Dr. O'Beirne, bishop of Meath, is printing a volume of Sermons on practical subjects.

Thomas Phillips, Esq. is preparing for publication, Parochial Collections for Oxfordshire, compiled from the writings of Wood, Tindale, Hutton, Dugdale, Dodsworth, &c.

Mr. Jehoshaphat Aspin has in the press, A Systematic Analysis of Universal History, from the creation to the present time, illustrated by tables, maps, charts, and other engravings. It will make four quarto volumes, and the first is now printed.

Mr. Theophilus Holdred will soon publish, in 4to. An easy and expeditious Method of Solving the Roots of all Equations, by a correct process, and in a manner hitherto unattempted.

Aristophanes' Entire Works, translated by Mr. Thomas Mitchell, with numerous illustrative notes, is printing in three octavo volumes.

Mr. Malthus's Principles of Political Economy, considered with a view to their practical application, is nearly ready for publication.

The Author of Letters on Sacred History, has nearly ready, a similar volume of Letters on Profane History.

A Second Series of Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk, in three volumes, is preparing for publication.

A Translation from the French of F. S. La Croix's Algebra is printing in an octavo volume.

An English edition of Count Orloff's Memoirs of the Kingdom of Naples, is preparing for the press.

Dr. Haslam has in the press, Sound Mind, or contributions to the natural history and physiology of the human intellect.

A Greek and English Manual Lexicon of the New Testament, with examples of the irregular inflections, &c. is printing in a small size.

Mr. Oxley's Journal of an Expedition in Terra Australis, with a map and other plates, will soon appear in an octavo volume.

The Rev. Dr. Pegge is preparing for the press, Fitzstephen's Description of London, translated from the latin original, with a commentary, and some additional notes and variations; to which will be subjoined a correct edition of the original.

The third edition of Prof. Dunbar's Prosodia Græca is in the press, which, beside several additions, will have a Lexicon comprehending most of the words that occur in the first book of the Iliad.

Mr. Nash's beautiful Drawings of Views in the City of Paris, and of the scenery in its environs, have been put into the hands of the first engravers in the country, and a superb work is announced to make its appearance on the first of February next, and to be continued by quarterly numbers. The proprietors, ambitious that it should combine every species of interest which such a publication can fairly include, have engaged Mr. John Scott, the traveller in France and Italy, to conduct the Literary Department; and the descriptions will be of a more complete kind, than generally accompany engravings. The historical and literary recollections, and the anecdotes belonging to each object, or suggested by it, will be carefully collected; so that the whole together, it is presumed, will form the most splendid and interesting picture of Paris that has yet appeared.

On the first of January, 1820, will be published No. 1. of two weekly literary papers to be continued in numbers and parts. The one stamped for foreign and country circulation to be called, "The New Literary Gazette, or Journal of the Belles Lettres, Sciences, &c." The other not stamped, for town sale, to be entitled "The London Literary Gazette, &c. &c." to bo edited by J. Polidori, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. and Dr. Pittman of Oxford, assisted in the foreign department, by Dr. Frank, of Vienna, &c.

Art. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ARCHITECTURE.

Nicholson's Architectural Dictionary; containing eighty-six plates, beside the letter-press, general index, &c. the last part. 4to. 2l. 9s.

*** The work may be had complete, 2 volumes, in boards; 12l. 12s. or bound in calf, 13l.

EDUCATION.

Nicholson's Rudiments of Algebra; in which the subject is explicitly treated in a new manner, the theory rendered clear, and the practice more expeditious than hitherto. For the use of schools, to prepare the student to read the higher and more intricate branches of the mathematics with less difficulty. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bound.

Elements of Greek Prosody and Metre; compiled from the best authorities, ancient and modern. By Thomas Webb. 8vo. 6s.

ENTOMOLOGY.

Horæ Entomologicæ; or, Essays on the Annulose Animals. Containing general observations on the geography, manners, and natural affinities of the insects which compose the Genus Scarabæus of Linnæus: to which are added a few incidental remarks on the Genera Lucanus and Hister of the same author. With an appendix. By W. S. Macleay, Esq. A.M. of Trinity College, Cam-

With plates, volume I. part I. s.

HISTORY.

History of Brazil. Volume III. ing a description of the present the country. By Robert Sou- Esq. Poet Laureate, and Mem- the Royal Spanish Academy, of al Spanish Academy of History, e Royal Institute of the Nether- 4to. 3l. 3s.

The work complete, in 3 vols. 15s.

ries Brittonum; commonly at- l to Nennius, from a manuscript discovered in the library of the Palace at Rome, edited in the century, by Mark the Hermit, English version, a fac-simile of inal notes, and illustrations. By . William Gunn, B.D. rector of Norfolk. royal 8vo. 15s.

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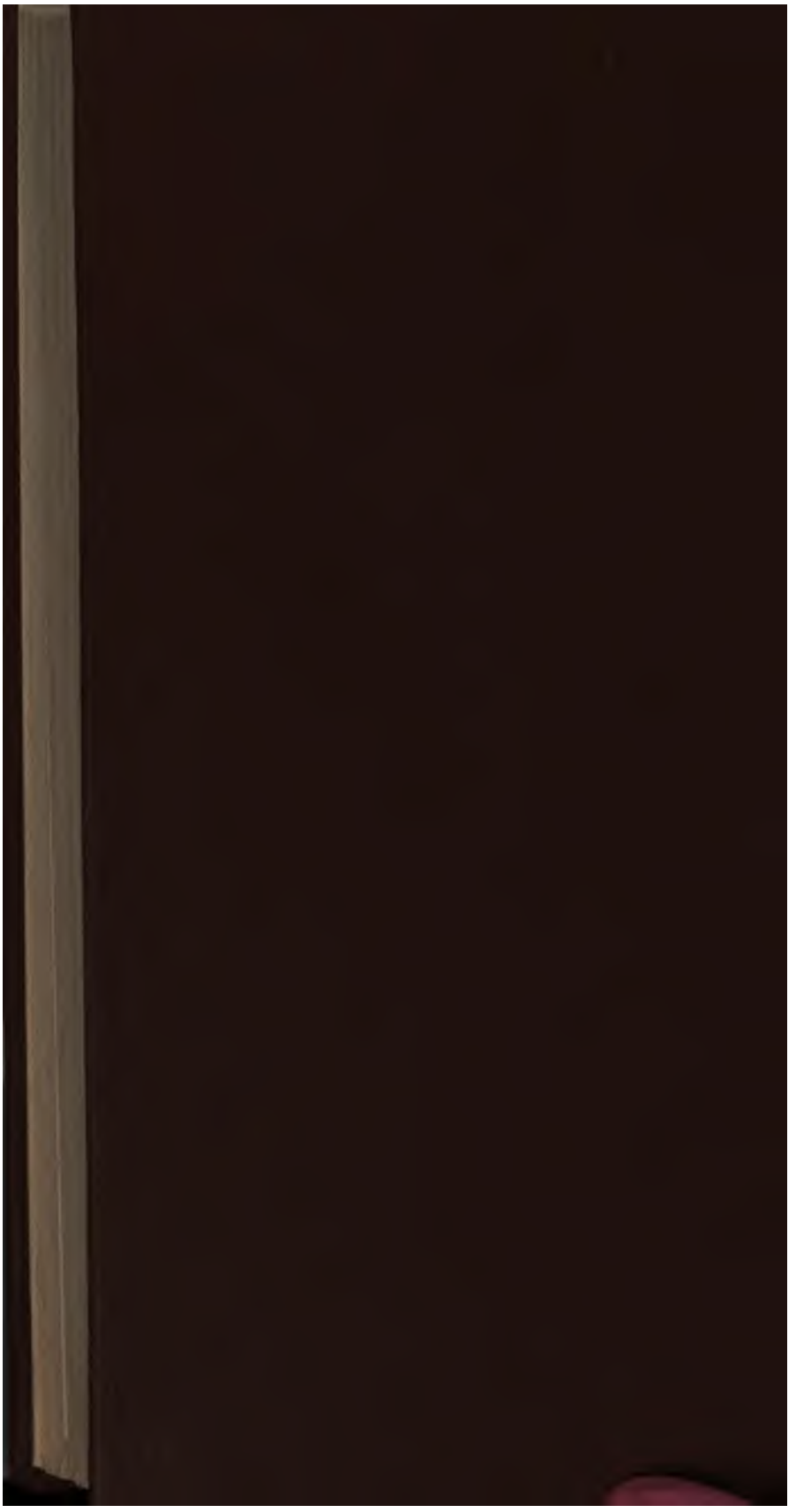
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